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MORTAL MAN

BY JAMES B. WHARTON

A significant study of the emotional quality of a young man of to-day. In this, the sixth selection in the Prize Contest, the author of "Squad" has written the love story of a New York attorney.

The contest stories so far published have presented striking contrast and differing types of writing: stories of groups of people, as in the novels of Mr. Cozzens and Mr. Bishop; life in the agricultural America of yesterday and to-day, as in the stories by Mr. Burnett and Mrs. Willis; the study of the products of the more sophisticated civilization of to-day as in Mrs. Flandrau's story of the African Jungle and in Mr. Wharton's story here presented. "Mortal Man" is noteworthy for its honesty in analyzing the character of a young man who cannot accept the development of love. Women in love have been analyzed but few writers have attempted to look critically at men in like situation. This Mr. Wharton has done in singularly effective fashion.

PART I

I

ROBERT DYCKMAN, in a maroon silk dressing-gown, stood over the wash-bowl, shaving.

The glazed-glass window was open, letting into the tiny bathroom the balmy air of the late spring evening and the strains of a radio across a courtyard. Dyckman listened as he peered into the mirror, scraping a safety razor across his face.

A little kiss each — morn-ing—
A little kiss each — night . . .

When he held the razor under the faucet he began to hum, then whistle. As he turned on the shower he sang the words,

"A little kiss each — morn-ing—
A little kiss each — night . . ."

The harder he splashed the louder he sang,

"A LITTLE KISS EACH — MORN-ING—
A LITTLE KISS EACH — NIGHT . . ."

He was silent as the shower dripped off and he rubbed himself dry. With the towel held against his chest he listened

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toward the open window. Now another song was coming across the courtyard.

Absence makes the — heart grow fonder—
For somebody else . . .

Dyckman smiled. "Perhaps," he said aloud, "it does." Emily Weston had left New York early in the spring. Already she seemed to Dyckman very far away.

In his combination living and bed room he began to dress—carefully. He put on fresh BVD's, a soft white shirt, gray double-breasted suit, and low tan shoes. Across these he wiped a cloth, thinking of the swarthy Italian at the office who had shined them, of how long a good Wop shine lasted. Finally he put on a gray felt hat, and took up a light gray pair of gloves.

At the door he paused, came back into the room, went to the clothes-closet and took from a shelf a gallon demijohn half filled with gin. 'It helps,' he thought, 'when you don't know what you're getting in for,' poured out a third of a tumbler, and drank the clear liquor neat. The drink put a period to the end of the day, capitalized the evening.

Down-stairs, standing in the entry of his house, again Dyckman paused. On the cross street a group of boys played ball. They shouted at each other loudly, stridently, roughly. Ash-cans, broken boxes, newspapers, were littered up and down and across the street. Yet Dyckman, wrapped in his cleanliness, was wholly unaware of the filth and squalor. He drew out his watch and glanced at it. 'Time to walk,' he thought.

The air was mild and pleasant against the bare skin of his legs inside the soft wool of his trousers. It was good to be without an overcoat. It gave him a sense of lightness, of freedom. As he skirted Gramercy Park and saw the fresh green of the young leaves of the trees, and heard the chirping of English sparrows, he became very aware of the spring. The evening was balmy. The crosstown streets between Gramercy and Fifth Avenue were quiet. Along 18th Street he felt caressed by the mellow glow of the sun which was setting, huge and orange, at the end of the street, over the Hudson River, across the Western World.

'Almost summer,' thought Dyckman, walking along. 'Manhattan is emptying. It will be getting slack at the office now.' His thoughts, as his rubber heels padded against the pavement, gave him a pleasurable sense of isolation, of irresponsibility.

At Fifth Avenue he caught the traffic lights, and crossed the street in front of an even line of motor-cars, like snouted beasts, purring softly and eager to jump forward at his heels. When he rounded the corner of Fifth Avenue and 15th Street he slowed his pace, again queried his watch, then began to look up at the numbers on the houses. At No. 10 he went down two steps into an entry.

Louise Kendall, he read, engraved in block type on a visiting-card under a bell. He rang. "Lives alone apparently," he said to himself, pleased.

The door click-clicked, and he was on his way up-stairs, avoiding putting his hand on the dusty banister, observing a niche in the wall at the head of the first floor, another at the second—and wondering where Louise Kendall lived.

"All the way up," called an agreeably intoned voice.

Dyckman climbed two flights higher.

"I live in the attic, you see," the voice said, close now.

Dyckman looked up. A woman stood against the banister. She held out her hand as he came up even with her.

"How are you?" he asked.

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"Hello—put your hat there," she said, pointing to a chair as they entered the apartment.

"Very nice—for an attic," Dyckman commented, smiling, standing and looking around.

"Only not so very large." She, too, stood smiling, looking at Dyckman.

"Who has any space in New York?" he said.

"Oh, some people. An eighteen-room apartment-house is going up on Beekman Place. Or it may be built by now. They go up so quickly."

"Yes, for the scandalously rich." Dyckman realized how stilted his remarks sounded. 'That's the trouble with these first meetings,' he thought.

Louise Kendall sat down on a black velvet-covered divan, curling her legs under her. "Do sit down," she said.

Dyckman let pass her suggestion, and went to the book-shelves, two sets of white shelves on either side of a red-brick fireplace. His eyes passed over the titles.

"You belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club, I see—and the Literary Guild."

"Oh, yes, it's stupid, but convenient."

He pulled out a volume. "Did you like this?" He looked toward the divan.

"Which?" She craned her neck. Dyckman saw it was thin, shapely.

"'Cradle of the Deep,'" he read aloud.

"It's amusing."

"May I borrow it?" A borrowed book gave a reason for another visit—or it always could be sent back by post.

"Of course."

Dyckman placed the book on the chair with his hat and gloves. Then he went to one of the two windows and looked out.

"You're fortunate to live on the street," he said. "I've only a narrow court—and radios."

"I have them, too. Aren't they dreadful at times?"

"Modern life," Dyckman said mechanically. He quit the window, chose an easy chair by the divan, and took out a package of cigarettes. "May I smoke?" he asked.

"Certainly, but I've lots here. On the table."

"No," said Dyckman, "if you like Chesterfields?"

"Yes." She reached out her hand. Dyckman saw that it was slender—fingers slender, skin transparent, for he saw blue veins—saw a black bracelet, silk sleeve, blouse of Oriental design.

They smoked, and he looked at her face through the thin blue haze. 'Yes,' he thought, 'quite as good-looking as she seemed the other night.'

"You live alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you're up at the Theatre Guild?" he asked, and thought, 'Wasn't that what she told me at the party, Saturday night?'

"Yes—every one does do something in New York, don't they?"

"Yes, I suppose so," Dyckman said, and a pause succeeded. 'She isn't talkative,' he thought, 'and for that I'm glad . . . wonder if she's going to give me a drink?' Aloud, "Well, shall we go out to supper?" he asked. "And where?"

"Any place—but how about a cocktail?" Her eyes twinkled. "I noticed, the other night at the party, that you like to drink."

Dyckman laughed self-consciously. "I'm not always that way," he said. He had been quite tight, he knew. "I'd be very grateful for one now, though."

Louise Kendall got up and disappeared through a doorway into an adjoining

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room. Dyckman let his eyes rove while he waited: at the tables arranged with books, cigarette-boxes, bowls, ash-trays; at the shiny brass heads of the black and-irons; at the African Negro wood sculpture along the tops of the book-shelves; at several woodcuts on the yellow-tinted walls. 'Very nice,' he thought. 'She has taste.'

The sound of cracking ice and a tinkle of glass came to him through the doorway. "Can I help?" he called.

"No, thanks. All through now." She appeared with a tall bottle of London gin and one of vermouth, on a tray with two glasses, a silver shaker and bowl of cracked ice. "Will you mix them?" she asked. "Do you like gin and vermouth? I've got oranges and lemons, if you don't."

"No, I like a Martini . . . but you say 'got.' Are you from Philadelphia?"

"Yes." She laughed. "You recognize my colloquialisms. And you?"

"New York. I'm one of the few." He leaned over the tray, which she had placed on a stand beside the divan, and poured the proportions into the shaker. "Where do you get your gin?" he asked, shaking.

"It's safe."

"Of course. I didn't mean that, merely wondering about the channels." He handed her a glass.

"From a bootlegger who obligingly comes around in the evenings."

"Wonderful system, isn't it?" He poured into the glasses, then raised his, looking at her, thinking, 'Liquor should end our stiffness with each other.'

"You did splendidly with that," she praised the cocktail.

"Thanks. There's another round yet, I believe."

She sat on the couch, the second drink in her hand, and he in the chair. The alcohol exaggerated Dyckman's sense of severance, dissociation, from the day's work; he was glad he was here, delighted to be taking her out to supper. The casualness with which he had telephoned her that morning was gone; the cocktails lent a vitality to the engagement.

"Will you make another lot?" she asked.

"No, thanks. I'm hungry, and let's go to a speakeasy, anyway. I know one in the next block. Julio's. Do you know it?"

"No, but I'm glad to know of one so close."

When she went into the other room Dyckman walked about, looking closely at each of the woodcuts.

He felt very well.

"All right."

Dyckman wheeled and saw her: in a black satin coat and black hat, her black hair curling around its edges. Her lips, her cheeks, gave color to her face.

"Charming," he said, with a smile.

She bowed slightly, peering up at him from under her black eyelashes. "Are you ready?"

Dyckman took up his hat and gloves, hesitated with his hand over the book. He looked up and saw Louise Kendall's back going through the doorway. 'Let it stay—for later,' he counselled himself, and went out after her, leaving the book lying on the chair.

An electric light snapped on under brownstone stairs, and a round Italian face scrutinized them through the grating of an iron door. "Oh, good evening, Mister Deeckman, come in." The Italian smiled agreeably, courteously.

"Good evening, Julio."

With a nod Dyckman handed his hat and gloves to a smiling Italian woman wearing long gold earrings. She gave him a brass check, which he slipped into his ticket pocket.

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Julio ushered them through a hallway and into a garden restaurant. It was glassed over, the white plaster walls covered with a light green trelliswork up which vines, with roots in green tubs, were beginning to creep. A pool, with gold fishes swimming in it, was sunk into the centre of the tiled floor.

"How's this, Mister Deeckman?" asked Julio, pulling out a chair at a table for two against one of the walls.

"Fine." Dyckman looked with querying courtesy at his companion.

"Ca va, très bien," she said.

They sat down, and Julio put his hand to a table-lamp. It clicked, and a subdued orange glow covered the white cloth.

"They make good Baccardis here," said Dyckman. "How about two?" He looked across the table, smiling.

"Swell."

"First French—then New Yorkese. Is that your reaction to speakeasies?"

She laughed—a low chuckling laugh.

"I like your French accent," Dyckman went on.

"Thank you. I lived for a while in France."

"Did you? I, too—in France and Germany."

"Really? Then we must have mutual acquaintances."

"Probably, but let's not begin on them."

"No, let's not."

The two reddish drinks were placed on the table by a waiter who greeted Dyckman by name.

Dyckman raised his glass, nodding across the table.

"Tastes slick," she said.

Dyckman handed her a menu. "There're a couple of dinners," he suggested. He looked down at the card on his own plate. Already he knew there were two dinners, one at $1.50 and one at $2. Smilingly he wondered which she would choose.

"What amuses you?" he heard her ask.

"Nothing." He looked up at her.

"That top one looks scrumptious," she said. "I'd love antipasto and chicken."

"Too late for oysters," Dyckman mused, as if to himself. "I'll take that, too," he added, and looked across the table. He was pleased that she chose so quickly. He hated women who hemmed and hawed over food and drinks.

"White or red wine?" asked the waiter.

Dyckman looked at her.

"I like red," she said.

"White goes better with chicken." Again Dyckman spoke as if to himself. Instantly he flushed and looked up. "I beg your pardon," he said quickly. "I was thinking out loud."

"Well, let's have white. I really don't care." She glanced across the restaurant.

"No, red of course," said Dyckman.

"I can bring a half-bottle of each?" suggested the waiter.

"Good." After the waiter had gone Dyckman looked across the table. "I'm very sorry," he said. "I was rude."

She smiled her forgiveness.

Dyckman felt the cocktail, on top of the other drinks he had had during the evening. Through his body it was like a warm glow; in his head, leavening his thoughts, like a pleasant vagueness. He rubbed his hands together above his plate. "I've an appetite," he said. "Have you? I hope so. A few drinks always make me want to eat." He looked across the table. She smiled at him. She had thrown off her satin coat, over the back of the chair. She leaned with her elbows on the table, her hands clasped under her chin. Dyckman noticed again the transparent quality of the skin of her hands, saw her slender wrists, the black bracelet

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on one of them. 'Neat, very neat,' he thought, and raised his eyes to hers. A dark brown, or black, and her eyebrows, too, black and long and thick. Her eyes sparkled.

"It's swell here," she said.

"Ye-es." Dyckman again had lowered his eyes. He was wondering about her breasts.

The antipasto was wheeled up on a table, and went. The other courses came and went. The half-bottle of wine mulled Dyckman. He looked at Louise Kendall. "Wine does things to you, doesn't it?" he said.

"Yes—a deep contentment."

"Only it doesn't take away one's ardor, does it?" He peered at her, his eyes half closed.

"You don't think so?" she countered equivocally.

Dyckman twisted the stem of his wineglass between his fingers, wondering if she would let him make love to her.

With coffee Dyckman suggested a liqueur. "Do you know *Fiori d'Alpini?*" he asked.

"Oh, yes—fascinating."

The *Fiori d'Alpini* was poured out of a tall bottle with a plant moving sluggishly in the heavy yellow liqueur.

"I adore that bottle."

"And the liqueur?"

"Delicious." She sipped at the tiny glass.

With the liqueurs the waiter had left a check, face down on a nickel tray. Dyckman picked it up and glanced at it. $8. Already he had figured it out at that. He took out his wallet and placed a ten-dollar bill underneath the slip of paper. The waiter brought the change in silver. Dyckman left four quarters on the tray. 'Can't stand $9 for supper every night,' he thought, and immediately let the thought slip out of his mind.

"Ready?" he asked.

Louise nodded. Dyckman noticed again her dark, wide-open eyes.

Dyckman stood beside her chair, helping her on with her coat. He smelled the scent she wore, together with an emanation of the woman herself. 'That,' he thought, 'is better than any perfume.'

He handed the smiling woman in the hallway his brass check, put his hand in his trousers pocket and felt for a quarter, gave it to her as he took his hat and gloves. Julio snapped on the light in the entry, opened the grille to let them out—"Thank you, Mister Deeckman, good night"—and snapped out the light quickly.

"That's a very nice place," said Louise. "I like it. I'm awfully glad you took me there. Wonder if Julio would let me in if I should go by myself?"

Dyckman paused on the pavement. "I'll go back and speak to him if you like?"

"No, don't bother. I'll use your name if I may, and take a chance."

"Oh, let me take you again?"

"Of course." She paused, then went on, "Just what *is* your name, though? You know I don't quite know it yet. I couldn't understand it at the party the other night, and the Italian pronunciation doesn't help a great deal."

"Dyckman—Robert Dyckman."

"Like the ferry?"

"Exactly."

They were walking around the corner, toward her home. At the entry Dyckman paused, hands behind him, the brim of his hat well down over his eyes.

"Won't you come up for a moment?" she asked.

"Well—" Dyckman hesitated. The invitation didn't sound particularly enthusiastic. "Oh, yes, I forgot, I left that book up there. I'd like to take it home if I may?"

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ıen do come up."

ıe took a key from her black hand-
g, and swung open the door. Dyck-
ıan followed her up the stairway, up four flights, his eyes on her figure under the black satin coat, on the backs of her gray silk-clad calves and slim ankles. He saw her black suède shoes, with neat French heels, and the flash of silver buckles in front. 'She has a figure,' he thought, 'but is she very good? She didn't seem to want me to come up. Was it just politeness, or not?'

Louise opened the apartment door, painted a glossy white, and went into the dark room. Dyckman heard her snap on a light. The living-room appeared—quiet, sombre, a dull red from the color of the lamp-shade on one of the tables. She stood facing him.

'Does she expect me to take my book and go?' Dyckman experienced a momentary confusion. He picked up the book, and held out his hand.

"Won't you sit down a moment?"

Dyckman hesitated. 'Moment,' he thought; 'why does she always say "moment"? Damn, I can't make her out! Does she want me to stay, or go? Why doesn't she take off her hat and coat if she wants me to stay?' He looked at her face, but could tell nothing from it. 'I'll go,' he thought, slightly resentful. Aloud, "Better go along," he said. "Have to get up in the morning."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you might like a drink?"

Dyckman hesitated. Then his slight resentment kept him in the groove of his decision. "No, thanks," he said, and held out his hand.

"It was awfully good of you to come around—and take me out."

"Not at all. I enjoyed it." Suddenly Dyckman regretted that they were parting. He wanted to kiss her, instantly put aside the desire, then felt a slight sense of frustration. He feared that the frail relationship of the one meeting and the single supper might end. "Shan't we do it again?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes, I'd love to."

Even that was too vague, uncertain. "Day after to-morrow?" he suggested, holding her hand.

She put her forefinger against her lips, hesitating. The gesture pointed them out to Dyckman. He felt eager for her answer.

"Yes, I've got nothing for Wednesday. That will be fine."

"Good. I'll come for you at about the same time?"

"Yes, please."

"Good night. It was very nice."

"Yes, it was. Good night."

Going down-stairs Dyckman was very aware of Louise Kendall. The image of her, standing in the centre of the room, facing him, her forefinger against her lips, pointing them out to him, held itself before him.

Crossing Fifth Avenue, looking along the interminable line of green lights, he had a distinct sense of pleasure that the slight relationship hadn't ended with the evening. . . .

2

They were riding down-town in a taxi, Wednesday night.

"Not a bad play," commented Dyckman, and added, thinking of Louise Kendall's connection, "The Guild usually does put on good plays."

"I'm glad you liked it." She had taken him to the play. When he had arrived at her apartment to take her to supper she told him she had two seats for "A Month in the Country," for that evening. They ate supper quickly at Charles's, and hurried up-town.

"I always like Nazimova," Dyckman

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continued. Actually he had been less interested in the play than in being at it with Louise Kendall; just as now he was less interested in his polite comments, which he considered conventionally necessary, than in his awareness of her on the seat beside him; even though she was quite in her corner, and he in his, and he regretted the few inches of space between them.

They were silent as the cab jolted down Tenth Avenue, duskily lit. At times they jostled closer, then bounced apart. It occurred to Dyckman to put his hand on the black satin of the coat over her knee, or to take her hand and draw himself close to her, to hold her close to him through the jouncings of the cab. Yet it wasn't easy to do—the first time. At one of the cross streets the cab was held up by a train of freight-cars. Dyckman turned toward her. She stared ahead of her, at the passing cars. He saw that her eyes glistened in the light of the corner street-lamp. 'When the cab starts again,' he thought.

The taxi jostled across the railway-tracks, and on down Tenth Avenue. 'Now,' thought Dyckman. Each moment he thought he would put his hand on her knee. That moment passed, and he planned for the next. It, too, passed. Dyckman felt unable to put his thought, his desire, into action. 'If only I'd had a few drinks,' he thought. 'The initial gesture is always so damnably hard.' The moments passed into minutes. The taximetre ticked on, steadily registering nickels, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty. The cab turned east on 16th Street, went down Fifth Avenue, swung around the next corner, slowed, and stopped at 10 West 15th Street.

'That's ended,' thought Dyckman. Momentarily he felt futile. 'But the evening, is it?' he wondered, with a quick revival of spirit.

Dyckman paid the driver, then, turning, he saw Louise's back going toward the entry of her house. Slowly he went after. As she opened the front door she turned round.

"Come up, won't you," she said hospitably, "and we'll have a drink, if you like?"

"Fine—I'd like to."

Dyckman had a sense of satisfaction as he went up the four flights of stairs at her heels. The opportunity he had wasted in the taxicab might not be gone, after all. Too, he was eager for a drink, badly needed a drink. Long ago the two cocktails they had taken before supper had worn off.

In her apartment Louise took off her hat and coat, flinging them on a chair, then settled herself against the red cushions of the black divan, curling her legs under her. "Sit down," she said, looking at Dyckman, "but give me a cigarette first, please." She reached her hand—the slender hand with long tapering fingers and clear delicate skin—toward a porcelain box on one of the tables.

Dyckman offered her the box, then laid it and a tiny earthenware ash-bowl on the divan beside her. He lit her cigarette with a silver lighter.

"Thanks, now do sit down."

Dyckman thought of the couch, but saw the vacant chair drawn up beside it as an obstacle. He chose the chair.

Louise inhaled and blew out smoke. Dyckman watched her, admiring the neat skill with which she handled her cigarette. Then he felt dull, and began to wonder about a drink. 'A woman never needs a drink,' he thought, 'like a man, at just a particular moment.'

"Quiet here, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Yes, at moments."

The moments seemed to Dyckman flat, dead, his presence in the apartment pointless. 'Shall I go?' he wondered. 'A

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drink. Why doesn't she suggest it now? It would keep us going.'

Her cigarette smoked only half-way down, she ground it out in the ash-bowl. "How about a drink—gin-ginger-ale?" she asked.

"Please. I'm badly in need of one." Her suggestion rallied his spirits.

"Poor man. I'm sorry." She smiled at him as she got up from the sofa. "Will you crack ice?"

Dyckman went with her into the next room, a small bedroom—single bed—and into a combination bathroom and kitchenette. It was neat. No clothes hung about. Dyckman was pleased. 'Can't stand sloppy women,' he thought. As he crunched into the ice with a pick he wondered how the rest of the evening would go. Together they prepared the drinks. In the narrow quarters of the tiny room Dyckman was aware of that fascinating emanation of perfume and natural fragrance. For a moment he was crossed by a worry. 'It must be nearly midnight,' he thought.

When they went back to the living-room she took the easy chair, so he sat on the divan. 'Now why has she done that?' he wondered. 'Because she's afraid I'd sit beside her—or wouldn't?' He raised his glass to his lips, and drained nearly half of it. He looked at her, leaning back in her chair. The gray silk of the dress she wore to-night was drawn across her breasts. 'How would she be to make love to?' he wondered.

"What do you do?" she asked him. "You know, you've never told me?"

"Didn't I tell you last Saturday night, at the party?"

"No." She looked at him quizzically.

"It's not exciting. I'm a lawyer."

"Don't you have to work terribly hard? I've a younger brother who's a lawyer—and he does."

"Yes, generally, only it's slack at the office now—thank God . . . but who's your brother with?"

"Hastings, Clarke, Somebody, Somebody, and Somebody. I never can remember those absurdly long names."

"Hastings, Clarke, Bulwer, Lowell, and Lyons," Dyckman said promptly. "A very good firm."

"And which is yours?"

"Hazelton, Latour, and Smythe."

"That's not so bad. Perhaps if I try I can remember it."

"Please try."

"Why?"

"You might want to reach me some time. . . ."

"Oh, really!" she put in quickly.

". . . to call off an engagement with me," he ended, a humorous gleam in his eyes.

"Why should I want to do that?" she asked.

"Well, you might, you know, might-n't you?"

"I hope not."

"Thank you."

Now a silence. Dyckman thought of the passage of the minutes. It must be late. He swallowed the last of his drink.

"Pour another," she suggested.

While Dyckman stood up over the tabouret, on which the bottles stood, Louise rose, too, moved to the divan and nestled against the red cushions. "That's better," she said, comfort in her voice. Dyckman, with his glass in his hand, lounged back beside her. 'At last,' he thought.

"Did you ever know a girl in Philadelphia named Pauline Avery?" he asked idly. "She lived in Chestnut Hill." Again, as at the time of his first visit to her, Dyckman was aware of the dulness of their conversation.

"Yes, of course. I went to school with her. Where did you know her?"

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"So you went to Miss Shippen's," Dyckman said, smiling.

"You *do* know a lot."

"I used to visit in Philadelphia—when I was at Princeton."

"Oh, you went there? Did you know Harvey Watkins?"

"No, but Harvey Williams." Dyckman groaned inwardly.

"Are you making fun of me?" She leaned toward him, her face close to his, peering up at him, and shook her head.

"Of course not." Dyckman thought that now, with her so close to him, he should try the initial caress. 'But, damn, it's hard!' he added, in thought. And it was getting later and later. He thought of his alarm-clock, of getting up in the morning. "What time do you go to your job?" he asked.

"Almost any time—from ten till twelve."

"You're fortunate. I must be at the office at nine-thirty. I suppose I should be going?"

"Oh, must you?" Looking at her Dyckman thought she would be sorry if he went at that moment. "Well, after one more drink, if I may?"

"Please."

He leaned across her knees, touching them with his arm as he reached for the gin bottle. "Are you ready for another?"

"No, thanks, I think I'll not have another. . . ."

When Dyckman looked at her again he saw merriment in her eyes. "What?" he asked.

"I just thought, and was wondering if you realize that you've committed the sin you warned me against when we were at Julio's the other night?"

"No, what was it?"

"Talking 'did you ever knows.' "

"True. I said that about people in Paris, didn't I? Yes, I'm guilty. The inconsistency of man."

"So. You admit that isn't an exclusive quality of women?"

"Yes—shared by the sexes—like love." With his full glass in his hand he was leaning back against the cushions beside her. "You're very sweet to treat me so well," he said, looking at her. "It's nice here. I'm glad to be here."

"It's nice to have you here."

"Sweet of you to say so. Do you really think so?"

"Yes." Abruptly she leaned toward him and patted his hand, with a few rapid taps, then drew away.

Dyckman let himself appear unaware of her gesture. After a few moments he turned toward her. She was looking straight ahead, across the room. "I'm very glad I met you last Saturday," he said, and laid his hand against her knee. She moved slightly; it seemed to Dyckman as if to throw off his hand. Immediately he removed it, fearing she might think he had taken advantage of that simple gesture of hers in patting it.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Awkwardly he drew out his watch, feeling sure that he had been clumsy. "Quarter to one," he answered. "It's late. Should I go?" She was silent. "Yes, of course I must," he finished, feeling confused. He put down his glass, and got up. She, too.

With the sense of a rift between them Dyckman went to the chair beside the door, and took up his hat and gloves. He faced the room. Louise stood beside the easy chair, by the couch. He stepped toward her, his hand out. "It was good of you to take me to the theatre," he said. "I enjoyed it. Thanks a lot." Their hands were clasped. He looked at her. Her eyes were bright, and seemed to him moist, tender.

"Don't misunderstand me," she said. She was looking at him, her eyes wide open, dark and round.

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Dyckman wasn't quite sure what she meant. "Shall we meet again?" he asked.

"I'd like it." Still their hands remained together. "I wouldn't like it at all if we didn't," she added.

Again he looked into her face. She smiled at him. Her lips were parted, showing him a line of tiny even white teeth. Her lips were moist. Did they twitch, ever so slightly? Dyckman leaned forward, eyes on her lips. He pressed her hand, drew it slightly toward him. He felt her yield, saw her lips come closer . . . until they met his . . . hers open, hospitable . . . then he felt them draw away, her hand draw away, saw her turn away from him.

"You don't mind?" His voice was plaintive, smallboyish.

"No." Her answer was just audible. Her face was averted. Abruptly she turned toward him. "But please go now." Her voice had taken on emphasis. She reached toward him, brushed her hand across his sleeve. "Go, please go now," she repeated.

Dyckman went. On his way down the stairs he felt frustrated, experienced a mounting twinge of regret that he hadn't kissed her, made love to her, earlier. 'Was I an ass to go?' he asked himself.

"No," he muttered, in the motion of his walk along the street. "No. Probably best as it is. Probably be better if I shouldn't see her again."

Unexpectedly emotion mounted up through reason, taking its place, sweeping it away. With a keen sense of disappointment he realized they had made no engagement. 'I'll call her in the morning,' he thought quickly, 'for Friday evening.'

A solitary green bus, brightly lighted, nearly empty, slid by while he stood in the middle of Fifth Avenue.

"Am I a fool?" he asked himself. "To start an affair with her?"

Yet the query had no significance, for the sense of frustration—which he knew he would try to overcome—clung to him as he walked home through the warmth of the late spring night, along nearly deserted streets.

3

Dyckman watched the rain streaming against the windows of the taxicab, running down the red brick faces of the houses, splashing against the asphalt paving of the streets—washed clean and dark by the running water.

'Glad she suggested eating in tonight,' he thought. He was grateful, too, for the rain which kept people intimately indoors; he felt a pitch of anticipatory pleasure as the taxi splashed along, westbound.

Louise Kendall answered his knock on the white apartment door. She wore a varicolored smock, and held out her hands at her sides, a paring-knife in one of them. "You see, it's still in process," she said, tilting her head. "Come in and sit down. It'll soon be time for cocktails, anyway."

"How are you?" Dyckman greeted her. "And here's a bottle of wine to go with supper." He handed her a bottle wrapped in paper. He had fetched it from a speakeasy down-town, on his way up from the office.

"Oh, thanks awfully."

"It's red, too," Dyckman added, grinning.

"Thoughtful man." They were in the apartment now. "Will you be patient, and sit down for a few minutes?"

"Gladly."

She disappeared, and Dyckman sat in the easy chair. Between the couch and the fireplace stood a small table, two straightbacked wooden chairs drawn up at it, laid for a meal. Red-and-white check doilies, creamy white china, pot-

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bellied glasses, and a small bunch of lilacs in the centre. 'Very nice,' thought Dyckman, nodding his head and smiling.

From the kitchenette came the sizzling of cooking food, the smell of broiling meat. At the front of the apartment the rain beat against the panes of the windows.

"What a night!" he heard her call to him. "Isn't it fortunate we decided to stay in?"

"Very," he called back.

A few minutes passed, then, "Are you getting tired of waiting?"

"No, indeed. I'm comfortable out here."

For a while Dyckman sat quietly, watching the streaks of rain slanting across the street. Then he got up and went to a table piled with magazines. He fumbled through them: *The Nation, Theatre Guild Magazine, Harpers, Saturday Review of Literature, New Yorker*. He picked out the last—by the cover he thought it was one he hadn't seen—and went back with it to his chair.

"Getting along all right out there?" again came the voice from the kitchenette.

"Yes, thanks."

"What are you doing?"

"Reading *The New Yorker*."

"When you finish, it will be time for cocktails. Will you make them?"

"Yes, I'm ready now."

The kitchenette sizzled, and was filled with the smoky odor of broiling meat. "Smells good," said Dyckman. "What is it?"

"Steak. Do you like it? And rare?"

"Yes, as rare as you like it." Dyckman looked at her, busy with a large wooden spoon in a pan on the tiny electric stove. Her face was moist, its color vivid. Tendrils of black hair curled around her head. 'Pretty,' thought Dyckman, as he opened the refrigerator and began splitting off chunks of ice, 'damned pretty.'

"I'd better take these into the other room," he said, after he had mixed the cocktails. "I'll never be able to shake them cold in here." He felt it was unendurably hot in the wee place.

"Yes, do, and I'll be in in a jiffy. It's all ready now, only I must tidy up."

Dyckman had shaken the cocktails and was ready to taste them when he heard the door open between the two rooms. He looked up. "One wouldn't think you'd just cooked a meal," he said admiringly. She seemed to him neat, tidy, her hair carefully arranged, well dressed. She wore a dark blue gown with loose open neck, and sleeves just over her shoulders.

"Thank you." Her dark eyes sparkled. "And now I'm quite ready for a drink."

Dyckman poured into two squat cup-like glasses. Then the two of them sat side by side on the sofa.

"I'm glad you like to drink," he said.

"Why—for fear you wouldn't get anything to drink unless I liked it, too?"

"No"—he laughed—"but because a woman is so much more companionable when she likes to drink."

"Good." She leaned over and patted his hand. "And now will you be seated, sirr"—she had given her voice a deep note, then let it break—"else the steak will be overdone." She got up, paused by the table. "The olives! They were for the cocktails, and I forgot them. I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter. I like them just as well after cocktails."

Dyckman sat down, and began to eat olives, while she brought in mushroom soup, in creamy white cups which matched the plates on the table. "Delicious," he told her. "You *can* cook." Then the steak, rare and juicy and tender, with small French peas; tomato-and-lettuce salad, the tomatoes whole,

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scooped out and stuffed with cream cheese; and afterward fresh strawberries and cream.

"Such a good meal," Dyckman said several times. "And you do it so nicely, with so little apparent effort."

"Isn't it that the cocktails and the wine make the food taste good?" she countered. "Isn't that what you told me last Monday evening?"

"Naturally they help, but it's really the food to-night—that you've cooked."

"Blarr-ney!"

"Why, you say that just like an Irish girl!"

Louise put her hands on her hips, arms akimbo. "Shurre, an' w'y not?"

"That's great! You do that splendidly!" Dyckman's tone was admiring.

"I hope to go on the stage one day, you know."

"Oh, do you? . . . of course, that's why you're up at the Guild, isn't it? Stupid of me."

They drank the last of the red wine, then excellent black coffee, and lit cigarettes. "I feel as if I'd dined handsomely," said Dyckman.

"I'm very glad, sir." Her voice had now the accent of an English waitress.

"Thank you, miss." His accent was not English. She laughed at him. He laughed back.

They smoked and talked, while the living-room grew dusky. Twilight came outside, and the rain poured down.

"It's a night to be indoors," remarked Dyckman, his head twisted toward the windows. "Wasn't it good you suggested supper here to-night?"

She smiled at him her appreciation, then got up from the table.

Dyckman carried the dishes into the kitchenette, but she wouldn't let him wash them. "It's no fun being asked to supper and then made to work," she said, putting her hand on his arm, against his back, and pushing him gently out of the place.

He went, aware of her firm touch against his shoulders, and sat on the couch, letting the lamps stay unlit. He enjoyed the moments of half-light, revelled in the sense of well-being the supper had given him, the vagueness, the slight wooziness the alcohol had created. He listened to the rain pelting the window-panes. It was cool, almost cold, in the room. He was glad for the rain and the cold wet night; it meant all evening in the apartment. He sprawled back against the cushions and anticipated the hours yet to come.

"Why not light the fire?" she called to him. "Isn't it cool enough out there? It'll be cheerful, anyway . . . and after you've done that come in and get the evening's drinks, please."

Dyckman experienced a quiver of pleasure. It was delightful to be here. It was going to be a fine evening. A fire already had been laid neatly in the fireplace. A Cape Cod lighter stood on one side of the hearth. He took out the torch, dipped it in the ashes, and lit it. The wood began to crackle. . . .

The fire had burned up, and died down to embers. A single lamp threw a dull red light across the room, merging finally with the glow from the fireplace. The rain insistently pelted the dark windows.

Dyckman and Louise had had several drinks each, long drinks which they had sipped slowly, lounging side by side on the divan—quietly talking.

Dyckman felt that their evening had become intimate, sensed that the feeling was mutual.

"Do you believe in love?" he asked her.

She was silent. Then, "What do you mean by love?" she asked.

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Now he hesitated. Finally he attempted a reply. "Giving up oneself to one's emotions."

"Yes, I'm afraid I do."

"As a theory, perhaps?"

"No, I don't think I'm a theoretic person."

"May I ask if you've had an emotional life?"

"I think I've had."

"You told me you were twenty-seven, didn't you—yet never married?" Dyckman put a querying inflection on the last word.

"Does one have to marry to be emotional?"

"Of course not, only one thinks of you as conventional."

"Stuffy, you mean?"

"No, not that."

For several moments they were silent. Then, "I've been married," she said finally, her voice again low.

"Really?" said Dyckman, surprised. For a few seconds he appeared thoughtful. "So that accounts for the lack of Miss or Mrs. on your card, down-stairs?" Then lightly he added, "Think of how far ahead of me you are—emotionally."

"Not so far, I guess," she replied, her voice tense.

"Would you like to tell me about it?" Dyckman reached toward her, and laid his hand for a moment on hers in a gesture of sympathy.

"It just didn't go."

"When were you married?"

"When I was eighteen. I hadn't the faintest idea of anything then. I didn't know what I was like, or what kind of life I wanted, or what kind of man I liked best." She laughed without pleasure, with a note in her laugh of bitterness, of harshness. "They all seemed the same to me if they were good-looking—all men and all desirable. Or that is, I wanted all of them to desire me."

"Hmmm," said Dyckman reflectively.

"Yet I feel very much in the dark still," Louise went on. "It all seems to me largely hit or miss."

"How long were you married?" Dyckman put in.

"Two years."

"And then what?"

"Divorced."

"And you had no children?"

"No."

"And since then—what have you done?"

"Just batted around." Again her tone was harsh.

"You never fell in love again?"

"I wasn't in love with my husband."

"But you must have thought you were, when you married?"

"Oh, yes, of course, and I've thought so several times since—and thought myself out of it." Her voice was unhappy.

Dyckman stroked gently the blue silk of the dress over her knee. "What a mess the emotions can cause," he said sympathetically.

"You, too?" she asked, turning toward him. "Have they messed you up, too?"

"Well, no, not that way, anyhow."

"Have you never thought of marriage?"

"No, not seriously."

"And do you think you're better off without it?"

"Yes—or maybe not. I never know. Sometimes I've thought it would be better for me to live differently from the way I do."

"How is that?"

"Just batting around." Dyckman smiled toward her as he used her own words. But her face was turned away from him. She was looking across the room. He saw her in profile, saw her lips begin to move.

"And now?" she asked quietly. "You've no one now?"

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"No, unless . . . but you?"

She gave no answer.

Dyckman bent toward her. "Do you like me?" he asked, his voice low.

"Yes," she whispered the word.

Dyckman bent over her hand, and kissed it. She did not draw away, he felt her come closer to him. A moment later her hand touched his neck, her fingers caressing the tiny hairs at the base of his head. The gesture stirred Dyckman's passion. He let his lips move across her face, kissing her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her forehead, her ears, the nape of her neck. He felt tremors pass over her body—and his. She lay unresisting in his arms, the length of her body close and hot against him.

"Darling," he heard her whisper. "Darling—it's good to be loved."

For a moment her words, the tone of her voice, was like a warning to him. Then his passion swept away his intelligence. His body felt charged, pulsating. 'I want you,' he thought, and aloud repeated the thought, "I want you!" He kissed her, pressing his lips hard against her mouth until he felt her teeth.

Abruptly her body tensed. She drew away from him, pushing him away with her hands against his chest. "No, you mustn't!" she said.

"Why not? I want you, must have you!"

"No, no, no!" She covered her face with her hands. "Please! Pl-ee-se!"

Slowly, struggling within himself, Dyckman drew away from her, sat upright on the divan. He was uncomfortably hot, flushed. He ran his fingers through his hair, then reached for his glass on the stand. "Will you have yours?" he asked formally.

"Yes, please." She held out her hand.

Dyckman drank from his glass, put it down and picked a cigarette out of the porcelain box. "You, too?" he asked.

"Yes."

Dyckman handed her one in his fingers, and lit both cigarettes with his lighter. Then they lay back against the cushions, apart from each other, silent. Dyckman stared across the room, blowing the smoke from his cigarette far out in front of him. Soon he heard her turn toward him, felt her eyes on him. He began to rub his hand across the velvet covering of the divan, stroking it, caressing it.

"Why do you do that?" he heard her ask, and looked at her, saw her smiling at him.

He was slow to answer. "Because I can't caress you," he said finally.

"Did I say you couldn't?"

"No, but . . . what then?"

"I like you, you know," she countered.

"Thanks a lot." His voice was formal, polite.

"Don't be hurt, please," she said.

"I'm not," he lied.

"You're a dear man." She patted his hand quickly, for only a moment.

"Are you in love—think you're in love—with some one now?" he asked suddenly, turning toward her.

"N-n-o."

"Then what is it?"

She was silent.

"Tell me, please." His tone was no longer formal, polite, but gentle, intimate.

"You are so—impetuous." She blushed, embarrassed.

"I'm sorry." He took her hand.

"And I've just gotten over thinking I was in love." Dyckman saw tears well up in her eyes. "I'm sorry," he said again, leaned over and kissed her eyes, not passionately, but gently, sympathetically. "And is it all over now?"

"Ye-es."

"You don't sound quite sure."

"Yes, I am."

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"Would you like to tell me about it?" he asked.

"N-n-o, I'd rather not. Just give me a little time, please."

"Yes."

They lay back against the cushions, slightly apart, and talked. Once Dyckman got up and put another log on the fire. It seemed to him, as he went back to the couch, that they were now rebuilding a tumbled structure. They drank out their drinks slowly.

"Isn't it very late?" she asked, after a while.

Dyckman drew out his watch. "One o'clock," he said. "I suppose I should be going."

"Yes, but I'm sorry." She smiled at him with her wide-open dark eyes under the long lashes and thick black brows. "I like you a lot, you know." She leaned over, quickly kissed him on the mouth, and drew away. "You don't mind how it's been to-night?" she asked.

"Thanks—I mean for the kiss. No." Dyckman's feelings toward her were confused. He rose, brushed his hands across his hair, went to the chair by the door and took up his hat and raincoat. He looked toward the windows. "Still raining," he said, as if to himself, and put on his coat.

Louise lay on the divan, the tips of her fingers together, pressed against her lips. She was looking at the windows. Dyckman went up to her, took her hand, leaned over and kissed her forehead. She held his hand tightly, drew him toward her, raised her lips toward his face. He kissed her, and started to go.

She rose, and walked restlessly around the room, hands at her head, fingers in her hair. "I'm sorry you're going," she said.

"Shall I stay?" Dyckman asked quickly.

"No, no!"

For a moment Dyckman's mouth was a straight thin line. Then he opened his hands at his sides, shrugged his shoulders. "May I see you to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes. Good night."

Dyckman turned to look at her, his hand on the door-knob. She faced him, her body leaning slightly forward. She put out her arm, her hand, toward him. Then she let it drop, and her figure seemed to Dyckman to slump. "Good night," she said again, turned quickly, and went toward the door into the adjoining room. It closed behind her.

For some minutes Dyckman stood as he was, hand on the knob of the door, hat in his other hand, temptation in his body. No sound came to him. Then he opened the door, and went out.

It was hard for him to go down-stairs. He had to force himself to descend, and went slowly. Every moment he felt attracted upward, toward the apartment at the top. His face was hot, flushed; his body choked up; his spirit frustrated. 'Damn,' he thought, 'this love-making without any end.' Once he paused, hand on the banister. "Am I a fool to go?" he asked himself. "No, I can't be crude," and he went on down.

It was raining, but gently. The traffic lights on Fifth Avenue were dead. No motor-cars moved up or down the glistening paving; only a Ford coupé, without lights, stood in front of an apartment-house. Through the rain he walked home, grateful for its wet coolness. That, and the motion of his walking, caused him to say to himself, over and over again, 'Best as it is, best as it is; nothing should happen; shouldn't see her again.'

When he entered his apartment, switched on the light and saw the familiarity of the place, suddenly he had a

(Continued on page 99)

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What Are the People of the South Really Like?

Here is no partisan statement. A writer and teacher of distinction born in the North has returned to his native State after fourteen years spent in the South. He presents in this article the results of his observation and reflection. Its warm and urbane quality makes it a pleasure to read and its effective analysis makes it worth while.

On Leaving the South

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

After fourteen years (with some interruptions) of living in the South, I have accepted a position offered me in the Middle Western State where I was born, and whither I am returning with emotions not unnaturally a little mixed. I am leaving behind a portion of the republic which has interested me profoundly; and as I look about at our modest lares and penates preparatory to that act of God which is moving, I find myself trying to estimate the South, trying to find out what, after fourteen years, the South has meant to me.

My friends in the little college town where I live are congratulating me on my opportunity and courteously regretting my departure. When they ask me why I go, I offer various reasons, which are received with polite murmurs; but if I happen to mention the fact that I am returning to the land that I was born in, I have observed that their faces light up with a look of comprehension. Every proper Southerner feels a close and intimate connection with his native commonwealth; ergo, I must feel the same. The fact that my new position is in my native State (which I left at a tender period) is, it so happens, a geographical accident; and, were the institution I am going to located in any one of a dozen other communities, I suspect I should have listened to its siren songs with the same attentive ear. Of course it is pleasant to return; my point is, however, that the job, not the State, is naturally the primary interest. In trying to strike the balance of my impressions, favorable and unfavorable, however, it seems to me that here is the key to many questions. To the Southerner the concept of a State as mainly a geographical expression is meaningless. To him his State is his home.

Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian; and the rule holds good for the rest of the South. There is, for example, an enthusiasm about reuniting Texans I have not observed in the inhabitants of Iowa. Once when I was making the long and dreary railroad journey from Denver to Fort Worth, the train, after crawling through interminable miles of featureless geography, stopped at a station which was little more than a doll's box dropped in that vast expanse of flatness. The passengers descended from the dusty Pullman to stretch their legs. A mild, middle-aged gentleman, whom I had mentally set down as a banker, lingered beside the car to inquire of the porter what State the town was in. In an instant my banker was transformed. He uttered something between a war-

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whoop and the rebel yell, which informed the world at large that this at length was Texas and that his foot was on his native heath. The place, to my eye, did not differ from the hundred miles behind us or the hundred miles to come. But to him it was Texas, and though he had endless hours before him ere he reached San Antonio, he was home. I am proud of my native State, but I do not have for it this wild, expressive passion. It is not in my tradition.

But it is the admirable Southern tradition, one which in my deracinated life I rather envy my Southern friends. They may smile at it, they may deprecate it, they may enthusiastically condemn their native commonwealths for a wild variety of idiocies, native and acquired, but it is their privilege as children. I remember talking to a very interesting and intelligent woman in Charleston about certain questions in the history of the State, when, discussing one instance of malodorous politics, she dryly remarked: "South Carolina as usual insisted on having her own way." It was a comment she could make, an essentially right comment, the comment of a South Carolinian on South Carolina; but it was not a comment for me, an outlander, to utter.

This sense of attachment gives the Southerner a quality of being rooted when most Americans are air-plants. It gives him, even when he rebels against it, the stabilizing quality of a tradition; and I suspect that the impatient young Southerners who yearly drift to New York in open or covert rebellion against conservatism at home, become in time ardent members of the various Southern State societies which adorn that metropolis. I remember hearing on the campus of the University of North Carolina, the morning after that State had gone for Hoover, a college youth fling up his dormitory window and call out to a friend below from Spartanburg in loud, ironic tones: "Thank God for South Carolina!" I cannot imagine a college youth at the University of Wisconsin under similar circumstances thanking God for Minnesota. Minnesota is an interesting portion of the earth's surface, but it is not a tradition.

This local attachment (to my astonishment, for, in the Valley of Democracy where I was reared, a county is simply some lines on the map) may go deeper and include the county of one's birth, and it may, and generally does, broaden to embrace the whole region. The sources of the sentiment are obvious—the historicity of the South, a sense of being behind, the defense mechanisms which accompanied a slavery economy, defeat, and reconstruction—and nothing is more characteristic of Southerners than the possession of a quality which, because it is nearer than hands or feet, they sometimes vigorously deny. Two professors at the University of Virginia argued lengthily with me to prove that the cultivated Southerner does not essentially differ from any other American of like standing; but I modestly consider I carried off the honors of war, when, at the conclusion of the evening, I pointed out that their lively discussion of the topic was the essentially Southern thing about them. The inhabitant of Montana or Illinois does not spend his nights arguing that he differs no whit from the rest of his countrymen; he assumes as a matter of course that he does not differ; he assumes that he can settle anywhere in the nation and feel equally at ease, equally (after an interval of adjustment) at home. Back in 1883 Mark Twain complained that Southern conversation invariably reverted to The War. That question is now fused with a larger problem; and I have yet to spend an evening among Southerners where talk was free,

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that the conversation did not eventually drift around to the eternal problem of the South and its perplexities.

This happy advantage, however, carries with it the defects of its qualities. Abroad in foreign lands (say, New York or Kansas), the Southerner has some difficulty in preventing himself from becoming that pest, the professional Southerner. He finds himself an object of curiosity to the people among whom he sojourns, and, since he has a gallery, it is natural that he should play to it. For one thing, there is his speech. He finds people listening delightedly for his absent "r's," and it sometimes happens that his "r's" become more conspicuously absent than before. It is somehow assumed that the Southerner possesses the inalienable right of "Southern-ness," which, like the Briton and his bathtub, he takes with him wherever he goes. Whereas the Northerner moving South soon puts on the protective coloring of Southern ways, the exile from Dixie seldom or never goes Yankee, and often becomes more obstreperously Southern than he would be at home. It is a social asset in the North to be a Southerner, and not, as in the opposite situation, a liability.

Nor is the obverse picture always a happy one. Strive as he will to conform to prevailing prejudice, the Northerner in Dixie is likely to remain a Northerner until he dies. He may devote his life to the South, he may honestly become converted to Southern points of view and strive wholeheartedly for their accomplishment, but, though he will be courteously and even affectionately received, he is still "not one of us." I know one ancient Southern city in which attractive young business men, coming down from the North with their wives, are still without the social pale, though this particular city seems to suffer a deficiency of eligible males. I cannot imagine a parallel situation in Chicago or Omaha or Minneapolis. Exasperated Northern wives have sometimes complained that their Southern acquaintances are snooty; as I have no interest in weighing snobbery North and South, I merely wonder whether Southerners do not cut themselves off from a deal of warm human kindliness by this common insistence upon knowing where you were born before considering what you are. And is it courteous to the stranger?

This rhetorical question leads me to the delicate problem of Southern courtesy. The tradition of that courtesy and the story of Southern hospitality form a legend widely diffused, so widely, indeed, that canny chambers of commerce use it to decoy visitors to Southern tourist centres. Naturally therefore the Northerner moves South with heightened anticipations. I do not know what he expects, but at the back of his mind there is a confused picture of a Southern colonel with extended palm, a smiling mammy, pillared verandas, and a wide-eyed Southern belle, the incense of fried chicken breathing over the whole. The mixture is charming and absurd, but it is also poetic, and it is one of the prepossessions in its favor upon which the South can count most strongly. It is a pity that the dream is too often shattered. Southern courtesy does not seem to me to differ greatly from courtesy anywhere.

Having uttered this black heresy, I hasten to retrieve myself by remarking that I have found in the South some of the most delightful hospitality I ever hope to experience. Honesty compels me to add that I have also experienced in Dixie some of the world's most abysmal inhospitality. Honesty leads me further to remark that in the West and in New England and in Chicago and in the State of Washington I have found very much the same extremes. For my point is not

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that Southern hospitality fails to exist, but that it does not especially exist. It seems to me, except in two particulars, to be no peculiar possession of this region. The Americans are generally a hospitable and friendly people, but because more is expected of the South (and this is my first particular), merely average performance is a distinct disappointment; and in the second place, Southern exclusiveness, where it exists, is not an exclusiveness based primarily upon birth or breeding or money or culture, all of which the stranger may bring with him or acquire; it is an exclusiveness based upon a geographical accident at birth, against which the stranger is helpless to contend. I do not in the least blame the Southerner for remembering where he was born; on the contrary, I should condemn him if he forgot it; but I wonder whether he is conscious of the many little ways he has for reminding the Northern *émigré* that the latter is, and must remain, barring miracles, an outlander.

This endogamy comes out in countless little ways. Against the president of a progressive Southern university, born in New England, many excellent inhabitants of the State in which for years he has labored, cherish a faint resentment because he is not a native. I have lived long enough in the South to know that the phrase "damn Yankee" is mainly employed in affectionate derision, but it has not escaped my attention that it is always the Yankee who is damned. After a certain number of years that condemned individual learns to bear his cross meekly and even to grin, but the iteration eternally reminds him that he is "different." I recall with some amusement an irate Southern poet (permanently domiciled in New York) who wrote to his home paper denouncing me as a "literary carpetbagger" for certain honest, if mistaken, comments on verses not even his, though what the connection might be between my literary criticism and the reconstruction legislators of his native State I am at a loss to determine. The tradition of hostility seems furthermore to linger longer among women than among men, and I number among my friends too many intelligent Northern women living in the South, whose lives have ever and again been made miserable by feminine slights from Southern women, ever to take the phrase "Southern hospitality" at more than normal human value.

In view of the patronizing attitude of certain types of complacent Northern visitors in the South, an edge of suspicion in the Southern attitude is understandable and to be forgiven. Unfortunately for good feeling, not only do these visitors come South with a fixed idea that the inhabitants are shiftless, lazy, and incompetent, not only do they on occasion express their views with voices like sounding brass, but they sometimes bring with them a "save-the-South" complex that should be sufficient excuse for homicide. There is still a considerable stripe of moral meddlers determined to instruct the Southerner in better ways. They want to reform everything from his speech to his soul. Northern churches still spend vast sums on "home missionary work" in the South, Northern social agencies labor untiringly in behalf of downtrodden white and lowly Negro, Northern business sends its teachers into Dixie. Of course one must distinguish between good-will and intelligent aid on the one hand, and patronage and Pharisaicism on the other, but, after making all allowances, there must be moments when the sensitive Southerner resents his being cast in the double rôle of starving Armenian and unspeakable Turk. But tactlessness on one side, though it may explain, does not justify

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bad manners on the other; and I would still argue for the correction of certain regrettable Southern lapses in the interests of a finer courtesy.

But if the quantitative value of Southern hospitality is, so to speak, average, there are qualitative differences. A friend of mine, a Northerner, tells me that, after his arrival in a little Southern town, he talked fifteen minutes with a casual acquaintance he had made, who presently said to him: "It's about dinner-time. Won't you come in and eat with us?" My friend was both astonished and embarrassed. Obviously the man was sincere; but obviously also, in my friend's tradition, one does not invite a chance acquaintance in to dine. Not knowing what else to do, he took out his watch and said: "No, thank you, I have something I must attend to." His intentions were courteous, but his action equally surprised and embarrassed the Southerner, not because the invitation was refused, but because my friend found it necessary to invent a reason for his refusal. In its small way, no incident is more illuminating.

The casual friendly greetings addressed to passers-by, black and white, on Southern streets is one of the most delightful traditions in the South, and one which I am sorry to see disappearing. So, too, there is a warm friendliness on the part of sales people and attendants in department stores, groceries, and filling stations which is thoroughly commendable. Sometimes, it is true, one is irritated by portions of the formula. When one makes a purchase in a Southern store, even though it is obvious that he wishes to buy one thing and one thing only, he finds that he must answer the query: "Anything else to-day?" One's irritation is not at the "waste of time" (a common Southern explanation of Yankee impatience), but at the meaninglessness of the formula. That irritation increases when, as often happens in smaller towns, genteel formulæ cover, without masking, a supine ignorance of the resources of the store and a magnificent unwillingess to find out what the customer really wants. If the buyer then exhibits any determination to probe the situation, unwittingly exposing the laziness of the sales person or the inadequacy of the stock, the formulæ of friendliness are immediately translated into resentment of a personal affront offered a gentlewoman—the "saleslady"—by an ignorant boor—the customer. A Yankee believes that, without sacrificing the valuable gift of friendliness, clerks and attendants might be trained to more intelligent ways. "Efficiency" is bad, but worse than efficiency is genteel laziness.

In fact, the Southerner has an uncanny knack of making a personal issue out of a general matter. Perhaps the best illustration is to be found in the Northerner's first contact with The War. When I moved South, I rented a room in the house of a daughter of a Confederate officer, and presently I was asked to breakfast. During the course of the meal, I expressed admiration for one or two pieces of heavy old silver. My hostess stiffened, explained that they were the remnants of her father's silver, and that the other pieces had been carried off by "you Yankee raiders." "Not that I blame *you,*" she added. To me (as to most Northerners) the Civil War is utterly remote; yet my innocent question had caused her to impute to me, among the rest of "us Yankees," the loss of her father's spoons, and then, in the interests of a hollow courtesy, to remove the imputation. Why drag me in at all? I had not taken her spoons, though I could not well deny that they had been taken, and the falsity of my position made me thoroughly uncomfortable. The incident is

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of no importance, and it may be said I was overly sensitive. It was, however, my first experience with a characteristic bit of Southern psychology, and the fact remains that no Northerner ever knows when the burden of war guilt will be shifted to his innocent shoulders. To Northern minds, therefore, Southern friendliness is sometimes subject to queer lapses, not always, it seems to me, in the best of taste.

Yet Southern friendliness is best exhibited in the home. In a Northern community one invites the stranger to a hotel or a club for lunch, or he may appoint a day and hour for a dinner engagement at his house. But in the South hospitality is characteristically centred in the family meal, where casual guests are an incident, not an Event. Once within the doorway, the stranger could not be more delightfully received; and though he be tedious as a twice-told tale, and linger until his harassed hosts must conclude that he has lost the power of locomotion, some member of the family will be found not too occupied to entertain him. On the other hand the absence of public life in clubs, restaurants, and the like, coupled with concentration of social interest in the home or in the homes of one's friends, automatically isolates the visitors not lucky enough to make contacts, so that nothing, it seems to me, is drearier than the experience of the tourist in a Southern community where, having visited the points of historic interest, there is nothing further for him to do. Some of the most delightful Southern cities—Charleston, Savannah, Charlottesville, Austin—fascinating when one has been fortunate enough to find friends in them, are blank and cold to the visitor with no right of entrée, who must frequently be left wondering whether "Southern hospitality" is not an ironic myth. Doubtless no town is very interesting from the point of view of a travelling man's Sunday, but, as I have remarked, the South has set up a legend of hospitality, so that merely average performance is relative failure. Moreover, there is often a sense of stir in Northern towns when the Southern community on Sundays or after business hours seems curiously deserted. Perhaps one might sum up the matter tersely, if not very truthfully, by saying that in the North, everybody has gone out; in the South, everybody has gone home.

But perhaps one of the most characteristic modes of behavior in the South is the business of kinship, in which particular the Southerner surpasses even the New Englander. It sometimes seems to me that everybody in Virginia or South Carolina or Georgia is related to everybody else. If a marriage takes place, the fact is conversationally recorded; then comment turns at once to the question of the family ramifications involved. If a political appointment is announced, it soon appears that the appointee is cousin to somebody else. The system is so intricate that the tactful Northerner, after one or two unhappy blunders, learns to preface any comment on a public character, literary, political, or what not, with the polite hope that the subject's relatives will not misunderstand his remarks. In a day when the family is supposed to be breaking up, the business of "claiming kin" in the South is probably less patent than it used to be; yet it is one of the most powerful forces in Southern life, and one, the implications of which, I believe, few Southerners realize.

There are many admirable aspects to the strong family solidarity of the South, aspects too often noted for me to dwell upon them here. An easy and informal friendliness exists at once among the various branches of the *gens* (barring particular estrangements), so that first

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and second cousins, meeting perhaps for the first time, feel little of the awkwardness which colors such contacts elsewhere. A natural pride in the success of one member of the group is suffused among all the others; and above all, the individual feels less lonely, less dependent upon his unaided exertions than is true in the North and West. Christmas is a pleasanter season because of it, visiting is made easier, social intercourse is more spontaneous, and training in good manners is certainly improved.

On the other hand, the situation necessarily has certain characteristic defects; and particularly in the case of young and progressive members of the tribe, the pressure to conform to family tradition is one of the most powerful forces in certain sections of the South. I have in mind some young South Carolinians whom I know. In the North they would expect to strike out for themselves, stand on their own feet, succeed or fail in their own right. In their native State, however, the family connections are wide; and wherever they go, there is always some older member of the *gens* to supervise their conduct, and give them sympathy and support in the failure or success of their enterprises. The astonishing social conservatism of many Southern centres depends, it seems to me, upon the almost European sense of family conformity which reigns, and which, while it has many advantages, succeeds too often in strangling initiative and discouraging invention. I know three brothers in particular who, if they were chucked out into the world, might stiffen into successful men, but who, moulded by a strong sense of family convention, are becoming simply the pleasant young men of no particular vigor, with whom the South is filled.

One method of escape is to flee the scene; and in my experience as a teacher, I have again and again found it to be true that promising young Southerners are going North as much to escape conformity at home as to embrace the great goddess, Success. At home there are certain girls, as one such youngster said to me, upon whom it would be impossible for him to call simply because, though they were, according to him, attractive and intelligent, they were born in the wrong part of town. My young friend proposed to go where his friends and acquaintances would be his own, not his parents'. The result of this situation is that the South in many cases loses its most vigorous blood as young people go North in order to live their own lives.

Of course, rebellious youth is everywhere much the same, and yet I think it is true that the strong family sense of the South, as it is one cause of Southern conservatism, is also one cause of Southern stagnation. For one thing, progressive, or at any rate, eccentric, thought is stifled by family *mores;* for another, progressive ideas introduced by outlanders often beat in vain against the strong walls of family solidarity. Especially in the industrial situation is it true that progressive measures suffer because they are not backed by the "right people," the right people being usually the very people with this strong family sense, so that progressive movements, besides having to overcome the usual prejudices of intrenched conservatism, have likewise to struggle against the family solidarity of the upper classes. This generalization, like all such, will at once bring to the reader's mind particular exceptions; and if family solidarity is as it is in the South, it should in justice be remarked that traditionally this solidarity carries with it the implication of *noblesse oblige*. But *noblesse oblige* is an imperfect panacea; and while it is commendable in the Southern branches of the Junior League

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to establish milk stations and to do charitable work, labor is not something which should be dealt with paternalistically; and though the gentleman farmer in the South looks after his hands as his father did before him, it does not occur to him that agricultural reform is an economic, not a family, problem. If only the "right people" would take up county demonstration work or social service or the cause of labor! But the "right people" do not, and the South as a whole displays no promise of following some of the "right people" in the North and East in recognizing a civic no less than a paternal duty.

What is true in civic and social problems seems to me also true in the arts, so that it must be difficult in the local poetry society or little theatre group to walk tactfully among the intricacies of what (to make a bad pun) I may call the kinæsthetic sense. If Cousin Sue writes a book of verse, Cousin John, who edits the book-page, had better watch his step in commenting thereon. And if frank comment is made by a neutral critic, who is perhaps an acquaintance of Cousin John's, but who has no means of knowing that the book is by a relative of his, the consequences, whatever they may be for art, do not help the social situation. The reader may think I am imagining impossible cases; and, if he be a Southerner, will be inclined to smile at a situation which seems utterly fantastic. Fantastic or not, the thing has actually happened; and though Cousin John may be very frank with Sue's volume, he rather tends to resent frankness from an outsider. And as for any other literary work which Cousin John has to review, there will be a natural inclination on his part to tread softly and avoid unpleasantness.

Lest it appear that I am picturing a South peculiarly sensitive to criticism, I hasten to add that, given the situation, there is no special intolerance in this region. Many Southerners will be surprised to learn that there is supposed to be; but it is a fact that in the minds of badly biassed persons the strong local attachment of the South is supposed to connote a peculiar distaste for unfavorable opinions. Such persons point triumphantly to Dayton and Elizabethton and Gastonia, and murmur something about lynchings, fundamentalism, and the deficiencies of Southern education. They are badly informed. It is not advisable just now to advocate communism in Gastonia, but neither is it advisable, I gather, to advocate it in front of the New York City Hall; and if the attempt to organize Southern labor meets with heart-breaking opposition, the obstacles are not peculiarly Southern ones, but represent normal human behavior in industrial crises. Human stupidity is too constant in such matters; and when equally damning instances of frailty could be collected from any section of the country, it is the sheerest nonsense to attribute a special blindness to Dixie.

On the other hand, a good many examples could be cited of Southern tolerance. Just now, indeed, the South does not resent honest criticism, but rather courts it and begs for more. In my own experience I have yet to find the topic which cannot be courteously debated with intelligent Southerners, or the subject which cannot be frankly presented to a Southern audience at the proper time and place. As to the race question, I have heard almost every possible point of view from the lips of Southerners, just as I have heard almost every possible interpretation of the Civil War; yet these, according to legend, are two topics on which every Southerner has a closed

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mind. I think that Southern universities have an excellent general record for liberalism, and I would further cite the honorable history of Southern journalism, which is too little known in the South, and scarcely suspected elsewhere. Lastly (despite the very real difficulties of Cousin John), I think the general vigor and sincerity of the criticism in Southern magazines and book-pages surpass the record of metropolitan journals. There are, of course, limits beyond which discussion does not go; I have met nobody who advocates immediate social equality, just as I have met nobody who believes that secession was inherently depraved, but even these boundaries leave a very wide expanse for opinion. Moreover, I am mindful of the herd of sacred cows which graze in the intellectual meadows North and West, whose more than oriental divinity must never under any circumstances be questioned. I have even heard Sherman vigorously defended in the late Confederacy, though I freely admit that no one has yet arisen to praise General Ben F. Butler.

The mass of Southern whites, on the other hand, are, I think, more easily swept by emotion than is the case elsewhere in the country. Their education is poor, and the religious sanctions to which they are exposed are highly emotional. Mobs form quickly, homicide comes more casually, and hysteria for a time is king. Indeed, emotion seems to lie nearer the surface in Southern life than it does elsewhere; and perhaps the complexities into which the Stone Mountain project was plunged would not have taken the shape they did in another part of the country. Remembering, however, the bathos of Big Bill Thompson's anti-British campaign in Chicago, and recalling also the sluggishness which seems to characterize the poor white in the South, I would be inclined to doubt even this generalization, were it not that the South is traditionally the land of sentiment. The ancient opposition between the "practical" Yankee and the "emotional" Southerner has, I suppose, a vague truth; and in fact, looking back on what I have written, I note that most of it rests upon the tacit assumption that Southern folkways are fundamentally determined by sentiment and feeling rather than by logic and "practicality."

This leads me directly to the question of Southern charm. A thousand stories have created the legend that is the South. Way down upon the Suwanee river the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home where, bound for Louisiana, Little Eva has a banjo on her knee, and Old Black Joe, Uncle Remus and Miss Sally's little boy listen to the mocking-bird and watch a sweet chariot swing low one frosty mornin'. The gallant Pelham and his comrades bend forever over the hands of adorable girls in crinoline; under the duelling oaks Colonel Carter of Cartersville and Marse Chan blaze away at each other with pistols by the light of the silvery moon on Mobile Bay. It matters little now, Lorena, the past is in the eternal past, for I saw thee once, once only, it was on a July midnight and the full-orbed moon looked down where a despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland. Naturally therefore a group has revolted in the South against the sentimentality of the legend, just as another group has capitalized it for commercial purposes. With one auspicious and one dropping eye, the Southern muse proclaims (with the neo-Confederate group in Nashville) the ineluctible romance of Dixie, and now, like a shrill-voiced vixen, declares that the plantation gentry have been overestimated, that the F. F. V.'s were only a handful, and that

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hookworm and malaria are more truly Southern than moonlight and magnolias. The sympathetic observer is inclined to agree with the old lady that there is a great deal to be said on both sides.

In truth, pursuing that elusive mistress, Southern charm, the judicious observer is doomed to many disappointments. Stuck about the raw, red clay of Georgia he comes upon shanties that would disgrace Turkey under the sultanate. In the Carolinas he stumbles upon drab mill villages, an ugly brick factory domineering over a brood of cheap tenement houses in the best manner of industrial England a century ago. The most impressive feature of New Orleans, seen from the river front, is "the largest sugar factory in the world." A raucous voice proclaims that these are flush times in Texas, a strident bellow from Alabama tells the world that Birmingham is unbeatable, the Old Dominion is "waking up," and the voice of Rotary covers Dixie like the dew. If he stops a passing male in any one of a hundred small towns, the traveller hears his query answered by a voice like the high whine of a saw; if he inquires his way of a female of the species, preferably young, he finds that the adorable girl in crinoline has been metamorphosed into giggles and curls and a head of impenetrable night where not a brain-cell works. Off the concrete highway and away from the show towns, trains dawdle, paint peels, niggers loiter, weeds infest the scrawny fields, and that great anarch, Dulness, lets the curtain fall.

And yet—and yet—! I have stood on the porch of the "big house" of a Louisiana sugar plantation, gazing at the levee, conscious that beyond it the tawny Mississippi, panther-like, slunk seaward, and felt around me the atmosphere of a mellow and enduring beauty, full of pathos and regret. In Roswell, Georgia, I caught for an unforgettable morning the high romance of the Old South, gazing at white pillars that witnessed Sherman's invasion, and looking upon gigantic trees older than the United States. In the Middleton Gardens it was one day my privilege to talk with a woman out of a novel by George Meredith with illustrations by Du Maurier. Lost in the Tennessee hills one wintry night, I inquired my way at a mountain cabin surrounded by baying dogs, from the door of which emerging, a bearded patriarch of Biblical splendor, his tall body silhouetted against a fiery hearth around which his family, interrupted in singing hymns, was gathered, gave me my directions in tones of perfect courtesy and in the language of John Fox, Jr. I once met a Virginian woman who, on hearing that the State had gone Republican, went into her grandfather's antebellum library where, draping herself in the Confederate flag, she sat in stately protest all morning long. I have seen Monticello and the serpentine walls at Charlottesville, a city that conceals the finest equestrian statue in America; I have walked the campus of the University of South Carolina (Heaven forfend that it should ever be "improved"!) with the wittiest man I ever met; have listened to the most musical women's voices in the world; have beheld negro mammies with clothes-baskets on their heads and talked with aged darkies whose manners put mine to shame; have, in short, been thoroughly bewitched, fascinated, bedevilled, and struck dumb with astonishment by that most provoking of feminine creations, the South!

For the South is feminine in its contradictions, its allure, its maddening habits of delay, its charm, its satire, its sudden furies and inexplicable cruelties, its sentiment, its generous and forgiving heart. You either fall in love with it or

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you do not. If you do, no amount of inconvenience in the practical affairs of living, no tenth revealment of the capacity of its people for illogical prejudice, will remove the virus from your blood. And if you do not—well, there is something wrong with you if you do not, and you had best get your blood pressure taken. For, despite concrete highways and country clubs and mass production and the worst agricultural economy in the republic, there beats at the heart of the South an eternity of youth. It is at once the oldest and the youngest part of the nation, oldest in its tradition, its unhurried reverence for the past, its quiet willingness to be taken for what it is; youngest in its eternal optimism, its inextinguishable belief that better times are just around the corner, and that, if they are not, it does not especially matter. If in its commercial cities there is an increasing eagerness to "succeed," the old South, the immutable South, still smiles tolerantly on its children. The race question, cotton culture, shiftlessness, lawlessness—the South wrestles with these problems as it has always wrestled with them, not forgetting in other moments to keep its head high and its lips smiling. Abused by the ignorant, it remembers that it is tolerably accustomed to abuse; praised and flattered by the sentimentalists, it recalls with a sigh that sentimentalism has ever found in the South its garden spot.

What is the most characteristic defect of this region? I should answer, after my fourteen years, that it is still inertia. Its characteristic virtue? For me, it is the beauty of its story. On the one hand, it sometimes seems to the conscientious teacher of Southern youth that he is engaged in lifting Pelion and Ossa with a toothpick, and after telephoning for the third time for the plumber, or discovering for the last unbearable moment that the store is just "out" of the gadget his automobile requires, or finding that the housemaid has been peacefully sweeping the dust from the floors into the registers, he is inclined to believe that Southern inertia is immovable. Like the Boyg in "Peer Gynt," forward or back, it is just as far; out or in, and it's just as straight. Then a stranger picks you up in his automobile, a newspaper editor drops his work to pilot you over his city and the surrounding countryside, a college youth who seems hitherto to have regarded intellectual thoroughness as beneath the dignity of a gentleman's grade invites you to his home or his fraternity house, where he receives you with good humor and good breeding, a friendly neighbor drops in with a bouquet of roses dripping dew, your cook hums a camp-meeting hymn or a spiritual, a casual boy tells you that his grandfather died under Lee, and the angle of vision changes, the whole romantic story rushes up at you, and you, too, are for a delectable instant deceived, you too have marched with Jackson, fought under Lee, owned ancestral estates in Tidewater Virginia or a house in Charleston —you, too, are "Southern." Alas (being Northern-born) that you are really not! For like the lost Peri, you are doomed to wander about the walls of what seems to you a Paradise of many secret virtues, through the gates of which, as they happen to open, you catch delectable glimpses of an Eden you shall never tread quite as one to the manner born. For the South belongs to the Southerner; it is his inheritance, even when he cannot name it or describe it; and perhaps, if the South is to endure, it is wise and right that it should be so.

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The young man of to-day is no longer the club man, the "man's man" priding himself on his susceptibility to women's wiles, as was his brother of a decade ago. Conditions have changed him—and woman's opinion of him.

Young Men About Town: 1931

BY JUANITA TANNER

"Do come over and see my new apartment! I've got a new rug, and I've found that old-fashioned lamp I've been shopping for!"

Neither Agnes, Dorothy, nor Genevieve is speaking. This is Bill.

Accept Bill's invitation and he will display his rug with proper pride, tell you he got the lamp at a bargain, and give you tea and sandwiches he makes with loving care. Bill not only decorates his apartment and serves refreshments unaided by those deft feminine fingers once considered indispensable, Bill also darns his socks and has been known, in financial stringency, to wash them. But Bill is in no wise peculiar. Bill is merely an up-to-date young man.

Announcing to the readers of America's biggest weekly the news that women have changed, a noted British journalist found one alarming corollary: "If women become more masculine, men must become more feminine—a serious and depressing thought!"*

It is just possible to argue that here is a *non sequitur,* for if masculine perfection is such that any departure therefrom is depressing to contemplate, we cannot have too much of it; why shouldn't we all achieve perfection in a wholly masculine world?

But another reassuring possibility occurs to the feminine mind. It is that if men become more feminine, they may turn out even nicer than they were before.

Many years ago, in "Candida," Mr. Shaw demonstrated that an oddly feminine young man, conscious of his own weakness, was stronger than a regular fellow who considered himself a sturdy oak. Marchbanks was the precursor of all the young men who are nowadays, if we are to accept certain obvious signs, apt to be more dependable than the Morrells of this world because they do not fool themselves. So widely is Candida's estimate now shared that in his latest play Mr. Shaw even dares to make his new man a constitutional monarch. For Magnus is as feminine as Marchbanks; there is in him, Orinthia says, the makings of a first-rate woman, and she means it as a compliment.

Men like Magnus are still hard to find, but Marchbanks has ceased to be a rarity and become a type. That men as a whole are changing from Morrells to Marchbankses I cannot undertake to prove with the thoroughness achieved by masculine observers of the changing status of women; men have not acquired a new franchise, or even made radical changes in the cut of their clothes. But I believe

* "The Unveiling of Women," by Philip Gibbs. *Saturday Evening Post,* February 22, 1930.

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that their manners, tastes, and habits of thought are changing, quite as much as women's have changed, and I know this is true of the young men I have observed in that fertile forcing-ground for psychological sports, New York City.

What the New Yorker does, he himself boasts, is nobody's business. All the same his acts are widely advertised and, eventually, copied. So let us follow Bill for a day and see what happens to develop in him virtues long monopolized by his sisters.

Bill lives by himself in the room-and-bath apartment we have seen, and works for an advertising agency. One week's salary is equivalent to the monthly apartment rental, the other three weeks of each month just sufficing to keep Bill adequately fed and clothed, moderately amused, and none too well provided against bad weather.

In the morning, after breakfasting as fully as finances and his hour of rising permit, Bill goes to the office. He does not fare forth as men who were men once fared forth to their day's toil—at his own speed, free-limbed and armed with true male aggressiveness. Not being a moron, Bill adjusts his free stride to the traffic lights, and subdues his aggressiveness under the code of the more decent patrons of the subway. His first encounter with the impersonal mechanism of the city makes him conscious—as women were always made conscious—that the world is not his individual bivalve.

Surviving the subway, Bill is whizzed upward in an elevator so tightly crammed with other wage-slaves of both sexes that none of the men remove their hats. There isn't elbow-room, and so dies a custom that once emphasized sex differences.

This minor obliteration prepares Bill for the day's work at a desk adjoining that of a woman who isn't his secretary. His feminine coworkers—there are several of them—earn salaries almost, if not quite, equal to Bill's; one woman in the organization makes twice his stipend, and Bill must go to her now and then for a consultation about his own work. This does not annoy Bill. On the contrary, to assume a natural mental superiority for men would be to argue himself below the average masculine level, and that would be galling indeed.

Bill lunches at a tea-room frequented by women workers and other young men like himself. Older men may go to restaurants and order rare-steak-fried-potatoes-'n'-pie, to be topped off with cigars, until their doctors order them to lunch on graham crackers and milk; but not Bill. In the first place, he can't afford the steaks and the cigars; and so with the aptitude for self-consolation mercifully afforded men and fabulous foxes he has almost lost his taste for the first, and failed altogether to acquire a taste for the second. He has an omelet and salad and a cigarette.

After lunch Bill strolls along the street and his eye falls on prints in a picture-dealer's window, china in an antique shop. These things interest him quite as much as a good horse would have interested his grandfather. Bill cannot keep a horse in his apartment, while he can have a Currier and Ives or another blue plate.

In the evening Bill seeks more positive diversion. He might take a girl to dinner and the theatre; there's Gloria, pretty and soft and sweet, who invited him to her coming-out party because his family knew her family long ago. Dinner appropriate to Gloria, two theatre seats, dancing afterward, and incidental taxis would cost Bill exactly one-third his week's pay. Bill does not invite Gloria.

Instead he calls up Marjory, who has

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a job and an apartment very much like Bill's. Marjory isn't as pretty as Gloria, and certainly not as soft or as sweet, but she insists on paying her own way. Dinner with Marjory, a play from balcony seats, and the subway home will set Bill back only the cost of his own food and entertainment. He won't even have to use up a dress shirt for the occasion.

Thus in one day New York has fostered in Bill feminine characteristics of carefulness as opposed to recklessness, consideration as opposed to aggressiveness, a disregard of sex differences in small matters of courtesy and in business affairs, feminine tastes in food, feminine discrimination in decorative objects, and informal willingness to share the cost of living with a girl. It is fairly obvious that development of these characteristics is only reasonable adjustment to his environment.

Whether or not the development is depressing depends on what you expect Bill to accomplish. If you expect him to be a great general in time of war, or an empire-builder or a statesman or even the authoritative head of a family in time of peace, you will be disappointed. If you believe and hope that the days of warriors, empire-building, and patriarchal households are drawing to a close you will see in Bill the pioneer of a new era.

Like most pioneers, Bill is actuated by no motive of world reform, but by a desire to live as he personally wants to live. He came to New York, in the first place, because he wanted to live differently from the way they lived in his home town, and while he has not yet achieved his ambitions they lie along lines which will take him still farther away from the ambitions his father and grandfather knew. Perhaps Bill will never write the novel he hopes to write. Johnny may never edit a magazine, Ted may never get anywhere in chemical research, Andy may never make his trip around the world. But it is almost a safe bet that none of them will ever become a bank president or the father of six children.

Not in spite of but because of this probability I am prepared to argue that an intelligent modern woman will find in Bill or Johnny, Ted or Andy, a better prospect for marital success than the old-fashioned man would ever be. If she is only as wise as Candida, she can see strength in what the older world called weakness. And she can be wiser than Candida if she refuses to coddle the man so determined to behave like a real man that he succeeds only in behaving like a child.

One woman adviser headed her list of rules for the modern girl with "Don't marry a caveman." The reason is not that women cannot defend themselves against the caveman's aggression. It is rather that the caveman is apt to prove a liability, because the simple soul cherishes delusions of grandeur not borne out by the facts. Nowadays for a man to claim superiority, or even great difference from women, on grounds of sex is to expose himself so obviously that only the stupider specimens make the mistake. Women may continue to conciliate the would-be dominant male, but they can do it only on the basis—familiar to every schoolboy but forgotten by many husbands—of Burke's recommended conciliation of America, namely, that it is for the strong to conciliate the weak.

Precisely because he has inklings of this, Bill does not permit his women friends to discover in him that consciousness of superiority which they never fail to recognize in the hundred per cent he-man. This is not, of course, to say that Bill is *not* conceited. He is conceited as an individual; to old-fashioned men he often appears unduly conceited because he considers himself superior to them.

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What he has outgrown is the solid class-consciousness once common to masculinity, the aristocratic assumption of superior caste.

Even before he came to New York events conspired to make Bill a sexual democrat. He had little opportunity to develop the aristocrat's serene infantile conception of himself as the centre of the universe. Bill was born into a world in which women's rights were to be so loudly debated that only a child deaf, dumb, and blind could have been oblivious to their existence; as a feminine contributor to "The Book of Marriage" suggested, "The new characteristic of movement in women demands the development in men of the new quality of *attention.*" Behaviorist objection to the possibility of new adult development cannot apply to Bill, for an attention-getting amount of movement among women occurred while Bill was a boy.

More, Bill grew up in a world in which the masculine lords of creation were blowing themselves, and all their idées fixées, into little bits. Between feminism and the war Bill simply had no chance to own a superiority complex.

Bill's compensation is a share of the practical endurance and elasticity that up to now has been a characteristic of the lower, that is the feminine, class. It is no mean compensation. An aristocrat on the wane may be a romantic figure, but he is, as a rule, remarkably inefficient. He is proud, gallant, sentimental, helpless, and a prey to flattery. We still have with us men who are all these things, but Bill is none of them.

He is not, for example, too proud to fight with a girl in that civilized warfare known as conversation. His aristocratic male predecessors prided themselves on being strong and silent, doubtless in the belief that argument with a woman, like argument with a child, was lowering to the dignity. Women, not unnaturally, were sometimes annoyed by this attitude; of a hundred wives interviewed by a psychologist in the course of his research into marriage, thirty wished that their husbands were more talkative. Anthropologists, meanwhile, had provided women trying in vain to prod the old-fashioned man into reasonable speech with a none too flattering explanation of his silence in the primitive man's fear of any sort of intercourse with a woman. And when you trace silence to fear, it ceases to be an attribute of strength.

Democratic give-and-take perhaps excuses Bill from the aristocrat's obligation to gallantry. Not posing as one of nature's noblemen, Bill usually forgets about grabbing a girl's elbow to help her up a six-inch curb. Even though he may preserve the forms of courtesy as decorative survivals, he is deficient in the more serious and sometimes suicidal forms of gallantry that were obligations to men of an earlier generation.

A perfect definition of this suicidal gallantry was provided by the professor credited with saying to his class: "A man does his duty if he marries young, works and provides for his family, educates his children, and, if necessary, kills himself in the effort. He could not die a more worth-while death."

Bill has no intention of killing himself in this fashion. If you asked him, Bill might tell you that he doubts its being such a worth-while way to die, for how do you know his children would be any improvement on himself? Needless to say, Bill's ideas are in perfect agreement with those of many modern women, who hold that the scheme of creation is not divine but only too human in its present stage of evolution, and consider themselves free of any obligation to reproduction. In this they share with Bill

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the support of biologists who point out the uncertainties of heredity under Mendelian law, psychologists who explain the imperfections of home environment, mathematicians who chart the statistics of an overpopulated world, and economists who see in overpopulation a root cause of war.

Not that Bill worries much about these points, rather taking them for granted; for, like most youngsters who cut loose to make a living for themselves, he is fed up with heredity and environment, and as a New Yorker he has only to look round him to see the horrors of overcrowding. Yet it is possible to argue that Bill's freedom from philoprogenitive impulse is not so much shirking from obligation as acceptance of individual responsibility; as he does not make a woman responsible for his domestic comfort, he does not put upon children the burden of fulfilling his ambitions. Bill will justify his refusal to work himself to death for the next generation if he does something worth while on his own account. Here again the carelessness of the aristocrat is replaced by the carefulness of the commoner with his way to make, but strength of purpose can be interpreted in terms of restraint; a world more familiar with biology than it used to be has learned that it is the softer and shorter-lived animals, after all, that reproduce with greatest frequency.

Perhaps another reason why Bill does not think much about the joys of having dear little children of his own, the importance of perpetuating his family name, and the general sacredness of fatherhood and firesides is that Bill is not very sentimental. The same thing that knocked the sentiment out of women—that is, struggle with a none-too-yielding universe—knocked it out of Bill. The old-fashioned male aristocrat was happily convinced that nothing, except perhaps too much frankness in dealing with women, could really hurt him and his; his gallantry was the spontaneous affability of the secure. Bill does not consider himself secure; Bill lives in a post-war world in which no one is securely established any more. Since in this world any man's family and fireside may be obliterated by one bomb, a young man's sense of values can hardly be criticised if he looks forward to owning a twin-motored airplane rather than to having twins.

But Bill's determination to avoid trouble concerns only what has been regarded as a major function of mankind; the very desire for independence which makes him shun family ties makes him enterprising about doing small things for himself. Bill's household accomplishments have been mentioned, yet no mere mention adequately indicates their importance to a modern woman. If Bill tries his hand at cooking suppers and washing dishes thereafter, he is bound to learn something of the potential cussedness of chores; he will never regard the achievement of running a house with that light-hearted approval, quite unmixed with genuine comprehension, that was once the aristocratic male attitude.

Finally—and how, how important is this last characteristic!—Bill grows less and less subject to the aristocrat's greatest danger, the wiles of sycophants. Being human, Bill likes flattery; but because his vanity is personal rather than sexual he must be flattered with some understanding. The ordinary feminine approach is apt to fail with Bill for two reasons: either he sees through it, or the witching lady grows weary of the game. For witching ladies do not ordinarily annoy for very long those gentlemen who allow them to pay half the check.

For generations, as recently demonstrated to New Yorkers by a Chinese ac-

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tor playing feminine rôles according to the traditions of his country, the masculine ideal of true femininity has been a feline ideal. Now mankind, as represented by Bill, is learning to withstand feline depredations by developing feline attributes of its own. Bill understands flattery because, in spite of a casual attitude toward girls of his own age, he is sometimes a flatterer of elderly women who invite him to dinner or to the opera. Besides resembling Marchbanks, Bill occasionally resembles Disraeli, that curiosity in his own period who was dramatically credited with superiority to the charms of pretty young Russian spies, and historically adept at dealing with well-to-do old ladies. Disraeli had, of course, like Bill's generation of men and like innumerable generations of women, the wit-sharpening advantage of a handicap at birth.

Thus among Bill's contemporaries it is no great novelty to hear such amused and slightly disgusted remarks as "She tried a little Clara Bow stuff on me," or "You have to leave your office door open with that kind inside." Where the old-fashioned male exhibited a fatuous pride in his own susceptibility, Bill and his like are perhaps a little vain, and certainly full of coy and catty humor about their prowess in escape. They speak of defensive measures in terms no old-fashioned gentleman would have used, least of all to himself.

Obviously these qualities in Bill have their advantages to the modern woman. If Bill, catlike, looks out first for his own comfort, at least he does not demand that others look after it for him. If he exhibits a feline detachment, a certain tendency to scratch the hand that feeds him cream, it is possible to discern in this critical attitude both self-respect and a becoming modesty.

On the whole, if marriage to Bill means earning her own living, and doing without a few pretty speeches, a modern woman can feel reasonably sure that she will not have to do all the chores, fairly certain that Bill will not demand of her, as a matter of course, the labor and hazard of children, and at least hopeful that Bill will prove impervious to the cruder overtures of depredators of her own sex. There is little doubt that she appreciates these possibilities. For years the standard pattern short story for the woman's magazine was a variation on How to Manage a Man—a man, of course, of the old-fashioned type, blind to the workings of flattery. Now the pattern is changing to How to Catch a Man —a man, more and more often, who exhibits a few of Bill's cagy characteristics.

This change was lately made especially evident in the attitude of feminine playgoers toward "Rebound," that tragicomedy by Donald Ogden Stewart in which Hope Williams nightly broke the hearts of admirers who had come to count on her for hard-boiled rôles. The heroine of Mr. Stewart's play was required to relinquish her pursuit of an elusive modern young man and marry one of the familiar pattern. And girls in the gallery wailed: "Why didn't she hold out for Johnny? She could have had him if she'd waited, and he was worth waiting for." They went further; they said that having in a weak moment married the other man, she should have atoned for the error by running away with Johnny when at length he mentioned it. Johnny was presumably disqualified in the mind of the playwright by a fit of hysterics in the last act, but, inured to masculine hysteria by "Journey's End," feminine members of the audience persisted in considering him a very desirable young man.

In fact, they find only three things wrong with Bill as I have described him,

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or with Johnny in the play. For one thing, young men of this type are still pretty scarce; for another, they are still pretty young.

Bill is, of course, a composite of several men who do not in themselves uniformly possess all Bill's characteristics, and some of whom are older than Bill has been made to appear. There was Mr. W., old enough to be a responsible executive, who was unbiassed enough to recommend a girl assistant as his successor on a technical job. There is Mr. X., in his forties, who prefaced his proposal to a woman interested in her own work with the reassuring announcement that he thought there were too many people in the world and he didn't want any children. There is Mr. Y., who minds the children and manages the household while his wife runs his business more capably than he did; and there is Mr. Z., whose bachelor apartment resembles a room in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum, and whose self-prepared dinners are a revelation to any hostess. All these belong by date in another generation, but either by expert knowledge in the so-called feminine provinces, or by unusual fairness toward women, they qualify in Bill's class.

But it cannot be denied that the modern man, in any quantity, is a post-war product; his average age is under thirty. And women began to be modern before the war. There are modern women of forty and over; most of them, thanks to a recent but far from modern "revival of femininity," are thirty or more. Now and then one of them may wonder if the half-dozen years separating her from a modern young man are as important as the century of mental difference that separates her from the old-fashioned male of her own decade. There is some alarm over the frequency of English marriages in which the bride is several years her husband's senior, and certainly this arrangement is far from ideal. Yet popular belief that a husband should be a trifle older than his wife was based on several obsolescent conditions—man as the provider who must be established financially before undertaking marriage, as the master requiring childish pliancy in his wife, and woman as a flower who bloomed and faded early.

Now the modern woman suspects that the wife of a masterful man might well fade early, and the moral she draws is plain. It is not, really, that she wishes to rule the household; intelligent women always wish the men they marry to be as strong as themselves. It has, however, been borne in upon a mobile world that an attribute of strength is potential adjustment to new conditions; and in that adjustment, made possible by his acceptance of new values and new objectives, the modern young man displays his worth. He may never be the magnificent animal his grandfather was, and still he may be the answer to a modern maiden's prayer.

However, I mentioned three things wrong with him, and discussed only two of them. The third difficulty with the modern young man is that, being more or less impervious both to old-fashioned vamping and the domestic appeal of better babies, he is undoubtedly hard to catch.

In coming numbers, readers of SCRIBNER'S *will find other important articles dealing with the adjustment of men and women to present conditions. Among them "Husbands at Home," by Mark Van Doren; "I Come to New York," by Mary Margaret McBride; "Youth, Inc.," by Pare Lorentz.*

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If Napoleon Had Escaped to America

BY H. A. L. FISHER

When Napoleon lost Waterloo, abdicated, and was ordered to leave France, his thoughts turned at once to America. He tried desperately to obtain a passport but it was refused by Wellington. There were plots in America to rescue him from St. Helena.

In the third of the "If" articles, the author, Warden of New College, Oxford, an authority on Napoleon, speculates as to the Emperor's course in the New World, if one of these attempts had succeeded. He re-creates the character of Napoleon in a new setting—and that setting our own country.

NEVER shall I forget that August evening. The Harvard boys were dispersed for their vacation, and had I not been expecting a box of books from France, I too should have been far away from the stifling heat of Boston, and not idly watching a foreign frigate (a Dane, they said) as she slowly worked her way up toward the quay. After the scorching heat of the day, the evening breeze on the banks of the Charles was pleasant, so I stood watching, and a thought crossed my mind, that my books might be in the hold of that ship, for I was to lecture in the fall to the sophomore class on recent French literature, and was awaiting with some impatience the latest piece from Châteaubriand.

Suddenly I saw him. There could be no mistaking the figure as he stood there, with his three-cornered hat on his head, and his arms folded across his breast, looking just as in the pictures, only a little fatter and paler than I expected to see him. I bowed low, and he returned my salute. Then, as he stepped ashore, I came forward and welcomed him in French.

The power and dignity of his opening words struck me with the force of a revelation. "Napoleon, the martyr of Liberty, the enemy of Popes and Kings, claims the hospitality of your Protestant Republic!" I replied in French that we Americans had just concluded a war with the English, who had cruelly bombarded our capital, and that he would receive a warm welcome. At this he smiled, and then proceeded with incredible rapidity to pour into me a volley of questions as to my parentage, my religion, my fortune, my calling, and many other details of my life and habits, which I answered as best I might. Meanwhile, a small company of French ladies and gentlemen had disembarked, and showing evident signs of delight at the sound of the French tongue, clasped my hand and eagerly urged me to find accommodation for the Emperor and his suite.

As you know, Napoleon's first night on American soil was spent in my uncle George's fine new, brick house in Tontine Crescent, Franklin Place.

The next day being Sunday, the Emperor must needs accompany the family to the Old South Meeting House. Indeed nothing would content him, but to carry with some ostentation my uncle's Bible, which he affected to read during the greater part of the service.

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As we walked home, he asked me what religion was most popular in Boston. I said "Congregationalist." "Espèce de jesuit?" he asked. When I told him that Congregationalists were convinced Huguenots, who much objected to Bishops, he nodded and said that they acted rightly, that Bishops should certainly be kept *"en bride,"* and that it was fortunate for Boston that the city was not under the Pope.

All through his stay in Boston, the Emperor made a point of attending the church services. "L'Amerique vaut bien une messe," he would say; but since he never succeeded in learning enough English to understand a word of what was said, or even to pronounce the word Massachusetts (Massachusse! he would call it) the spiritual profit which he derived from his church-going cannot have been great. What really seemed to interest him most at this time was not religion, but the history of the war with the British in Canada, which had just been concluded. He would send me to search out notable citizens who had played a part by sea or land in that conflict, and would closely interrogate them. When he learned of the deserters from the English frigates, who had fought against King George, his eyes sparkled with delight. "The English marine power is decaying," he said, "in the next war the islanders will be defeated at sea."

As you may imagine, the news that the Emperor was in Boston spread through the country like wild fire. People flocked from every quarter to see him. A special service of coaches was run from Philadelphia and New York. Crowds of newspaper men waited outside the apartments which had been reserved for his use by the State, and, whenever he walked abroad, followed him with their note-books and pencils. Some of the most illustrious figures of our age, Mr. Cabot, Judge Parsons, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Mason, were anxious to shake him by the hand, and to ascertain his views on the American Constitution.

On the great day of his public reception at the State House the crowd was indescribable, stretching across State Street, and even into the Common beyond. At that hour he shone with a double lustre as our latest American citizen, and as the immortal Emperor of the French. As this was my first public appearance in the character of interpreter, every word of his speech is graven on my memory. "Citizens," he said, "I am a Republican. I am here to pay my tribute to the Republicans of the United States, who have valiantly thrown off the despotic yoke of perfidious Albion. That tyranny which you have broken in part of the New World I have endeavored to destroy in the old. The fates which have been harsh to me have been indulgent to you. I have sustained a reverse, you have gained a victory. But do not imagine either that my course is run, or that your destiny is accomplished. Great tasks lie before us, great conquests to be made, and great empires to be overthrown in Canada, in South America, on the far side of the Pacific Ocean. I have come, my brothers, to offer you my brain, my heart, and my sword."

Here he stopped for the translation, and as the words came through in English, the women in the audience sobbed with emotion, the men cheered till they were hoarse, and the whole company were waving their handkerchiefs for five minutes together.

Then with an intense fervor he continued speaking in a low, thrilling voice, which filled every corner of the Hall.

"I do not forget that you are Protestants. Have I not read your Bible? Do I not cherish it? Does it not accompany

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me wherever I voyage?" (Here he took a Bible from his pocket, and showed it to his audience). But citizens, the Bible has an adversary, vigilant, unsleeping, formidable. It is the Pope. Do not imagine that because Protestants rule in Boston, the power of the Pope is broken in the New World. Look at Canada, look at Mexico, look at the vast continent of South America. Everywhere you find the Vatican enslaving the minds and dominating the lives of men. In a word, citizens, your task has hardly begun. The New World awaits a Liberator.

"Have I not imprisoned a Pope? Have I not bridled the Bishops? Have I not granted to Protestants and Jews freedom of conscience? Men of New England, I ask you to follow me. A great destiny attends us. The Briton in the north, the Bourbon in the south hold in subjection suffering and martyred peoples. Upon you, who have secured your own freedom by valor, Providence has devolved the duty of making Liberty triumphant throughout the American Continent. In you I behold the vanguard of the human race.

"Two hundred years ago your fathers turned their backs upon the old Europe. They could not breathe the air of tyranny. The battle of Waterloo has been as fatal to the liberties of Europe as the battle of Philippi was fatal to the liberties of Rome. Everywhere reaction triumphs, in Britain, in France, in Italy, in Spain. The flowers of liberty which I sowed throughout Europe have been trampled under foot. The Sacred Ark is broken. The constitutions are torn to pieces. The Goddess of Liberty veils her face. Europe is no longer the place for a free man. I turn my back upon Europe. I come to you as a missionary of Liberty. When the last chain which binds America to Europe is broken, the call of democracy will pass eastward over the waters, and once more cause the thrones to tremble."

The immediate effect of the Emperor's speech, though lessened by the necessity of translation, was greater than I could have imagined. Women and men alike rushed forward to clasp his hand, to touch his garment. The sound of sobbing was audible through the hall. Such was the crush, that the Emperor positively fainted, and had to be conveyed back with the utmost care to my uncle's house.

The next day emotion had cooled. Peace had just been concluded with England, and no one was in the mood to reopen the quarrel. It was commonly said that Andrew Jackson was a greater general than Bonaparte, for he had whipped the British at New Orleans, while Bonaparte had been soundly beaten by the same people at Waterloo. When I told this to the Emperor, for it was my commission to collect the rumors of the town, he frowned, looked fierce and intent for a few minutes, and then snapped out: *"Bêtise incroyable!"*

You must not suppose that my life was idle. Every day I was running errands for the Emperor, collecting books and maps (especially books and maps relating to Canada and Latin America) and bringing important men to see him, arranging for a series of communications with friends in New York, with Red Indian Leaders, with Catholic priests in Quebec. The Emperor at this time rarely went abroad, but was busy with his books, his interviews, his dictation. Though much of his thought was hidden, it was clear that the main part of it revolved round the idea of evicting the British from Canada. One evening in mid-October he sent me out to bespeak three places in the New York coach. Of his design neither I nor General Bertrand, who was selected as one of the

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three, was acquainted. I only noticed that, though the weather was beautifully mild, and warm as June in northern Europe, he wore the heavy great coat, which was spread upon his bed at night. During the journey, which lasted three days, he was at times drowsy, while at other times he would cross-question his fellow travellers, particularly such as had any knowledge of the Canadian frontier. But it was only the second day after our arrival that I learned the true mystery of the visit and of the heavy great coat. There was in New York a Dutch jeweller, who had connections with the diamond merchants in Amsterdam. How the Emperor had heard of him I do not know; but I suspect that his retentive memory had stored up this name and this address many years before, when passing through Holland, or from some paper in the possession of his brother Louis. Anyhow, Van Byl, for such was the little man's name, seemed to expect him, and showed no surprise, when the Emperor, ripping up the lining of his coat, took out fifty diamonds of the best quality, and laid them on the counter. People have often wondered whence the Emperor obtained the wherewithal to support his establishment: but I can say with truth that, though many of his American admirers subscribed to his coffers, and he became, especially after his reception by Mr. Jefferson, the recipient of legacies, the nucleus of his fund was obtained from the sale of these stones.

From New York, we proceeded up the Hudson to Albany. How can I forget the enchantment of that journey, the red and gold of the maples, the noble spread of waters, the graceful mountain outlines against the pale blue October sky, the stillness of those windless hours? Everything in the atmosphere invited to repose. Even the Emperor would sometimes surrender himself to the sweet spirit of the season, recounting ghost stories or his own adventures or lapsing into some dreamy monologue on the soul and immortality or the destiny of the Universe. Only once I remember that he spoke openly of politics. We were nearing Albany, where it was arranged that we should disembark, and have our interviews with the French plotters and Indian chiefs, who had undertaken to render help during the summer expedition to Quebec. Our small steamer was moored for the night. The crew had gone to their rest. The moon was shining so brightly that one could easily read the map which the Emperor held outstretched upon his knees.

"Do you ever have presentiments?" he said to General Bertrand.

"No, sir."

"Look at this map. Here are the British in Canada, here are the French. You, Bertrand, will meet the Jesuit Father at M. Lemoine's in Albany. You will be conducted by him to Quebec. He will introduce you to the French notables of the Province. You will speak, of course, of my care of the Mother Church. You will tell him how I restored the churches, how I made the Concordat, how the Pope came to Paris to crown me Emperor, and you will tell them that I am at hand to free a nation of French Catholics from the tyrannous yoke of a Protestant alien. You will tell them all this, *mon cher,* you will conspire with them, you will travel everywhere laying the foundations of a great rebellion; and next spring you will return to me, and if the news be favorable, we shall march. Shall we succeed? Shall we plant the tricolor on the citadel of Quebec? Here I admit, my friends, that I have a presentiment of misfortune. The snow is unfriendly to my genius. Ah! those terrible snows in Russia!" Here he drew his

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coat round him and shivered. "The British, they are nothing—but the snows! We must not allow ourselves to be caught in the snows of Canada. Sometimes I ask myself whether Canada is worth the effort. Moscow, the Kremlin, the road to India! There was glory. But a little *bicocque* like Quebec, won from a bad French general by a single volley, it is hardly worth the candle. What is the glory of conquering a frozen waste without monuments or history, bare as yon moon, but without its beauty? No, *mes amis,* let us leave the English to starve and shiver in the wilderness. Nevertheless if our good Bertrand can add to their discomforts, we shall not regret it, *hein?"*

For the most part of his sojourn in Albany, the Emperor was closeted with French Canadians and Indian chiefs, and since a good Jesuit interpreter was available, I was sent abroad to collect the opinions of Albany and the neighborhood as to the prospects of a new war with England. When I rejoined the Emperor, he was alone. A few hours before, the general had set out on his errand, disguised as a Jesuit Father, and charged with letters and proclamations to the Canadian French. "Our good Bertrand is no theologian," observed the Emperor, with a pleasant smile, "I have been teaching him the Pater Noster."

It is not true as some have alleged that the capture of General Bertrand by a Canadian patrol, followed as it was by the publication of the Emperor's secret correspondence with the fathers of Laval, was the determining cause for our removal from Philadelphia. My belief is, that in any case my master had resolved to spend the winter months in the first city of the Republic, where he might meet the leading men of the time and enjoy an atmosphere more liberal than that of Puritan Boston, and that in making this decision he was confirmed by the evidence, which he had received, more especially in New York, of the aversion of the leading Americans for a renewal of the war with Great Britain. Be this as it may, the confluence of Philadelphians attending the arrival of the New York coach on that third Friday in November was, in spite of the intercepted documents, most astounding. One could hardly believe that a population, of which the Quakers formed so large an element, should thus soon have passed the sponge of oblivion over the Emperor's recent profession of faith in the Roman Church. But curiosity is mightier than religion. A general returning from a triumphant campaign could not have been greeted with more enthusiasm. Men and women pressed forward to shake his hand, to pat him on the back, to chaff him with the utmost good nature on Bertrand's mishap. The Emperor did not take kindly to these homely demonstrations. From the first he seemed to bear a grudge against the Philadelphians, which was deepened by two untoward circumstances, their admiration for Lafayette, and the praises of General Andrew Jackson, which entered into every conversation. "I guess our Andrew licks creation" they would say, at which my master would turn on his heel hissing out *"Imbéciles,"* bitterly annoyed at so lax a judgment.

There was one very painful scene. It was on the occasion of his public reception in Independence Hall (as we must now call the State House) when, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Madison, Mr. Calhoun and other eminent men, he completely lost his self-control at the close of the last of a long series of eloquent speeches, all nominally framed to do him honor, but nevertheless chiefly concerned with the excellence of American institutions, and the brilliant strate-

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gy of the popular general who had recently whipped the British at New Orleans. "You compare your Jackson to Napoleon," he burst out, "you do not know what war is. There is more genius in my little finger than in the whole body of your General Jackson. I tell you Jackson is a mediocre general. If Jackson had a thousand men, and I had fifty, I tell you that I would beat Jackson ten times in eleven." I was naturally too discreet to translate this passage literally, and as the special friends of General Jackson were unacquainted with French, the incident passed without serious consequences.

From that moment I noticed that Napoleon's thoughts turned steadily southward and westward.

The winter climate of Philadelphia, which was colder than he expected, may have had something to do with this, but more serious was his antipathy to the nature of the North American people. He would say that North America had all the faults of England, and none of its advantages. He complained of the language, so clumsy, obscure, ill-sounding; of the religion, so tedious; of the moral standards, so severe that he could not even stroll abroad with Madame Walewska (who had arrived unexpectedly on November 29), of the absence of a court and an aristocracy, of the easy-going familiarity of our ways, of our whiskey, our tobacco, of the common habit of expectoration, and of our rough, uneven roads.

I fancy that in a society devoid of social deference and speaking a language which he could not comprehend, he felt that he had no great rôle to play. "They compliment me as if I were a God," he complained bitterly, "but they treat me as an equal. They do not even see the difference between the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz, and a vain coxcomb like Lafayette, who could not control the Paris *canaille.*"

More and more he thought of the South, of establishing perhaps a little Kingdom in Louisiana, where French was spoken, and the climate was warm, and of thence effecting the liberation of South America. "It was a mistake to sell Louisiana to the Americans," he said more than once. "But *n'importe,* they will see in me one of the historic glories of France. Who will think of the miserable Jackson, when Napoleon appears to claim the allegiance of the French people?" It was at this period that he wrote a letter to his brother Joseph urging him to come to New Orleans in the following spring, with such money and supplies as he could collect.

The visit of the two Spaniards, which was destined to have so great an influence on the history of the world, was kept a great secret. Even the Philadelphia news men never got an inkling of the fact that late every night during the last week of November the agents of Bolivar were closeted with the Emperor. Even I was not admitted to these conferences, but I could guess what was afoot from the maps and books which I was commanded to buy, and from the way in which, from that moment onward, the Emperor's mind seemed to be occupied by South American affairs to the exclusion of other interests.

It is idle to pretend that the arrival of Madame Walewska and her little child was not an embarrassment to the Emperor and his suite. Nothing could have been more unfortunately timed. Just when it was important that the Emperor's mind should be concentrated on his great design, this beautiful woman, to whom he was deeply attached, came to distract him with her passionate attentions. In Philadelphia, where everything is immediately known, her arrival could

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not be concealed. The newspapers were full of the mystery of Citizen Bonaparte's Polish lady friend. The Quakers came in a deputation to protest. Only the dressmakers were really pleased, and for many years contrived to attire the Belles of Philadelphia after the fashion of the Polish beauty. Fortunately time adjusts all things. When Mrs. Madison, in her blue velvet gown and plumes, had called at Spruce Street, followed by that famous wit and leader of *bon ton,* the Abbé Correa, the tempest of criticism subsided, and the adventuress of yesterday was announced to be an excellent little woman, and much maligned.

Not a fortnight later there followed a visit so strange and important that every detail of it, even after this distance of years, is stamped upon my mind. I can see the Emperor sitting in his shirt-sleeves, for the heat of the stove, and lifting his eyes from a Spanish news-sheet, as I came to announce that two English visitors were below. I remember his first dark suspicions, exchanged so swiftly for the brightest hopes, when I had ascertained that our visitors were none other than the famous Lady Holland and Doctor Allen, her secretary; how he sprang to his feet crying "Lady Holland here! This may be the crisis of our fortunes. Tell her to wait a few moments, and return to me."

The Emperor had determined to receive the great English lady *en grande tenue*. As he dressed, he conversed rapidly.

"I remember Lady Holland. She came to me at Malmaison during the peace. Does she keep her looks? She must be fifty. Is it possible to amuse oneself with Lady Holland? No? She has a great soul, I am sure of that. Were I to marry Lady Holland, the English Whigs would follow me, and I could dethrone George. You say that her husband still lives, but he is doubtless old as well as gouty. Bah! What does it matter? A woman who crosses the Atlantic to pay her respects to a man is his in advance!"

I said I thought it unlikely that Lady Holland would divorce a husband to whom she was attached.

"You do not understand Lady Holland," he replied warmly. "She has a great soul. We shall comprehend one another. In the New World, polygamy should be tolerated. I believe that if I had reigned longer, I should have induced the Pope to tolerate polygamy in the Sugar Islands. Lady Holland will understand this point of view, she will be my interpreter, my ally, perhaps even a wife, who knows." Then drawing himself up, and buttoning the last button of his uniform, "Lady Holland will follow her star. She will inscribe her name on the annals of history as the companion of Napoleon."

I observed that while Lady Holland admired the Emperor as a statesman and a general, she was not likely, at her age, to fall in love. The English were always cold. "You will see," replied the Emperor, laying his finger on his nose, "Lady Holland will prove the exception to the rule."

With that he bade me show Lady Holland into the room, but on no account the English secretary. "Engage Mr. Allen downstairs," he added. "Interrogate him. Find out the total fortune of Lord Holland, how much of it is in land, how much in houses, how much in stocks and shares, how much Lady Holland has brought with her. Ask the same questions with respect to Allen's estate. It is not only English lords who are rich. Fox was not a Lord, but he could spend money. Perhaps it was not his own. That is likely." Here he paused, as if in meditation. Then, as I was leaving the room, he added, "Do not forget to enquire

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whether they know any rich Americans."

I confess that I found it impossible to execute these instructions. Dr. Allen, who appeared to be a learned man, spoke of the historical antiquities of Massachusetts, asking me many questions, which I was unable to answer. It was therefore a relief, when, an hour later, I heard the Emperor's bell. As I entered the *cabinet de travail,* Lady Holland was making a low reverence. "Madam, we will regenerate the world together," said my master sublimely as she kissed his hand.

Overcome with emotion, the lady rejoined her friend, and drove away.

"What did you make of the secretary?" asked the Emperor. I said that he was a learned man, who had travelled in Spain, and was interested in antiquities.

"Well, that is better than nothing. We shall want antiquarians. I took antiquarians with me to Egypt: They shall accompany me to South America. Allen can be better employed with the glorious monuments of the Incas than with the mouldy relics of his damp little island. I know the history of England. It is nothing. But South America! A vast continent, untouched by the spade, rich with extinct and brilliant civilizations! What a noble field for the savant! Our expedition will infuse new life into South America. It will do more. It will regenerate Allen!" Here he laughed till his sides shook. "And stay, there is another use for Allen. We will make him a Lord. Then he will marry one of these rich Boston ladies. Lord Allen will sound very well. You see, *mon cher* [rubbing his hands], fortune opens out on every side. What does it matter to the Universe, if Allen is a Lord! It is a name only, but if it brings us the *dot* of Allen's ugly American wife—that is worth while, I think."

"As for Miladi, she does not resemble Walewska. They would be antipathetic. See to it, Claude, that these ladies do not meet. Miladi is an *esprit fort.* She reasons like a man. I call her an English Madame de Stael, but better looking, and not so unreasonable. Yes, Lady Holland is decidedly more intelligent than Madame de Stael. But bah! how ridiculous intelligent women are!

"Still we must humor Lady Holland. In Philadelphia, perhaps, where the English are not popular, she will be suspect; but one never knows. Lady Holland is a *grande dame.* We will employ her to relieve the rich Quakers of some of their superfluities."

Lady Holland's arrival was as helpful as the appearance of Madame Walewska had been otherwise. For it appeared that this proud and beautiful English lady (much as she despised the North Americans) was as eager to spill English blood in the liberation of South America as the Emperor himself, and that she had even met Miranda on the occasion of his visit to London. Need I picture my master's delight in finding that the leading whigs in England were all Spanish "liberals"! For the better part of a fortnight he could think of little but the assistance which might be drawn from English whigs to the furtherance of his great designs. One day he even appeared at déjeuner wearing Whig favors. "*N'est ce pas que je suis Vig, Miladi? Fox même n'était plus foncièrement Vig que moi.*" I have never known him more cheerful. He counted that with the wife of Lord Holland, and the Whigs, all the disbanded idle soldiers and sailors of England could be enticed over to share the great adventure of liberating South America. In a letter addressed to a prominent Philadelphia Quaker he spoke of the power of Spain in South America as the great obstacle to a Pan-

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American peace, but to Lady Holland he said, not altogether in jest, "You English are a race of bandits. You must not forget your traditions. Regard me as one who combines the qualities of a Raleigh and a Fox."

The situation in South America, as we came to learn, was at that time critical. The republican revolt, which for the past four years had blazed and spluttered all over the continent, now seemed almost extinguished save in the Plate province. Morillo's royalist forces had stamped out the rebellion in Venezuela and in Granada. Bolivar was a fugitive. A blood-thirsty reaction was running its evil course from one end of the continent to another.

The night before Lady Holland sailed for Europe, Napoleon divulged to me the broad outline of his plans. He would first go to Washington to press upon the government the conquest of Florida. "Jackson is a bad general, but he is capable of commanding the army of Florida!" Then he would proceed to New Orleans, where he had already made an assignation with two great leaders of the South American revolt, Bolivar and Sucre.

"At New Orleans," he observed, "I shall feel at home. My Latins will be about me. It is there that I shall organize the conquest of South America."

"Sire," observed Las Casas, "it is an immense project, greater and more difficult than the conquest of Russia. They tell me that in those swamps and forests of Venezuela the yellow fever is worse than it was in San Domingo."

"You do not understand the war of the future. How does one tame a land, rich beyond dreams, but inhabited by a sprinkling of half-starved, superstitious, quarrelsome Creoles? You think that I do not understand the Creole nature?" Here he paused, and we remembered that Empress Josephine was a Creole. "I tell you that Creoles are not like Prussians. It is not by force that Creoles are ruled, but by seduction and gold. Besides in this new world the art of war takes on a wider aspect. Arms alone do not suffice. Empires will be won by propaganda and gold, by men of affairs and architects and savants. Byron will write odes which we will translate and scatter everywhere, in Caracas, in Bogotá, in Lima. At New Orleans we shall set up a great bureau of literature, which will inundate the continent. The Quaker mission is organized. Lady Holland's mad admiral has sworn to help us. A young French soldier named de Vigny raises a legion from among my veterans. The English adventurers, Whigs, brigands, old soldiers, sailors escaping the Press Gang, will flock to my standard. The *rendez-vous* is arranged. It is Margarita, a small island in the Caribbean Sea. We will hurl our English on Morillo. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* Make no mistake. The yellow fever will not leave the English unvisited, nor the royalists either."

By this time the Emperor, having emptied his own snuff-box, seized mine without a word of apology, took a pinch, and pocketed the box.

"We shall take the money of the Quakers *bien entendu,* but we shall not deceive them, for we shall give to South America a lasting peace."

The story of Napoleon's visit to Mr. Jefferson at Monticello is well known. It has furnished the theme of so many pictures (all the world knows Sully's fifty-thousand dollar canvas) and descriptive essays that I would not mention it but for one circumstance. After that visit, we had no more criticism of Napoleon as the Attila of his age, the blood-thirsty tyrant, the enemy of the human race. It was sufficient for the citizens of our country that the immortal Mr. Jef-

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ferson, the chief author of the Declaration of Independence, had received him in his beautiful home, shown him the library, the garden, and the mills of Monticello, and that he should have been there entertained for six days as an honored guest. Hour after hour did Napoleon converse with that venerable and famous friend of human liberty, speaking of the far-reaching plans for the regeneration of Europe, which had been foiled at Waterloo, of his friendship with the English Whigs, and of his desire to see South America freed by the joint efforts of the patrons of liberty in Britain, in France, and in the United States. My belief is that Mr. Jefferson, who at this time was anxious to be cordial with England, was originally persuaded to relent toward Napoleon by the news of Lady Holland's visit, and that our invitation to Monticello was due to that cause. However this may be, there can be no doubt that Mr. Jefferson felt the fascination of his guest. For often afterward he spoke of him with enthusiasm, as a friend of Liberty and humane letters, in whom all that was generous and addicted to virtue in the Anglo-Saxon people might find a prop and support.

It is largely to Mr. Jefferson's influence with the government at Washington that, despite many representations from the envoys of Britain and France, Napoleon was permitted to establish in New Orleans a centre of political activity, so intense as to convulse the fortunes of a continent. Never, save perhaps during the first years of the consulate, were his energies so happily inspired. There were indeed days when a certain languor seemed to overtake him; but these would be followed by a sudden recovery of nervous power, which enabled him to accomplish in a day what an ordinary mortal could scarcely hope to achieve in a month.

When I think what was accomplished in those wonderful eighteen months—the gathering of the army of Venezuela, of the army of Granada, the raising of the African volunteer corps from the Southern plantations, the defeat of Morillo's royalists by the combined levies of Bolivar and Sucre on a plan of campaign devised by the Emperor at Port au Prince, the bribing of Peru, the great workshops of republican propaganda established in Bogotá and Lima, I am lost in amazement at the amount which was accomplished in so small a time. It is no exaggeration to say that in these eighteen months the foundations were laid for the South American Republic.

I can see him, even at this distance of time, in his broad panama hat, reviewing the black troops upon his vast plantations, for you must know that a torrent of legacies had suddenly made him the largest slave owner in the Southern States. I can see him leading the cotillon with Madame Walewska, he so grave, she so radiant, in one of those warm, perfumed, southern nights, when the light of the moon and stars seems to outshine the yellow lamps. I can see him in his *cabinet de travail* in the Cabildo (which had been placed at his disposal by the City) dictating to three secretaries at once, in his quick, nervous, jerky voice, or lying on the floor sticking pins into maps, or again, as in moments of relaxation he held us all spellbound by his anecdotes and recollections. I remember, too, the day on which he received the news that the Pope (influenced, it was said, by a Polish Cardinal) had annulled his marriage with Marie Louise. All that is long ago now, but I remember it as if it were yesterday, the black gloom of the Emperor, his cherished son being now

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declared illegitimate, the triumphant joy of the Polish lady, and the eager preparations which were made in the town for a popular wedding.

As you know, it turned out otherwise. When the Emperor started upon his great expedition on the last day of August, 1817, Madame Walewska, having hardly recovered from the birth of her second son, was left behind. To cross the sea, and then to undertake a journey on mule-back through swamps and forests, and across the lofty Andes to Lima was no work for a delicate woman. Do not, however, suppose that my master was heartless. He grieved at the parting, and it was only after he had reached Lima, the ancient capital of Pizarro, and there discovered how high and proud was the tone of the Spanish aristocracy, that he determined to marry the Montemira girl.

Little satisfaction did he obtain from a union founded upon hard political calculation, for the girl was as cold as ice and stiff as starch, her blood soured by priestcraft, and her father, the marquis, a parched old mummy, who thought of nothing in the world but his descent from the Inca Princess.

Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Preston have both employed their famous pens on a description of Napoleon's journey from Caracas to Lima—the long line of mules, litters, *valencins,* and carts, the African bodyguard, the light horsemen, Spanish, American, English, French (these in small numbers) and North Americans, the body of picked American savants and architects, the corps of French veterans, the three hundred deserters from English ships, the three theatrical companies, English, French, and Spanish, the musicians, the numerous printing-presses which passed over the country which had already been cleared of enemy forces by the armies of Bolivar and Sucre. Such a triumphant procession South America had never seen. Long before the liberator had reached Lima, he was master of every South American heart. Even the forces of nature were defied, for who has not heard of Le Cid, played on a sunny afternoon in a sheltered cup of the towering Andes?

In Peru he found that spirit of social deference, the lack of which had constantly pained him in the north; but notwithstanding it was easy to see that he was restless and unhappy. There was something huge and unearthly about the landscape which haunted him. "This," he said, "is a country of vast mountains and small minds. There is more life in a village of Provence than in the whole province of Peru." Startling as his triumph had been—for could anything be more wonderful than the creation in so short a time of a federal Republic of South America?—he was still hungry. To rule Creoles and South American Indians in that damp shadowland seemed an unworthy conclusion to a great career.

Yet, Mr. Bancroft in describing his work in South America does not hesitate to compare it to the achievements of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton, the first supreme in war, the second the architect of the glorious American Constitution; but I have heard that the great and good Mr. Jefferson in the closing year of his life expressed his disappointment in Napoleon, saying that the South American Federation, though in name a Republic, was in fact little better than a military tyranny, and that the governors of the provinces, Bolivar, Sucre, San Martin, and the rest, were no friends to democratic liberty, but tyrants supported by pretorian guards. Candor compels me to admit

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that the venerable statesman has, with his habitual perspicacity, divined a truth which long escaped the notice of the North American people.

Indeed, if the exact truth must be told, he never esteemed at their full value our noble institutions. "The Clermont, that little steam packet on the Hudson," he would say, "is worth more than all your Jeffersons and Madisons. With steam you Americans will revolutionize the world. Distance will be vanquished. Who knows but if some day great American armies may not be conveyed across the Atlantic Ocean, and mould the destinies of Europe? But your Constitution! It is the worst in the world, the fabric of idealogues living in a Utopia of bucolic dreams. What great enterprise can your President achieve in four years?"

I reminded him that in less than four years he had reconstructed France.

"Ah!" he said, "but then I did not allow myself to be hampered by politicians. Everything in France, the army, the foreign policy, the police, the education, the taxes, was under my hands. Your President cannot make a treaty without the Senate, or raise a dollar without the House of Representatives. In England such institutions may succeed, for England is governed by an experienced aristocracy; but in this country, where one man is as good as another, there must be a supreme figure to stir the flame of admiration, and make the wheels of history go round."

On the first evening of his arrival at the plantations, which had been left him under the will of the beautiful Contesse de Morainville, he recurred to the subject of the destiny of North America, saying that although he was now a wealthy proprietor in Louisiana with slaves and sugarcane, not to speak of a fine cellar of good old Madeira, he would never tolerate the life of a planter. We were sitting on the porch, sipping lemonade and fingering our ices. The great yellow river flowed behind the orange groves. It was that delicious hour before the swift coming on of a Southern night. Monsieur de Vigny, a young soldier and man of letters (who had recently arrived with General Foy from France), spoke with poetic enchantment of the beauty of the great river and the evening sky, and of the delights offered by an existence spent among these soft and tranquil scenes.

My master did not scruple to interrupt his flow. "Ah! our young friend is a poet. It is not by poetry that the Americans grow sugar and cotton, but by a stout whip of cowhide applied to the backs of their African slaves. Jefferson is an idealogue, but I observed that neither in his home nor on his property did he dispense with the services of these useful creatures. As for me, I am no idealogue like Jefferson, but wealth does not interest me as an end. What is the value of ownership? But power, glory, the foundation of institutions, these are the ambitions of a lofty soul. You will see that all the wealth which I have gathered in this country will be employed on great ends."

General Foy then asked whether the vast expanse of North America did not hold out fine prospects for the ambitious man.

"For the traveller, the discoverer, the seeker after wealth, yes. Not so for the statesman or the soldier. America is not a State, but a company of exploitation. The policy of Providence is to sprinkle this continent with individuals. The function of the statesman is to manœuvre with masses. I tell you that the North American does not understand politics, and has no need of politics. He wants to get rich and he is right. To develop the resources of this continent by mining,

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farming, manufacturing, that is his destiny, but it is not a fate which I desire to share."

The world has never ceased to wonder why in the midst of the pleasures and glories of his Peruvian home, while he was the undisputed master of a continent, and the dictator of innumerable schemes for its social and intellectual advancement (a handsome new quarter designed by Mr. Bulfinch, principally for the accommodation of the French veterans, had just been added to the city of Pizarro), he took the astonishing resolution which led to his end. If he had retired to a monastery, like Charles V, it would have seemed to his Spanish speaking subjects more intelligible than the course which he adopted. The theory of Doctor Springmann, that it was a case of *tædium vitae,* I dismiss at once. Nor do I agree with those French historians who assign the blame to his high-born Spanish wife, for if the truth be told, he found among the Creoles of the *Calle del peligro* many sources of consolation for that insipid lady. My theory is that a certain spring of memory was touched by the news, coming to him in the autumn of 1818, that certain Indian peoples had risen against the English, and that an invitation from the Peshwa, reaching him at the very moment when he was dictating his Egyptian memories, lit a certain flame in his mind, which grew and grew until it burned its way through every obstacle.

A few words which he spoke late one night in the Palace garden confirm me in this opinion. "Great men," he said, "speak in prophecy. After all, Columbus was right. The way to the Indies is by the West." Then, twitching me by the ear, he continued, "Do you know that Wellington made his first campaigns in India? Perhaps it is fated that, where Wellington began, there I should end. Who knows? I say to you, India is the Achilles heel of English power. Already the proud islanders tremble for their plunder. The Indians murmur. They await a man. Something whispers to my heart that the battle of Waterloo will be avenged on the plains of Bengal."

It is now established beyond doubt that the *Galvanino* went down with all hands in that great November gale off the coast of Java. Of the voyage nothing is known, and of the preparations for the voyage very little certainly to me. By what arts Napoleon induced the commander of that Chilean vessel to convey him across the Pacific I have never learned, for the whole secret was so skilfully kept, that even I, the confidential secretary and interpreter, never divined the purpose of Admiral Blanco's nightly visits to the Palace. All I know is that on the morning of September 23 it was found that Napoleon had sailed from Callao, on an unknown errand, with fifteen of his old companions in arms, and a crew of deserters from the English navy, and that the ex-King Joseph was governing the Republic in his place.

Mr. Prescott's fine phrase "A South American Charlemagne" must not be pressed too far. It is true that Napoleon's travelling inspectorate (save for the fact that it was everywhere attended by a train of light artillery) was avowedly modelled on the *Missi dominici* of the Frankish Empire; but "the Friends of Liberty," a club or faction of the Emperor's South American adherents, highly organized, alone entitled to bear arms, and alone privileged to vote at elections, recalled the party groups of mediæval Italy; while other features of the South American Constitution, such as the division of the settled districts into departments, and the curtailment of the legislative sessions to a period of four-

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teen days, were clearly derived from Imperial France.

Such institutions Mr. Jefferson was justified in regarding as falling short of the spirit and intention of his immortal Declaration of Independence, and their acceptance only to be explained by the exhaustion bred of five years' civil war, from which the South American people was then suffering.

My belief is that the Emperor (for so I continue to think of him) held the South American population in deep contempt. Save for Generals Sucre and San Martin, no leaders of the revolution inspired him with confidence. In Bolivar he beheld the flame of genius, but too often obscured by the hateful fumes of animal passion. "Some day," he would say, "I shall be compelled to execute that creature. Otherwise he will shock the world with his lusts and atrocities." In a word, he held that South America was not fit for liberty, and, were it not for the curb of strong institutions, would lapse into a century of chaos. This, however, was not the language which he used in public. To the world at large he spoke of "our provisional institutions," and hinted that great preparations were being made for a golden age of Liberty. That my master was insincere, I am reluctant to believe. Honesty, however, compels me to admit that the diligent researches of Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Prescott among the Archives of Lima have failed to discover any trace of these preparations.

Of the twenty-eight false Napoleons who appeared in the United States during President Monroe's administration, three were women, claiming to have changed souls with the Emperor. Of these, Ellen Jane Mason, of Roxbury, Mass., was the most successful, for despite the failure of her costly action of law for the possession of the Louisiana plantations, she left a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars made by this deception.

Departure

By Bernice Kenyon

This is the only house that I shall found
Ever again on earth. From now, beware!
What building I shall do will be in air,
Safe from the sands—cut off from lovely ground
That breeds too many wonders, and chokes me round
With high green walls of beauty and despair.
Now with the last strength in me I must dare
To leave this place, and forever be unbound.

Let us go free and find us wider room,
For it were death to stay too long inside.
Fling the door open, put the windows wide!
Let us go out, before it is too late,
Past the long garden pale with fullest bloom,—
And never look behind nor lock the gate.

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A story by the author of "The Sound and the Fury" and "As I Lay Dying," regarded by many as one of the most significant young writers in America

Dry September

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

THROUGH the bloody September twilight, aftermath of sixty-two rainless days, it had gone like a fire in dry grass—the rumor, the story, whatever it was. Something about Miss Minnie Cooper and a negro. Attacked, insulted, frightened: none of them, gathered in the barber-shop on that Saturday evening where the ceiling fan stirred, without freshening it, the vitiated air, sending back upon them, in recurrent surges of stale pomade and lotion, their own stale breath and odors, knew exactly what had happened.

"Except it wasn't Will Mayes," a barber said. He was a man of middle age; a thin, sand-colored man with a mild face, who was shaving a client. "I know Will Mayes. He's a good nigger. And I know Miss Minnie Cooper, too."

"What do you know about her?" a second barber said.

"Who is she?" the client said. "A girl?"

"No," the barber said. "She's about forty, I reckon. She ain't married. That's why I don't believe——"

"Believe hell!" a hulking youth in a sweat-stained silk shirt said. "Won't you take a white woman's word before a nigger's?"

"I don't believe Will Mayes did it," the barber said. "I know Will Mayes."

"Maybe you know who did it, then. Maybe you already got him out of town, you damn nigger-lover."

"I don't believe anybody did anything. I don't believe anything happened. I leave it to you fellows if them ladies that gets old without getting married don't have notions that a man can't ——"

"Then you're a hell of a white man," the client said. He moved under the cloth. The youth had sprung to his feet.

"You don't?" he said. "Do you accuse a white woman of telling a lie?"

The barber held the razor poised above the half-risen client. He did not look around.

"It's this durn weather," another said. "It's enough to make any man do anything. Even to her."

Nobody laughed. The barber said in his mild, stubborn tone: "I ain't accusing nobody of nothing. I just know and you fellows know how a woman that never——"

"You damn nigger-lover!" the youth said.

"Shut up, Butch," another said. "We'll get the facts in plenty of time to act."

"Who is? Who's getting them?" the youth said. "Facts, hell! I——"

"You're a fine white man," the client said. "Ain't you?" In his frothy beard he looked like a desert-rat in the moving pictures. "You tell them, Jack," he

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said to the youth. "If they ain't any white men in this town, you can count on me, even if I ain't only a drummer and a stranger."

"That's right, boys," the barber said. "Find out the truth first. I know Will Mayes."

"Well, by God!" the youth shouted. "To think that a white man in this town——"

"Shut up, Butch," the second speaker said. "We got plenty of time."

The client sat up. He looked at the speaker. "Do you claim that anything excuses a nigger attacking a white woman? Do you mean to tell me that you're a white man and you'll stand for it? You better go back North where you come from. The South don't want your kind here."

"North what?" the second said. "I was born and raised in this town."

"Well, by God!" the youth said. He looked about with a strained, baffled gaze, as if he was trying to remember what it was he wanted to say or to do. He drew his sleeve across his sweating face. "Damn if I'm going to let a white woman——"

"You tell them, Jack," the drummer said. "By God, if they——"

The screen-door crashed open. A man stood in the floor, his feet apart and his heavy-set body poised easily. His white shirt was open at the throat; he wore a felt hat. His hot, bold glance swept the group. His name was Plunkett. He had commanded troops at the front in France and had been decorated for valor.

"Well," he said, "are you going to sit there and let a black son rape a white woman on the streets of Jefferson?"

Butch sprang up again. The silk of his shirt clung flat to his heavy shoulders. At each armpit was a dark half-moon. "That's what I been telling them! That's what I——"

"Did it really happen?" a third said. "This ain't the first man-scare she ever had, like Hawkshaw says. Wasn't there something about a man on the kitchen roof, watching her undress, about a year ago?"

"What?" the client said. "What's that?" The barber had been slowly forcing him back into the chair; he arrested himself reclining, his head lifted, the barber still pressing him down.

Plunkett whirled on the third speaker. "Happen? What the hell difference does it make? Are you going to let the black sons get away with it until one really does it?"

"That's what I'm telling them!" Butch shouted. He cursed, long and steady, pointless.

"Here, here," a fourth said. "Not so loud. Don't talk so loud."

"Sure," Plunkett said; "no talking necessary at all. I've done my talking. Who's with me?" He poised on the balls of his feet, roving his gaze.

The barber held the client's face down, the razor poised. "Find out the facts first, boys. I know Willy Mayes. It wasn't him. Let's get the sheriff and do this thing right."

Plunkett whirled upon him his furious, rigid face. The barber did not look away. They looked like men of different races. The other barbers had ceased also above their prone clients. "You mean to tell me," Plunkett said, "that you'd take a nigger's word before a white woman's? Why, you damn nigger-loving ——"

The third rose and grasped Plunkett's arm; he too had been a soldier. "Now, now! Let's figure this thing out. Who knows anything about what really happened?"

"Figure out hell!" Plunkett jerked his arm free. "All that're with me get up from there. The ones that ain't—"

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He roved his gaze, dragging his sleeve across his face.

Three men rose. The client in the chair sat up. "Here," he said, jerking at the cloth around his neck; "get this rag off me. I'm with him. I don't live here, but by God, if our mothers and wives and sisters—" He smeared the cloth over his face and flung it to the floor. Plunkett stood in the floor and cursed the others. Another rose and moved toward him. The remainder sat uncomfortably, not looking at one another, then one by one they rose and joined him.

The barber picked the cloth from the floor. He began to fold it neatly. "Boys, don't do that. Will Mayes never done it. I know."

"Come on," Plunkett said. He whirled. From his hip pocket protruded the butt of a heavy automatic pistol. They went out. The screen-door crashed behind them reverberant in the dead air.

The barber wiped the razor carefully and swiftly, and put it away, and ran to the rear, and took his hat from the wall. "I'll be back soon as I can," he said to the other barbers. "I can't let —" He went out, running. The two other barbers followed him to the door and caught it on the rebound, leaning out and looking up the street after him. The air was flat and dead. It had a metallic taste at the base of the tongue.

"What can he do?" the first said. The second one was saying "Jees Christ, Jees Christ" under his breath. "I'd just as lief be Will Mayes as Hawk, if he gets Plunkett riled."

"Jees Christ, Jees Christ," the second whispered.

"You reckon he really done it to her?" the first said.

II

She was thirty-eight or thirty-nine. She lived in a small frame house with her invalid mother and a thin, sallow, unflagging aunt, where each morning, between ten and eleven, she would appear on the porch in a lace-trimmed boudoir cap, to sit swinging in the porch swing until noon. After dinner she lay down for a while, until the afternoon began to cool. Then, in one of the three or four new voile dresses which she had each summer, she would go down-town to spend the afternoon in the stores with the other ladies, where they would handle the goods and haggle over prices in cold, immediate voices, without any intention of buying.

She was of comfortable people—not the best in Jefferson, but good people enough—and she was still on the slender side of ordinary-looking, with a bright, faintly haggard manner and dress. When she was young she had had a slender, nervous body and a sort of hard vivacity which had enabled her to ride for the time upon the crest of the town's social life as exemplified by the high-school party and church-social period of her contemporaries while still children enough to be un-class-conscious.

She was the last to realize that she was losing ground; that those among whom she had been a little brighter and louder flame than any other were beginning to learn the pleasure of snobbery—male—and retaliation—female. That was when her face began to wear that bright, haggard look. She still carried it to parties on shadowy porticos and summer lawns, like a mask or a flag, with that bafflement and furious repudiation of truth in her eyes. One evening at a party she heard a boy and two girls, all schoolmates, talking. She never accepted another invitation.

She watched the girls with whom she had grown up as they married and got houses and children, but no man ever

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called on her steadily until the children of the other girls had been calling her "aunty" for several years, the while their mothers told them in bright voices about how popular Minnie had been as a girl. Then the town began to see her driving on Sunday afternoons with the cashier in the bank. He was a widower of about forty—a high-colored man, smelling always faintly of the barber-shop or of whiskey. He owned the first automobile in town, a red runabout; Minnie had the first motoring bonnet and veil the town ever saw. Then the town began to say: "Poor Minnie!" "But she is old enough to take care of herself," others said. That was when she first asked her schoolmates that the children call her "cousin" instead of "aunty."

It was twelve years now since she had been relegated into adultery by public opinion, and eight years since the cashier had gone to a Memphis bank, returning for one day each Christmas, which he spent at an annual bachelors' party in a hunting-club on the river. From behind their curtains the neighbors would see him pass, and during the across-the-street Christmas-day visiting they would tell her about him, about how well he looked, and how they heard that he was prospering in the city, watching with bright, secret eyes her haggard, bright face. Usually by that hour there would be the scent of whiskey on her breath. It was supplied her by a youth, a clerk at the soda-fountain: "Sure; I buy it for the old gal. I reckon she's entitled to a little fun."

Her mother kept to her room altogether now; the gaunt aunt ran the house. Against that background Minnie's bright dresses, her idle and empty days, had a quality of furious unreality. She went out in the evenings only with women now, neighbors, to the moving pictures. Each afternoon she dressed in one of the new dresses and went downtown alone, where her young cousins were already strolling in the late afternoons with their delicate, silken heads and thin, awkward arms and conscious hips, clinging to one another or shrieking and giggling with paired boys in the soda-fountain when she passed and went on along the serried stores, in the doors of which sitting and lounging men did not even follow her with their eyes any more.

III

The barber went swiftly up the street where the sparse lights, insect-swirled, glared in rigid and violent suspension in the lifeless air. The day had died in a pall of dust; above the darkened square, shrouded by the spent dust, the sky was clear as the inside of a brass bell. Below the east was a rumor of the twice-waxed moon.

When he overtook them Plunkett and three others were getting into a car parked in an alley. Plunkett stooped his thick head, peering out beneath the top. "Changed your mind, did you?" he said. "Damn good thing; by God, to-morrow when this town hears about how you talked to-night——"

"Now, now," the other ex-soldier said. "Hawkshaw's all right. Come on, Hawk; jump in!"

"Will Mayes never done it, boys," the barber said. "If anybody done it. Why, you all know well as I do there ain't any town where they got better niggers than us. And you know how a lady will kind of think things about men when there ain't any reason to, and Miss Minnie anyway——"

"Sure, sure," the soldier said. "We're just going to talk to him a little; that's all."

"Talk hell!" Butch said. "When we're done with the——"

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"Shut up, for God's sake!" the soldier said. "Do you want everybody in town ——"

"Tell them, by God!" Plunkett said. "Tell every one of the sons that'll let a white woman——"

"Let's go; let's go: here's the other car." The second car slid squealing out of a cloud of dust at the alley-mouth. Plunkett started his car and backed out and took the lead. Dust lay like fog in the street. The street lights hung nimbused as in water. They drove on out of town.

A rutted lane turned at right angles. Dust hung above it too, and above all the land. The dark bulk of the ice-plant, where the negro Mayes was night-watchman, rose against the sky. "Better stop here, hadn't we?" the soldier said. Plunkett did not reply. He hurled the car up and slammed to a stop, the headlights glaring on the blank wall.

"Listen here, boys," the barber said; "if he's here, don't that prove he never done it? Don't it? If it was him, he would run. Don't you see he would?" The second car came up and stopped. Plunkett got down; Butch sprang down beside him. "Listen, boys," the barber said.

"Cut the lights off!" Plunkett said. The breathless darkness rushed down. There was no sound in it save their lungs as they sought air in the parched dust in which for two months they had lived; then the diminishing crunch of Plunkett's and Butch's feet, and a moment later Plunkett's voice:

"Will! . . . Will!"

Below the east the wan hemorrhage of the moon increased. It heaved above the ridge, silvering the air, the dust, so that they seemed to breathe, live, in a bowl of molten lead. There was no sound of night-bird nor insect, no sound save their breathing and a faint ticking of contracting metal about the cars. Where their bodies touched one another they seemed to sweat dryly, for no more moisture came. "Christ!" a voice said; "let's get out of here."

But they didn't move until vague noises began to grow out of the darkness ahead; then they got out and waited tensely in the breathless dark. There was another sound: a blow, a hissing expulsion of breath and Plunkett cursing in undertone. They stood a moment longer, then they ran forward. They ran in a stumbling clump, as though they were fleeing something. "Kill him, kill the son!" a voice whispered. Plunkett flung them back.

"Not here," he said. "Get him into the car." They hauled the negro up. "Kill him, kill the black son!" the voice murmured. They dragged the negro to the car. The barber had waited beside the car. He could feel himself sweating and he knew he was going to be sick at the stomach.

"What is it, captains?" the negro said. "I ain't done nothing. 'Fore God, Mr. John." Some one produced handcuffs. They worked busily about him as though he were a post, quiet, intent, getting in one another's way. He submitted to the handcuffs, looking swiftly and constantly from dim face to face. "Who's here, captains?" he said, leaning to peer into the faces until they could feel his breath and smell his sweaty reek. He spoke a name or two. "What you-all say I done, Mr. John?"

Plunkett jerked the car-door open. "Get in!" he said.

The negro did not move. "What you-all going to do with me, Mr. John? I ain't done nothing. White folks, captains, I ain't done nothing: I swear 'fore God." He called another name.

"Get in!" Plunkett said. He struck the negro. The others expelled their breath

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in a dry hissing and struck him with random blows and he whirled and cursed them, and swept his manacled hands across their faces and slashed the barber upon the mouth, and the barber struck him also. "Get him in there," Plunkett said. They pushed at him. He ceased struggling and got in, and sat quietly as the others took their places. He sat between the barber and the soldier, drawing his limbs in so as not to touch them, his eyes going swiftly and constantly from face to face. Butch clung to the running-board. The car moved on. The barber nursed his mouth in his handkerchief.

"What's the matter, Hawk?" the soldier said.

"Nothing," the barber said. They regained the high road and turned away from town. The second car dropped back out of the dust. They went on, gaining speed; the final fringe of houses dropped behind.

"Goddamn, he stinks!" the soldier said.

"We'll fix that," the man in front beside Plunkett said. On the running-board Butch cursed into the hot rush of air. The barber leaned suddenly forward and touched Plunkett's shoulder.

"Let me out, John."

"Jump out, nigger-lover," Plunkett said without turning his head. He drove swiftly. Behind them the sourceless lights of the second car glared in the dust. Presently Plunkett turned into a narrow road. It too was rutted in disuse. It led back to an old brick-kiln—a series of reddish mounds and weed-and-vine-choked vats without bottom. It had been used for pasture once, until one day the owner missed one of his mules. Although he prodded carefully in the vats with a long pole, he could not even find the bottom of them.

"John," the barber said.

"Jump out, then," Plunkett said, hurling the car along the ruts. Beside the barber the negro spoke:

"Mr. Henry."

The barber sat forward. The narrow tunnel of the road rushed up and past. Their motion was like an extinct furnace blast: cooler, but utterly dead. The car bounded from rut to rut.

"Mr. Henry," the negro said.

The barber began to tug furiously at the door. "Look out, there!" the soldier said, but he had already kicked the door open and swung onto the running-board. The soldier leaned across the negro and grasped at him, but he had already jumped. The car went on without checking speed.

The impetus hurled him crashing, through dust-sheathed weeds, into the ditch. Dust puffed about him, and in a thin, vicious crackling of sapless stems he lay choking and retching until the second car passed and died away. Then he rose and limped on until he reached the high road and turned toward town, brushing at his clothes with his hands. The moon was higher, riding high and clear of the dust at last, and after a while the town began to glare beneath the dust. He went on, limping. Presently he heard the cars and the glow of them grew in the dust behind him and he left the road and crouched again in the weeds until they passed. Plunkett's car came last now. There were four people in it and Butch was not on the running-board.

They went on; the dust swallowed them; the glare and the sound died away. The dust of them hung for a while, but soon the eternal dust absorbed it again. The barber climbed back onto the road and limped on toward town.

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IV

As she dressed after supper, on that Saturday evening, her own flesh felt like fever. Her hands trembled among the hooks and eyes, and her eyes had a feverish look, and her hair swirled crisp and crackling under the comb. While she was still dressing the friends called for her and sat while she donned her sheerest underthings and stockings and a new voile dress. "Do you feel strong enough to go out?" they said, their eyes bright too, with a dark glitter. "When you have had time to get over the shock, you must tell us what happened. What he said and did; everything."

In the leafed darkness, as they walked toward the square, she began to breathe deeply, something like a swimmer preparing to dive, until she ceased trembling, the four of them walking slowly because of the terrible heat and out of solicitude for her. But as they neared the square she began to tremble again, walking with her head up, her hands clinched at her sides, their voices about her murmurous, also with that feverish, glittering quality of their eyes.

They entered the square, she in the centre of the group, fragile in her fresh dress. She was trembling worse. She walked slower and slower, as children eat ice-cream, her head up and her eyes bright in the haggard banner of her face, passing the hotel and the coatless drummers in chairs along the curb looking around at her: "That's the one: see? The one in pink in the middle." "Is that her? What did they do with the nigger? Did they—?" "Sure. He's all right." "All right, is he?" "Sure. He went on a little trip." Then the drug-store, where even the young men lounging in the doorway tipped their hats and followed with their eyes the motion of her hips and legs when she passed.

They went on, passing the lifted hats of the gentlemen, the suddenly ceased voices, protective, deferent. "Do you see?" the friends said. Their voices sounded like long hovering sighs of hissing exultation. "There's not a negro on the square. Not one."

They reached the picture-show. It was like a miniature fairyland with its lighted lobby and colored lithographs of life caught in its terrible and beautiful mutations. Her lips began to tingle. In the dark, when the picture began, it would be all right; she could hold back the laughing so it would not waste away so fast and so soon. So she hurried on before the turning faces, the undertones of low astonishment, and they took their accustomed places where she could see the aisle against the silver glare and the young men and girls coming in two and two against it.

The lights flicked away; the screen glowed silver, and soon life began to unfold, beautiful and passionate and sad, while still the young men and girls entered, scented and sibilant in the half-dark, their paired backs in silhouette delicate and sleek, their slim, quick bodies awkward, divinely young, while beyond them the silver dream accumulated, inevitably on and on. She began to laugh. In trying to suppress it, it made more noise than ever; heads began to turn. Still laughing, her friends raised her and led her out, and she stood at the curb, laughing on a high, sustained note, until the taxi came up and they helped her in.

They removed the pink voile and the sheer underthings and the stockings, and put her to bed, and cracked ice for her temples, and sent for the doctor. He was hard to locate, so they ministered to

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her with hushed ejaculations, renewing the ice and fanning her. While the ice was fresh and cold she stopped laughing and lay still for a time, moaning only a little. But soon the laughing welled again and her voice rose screaming.

"Shhhhhhhhhh! Shhhhhhhhhh!" they said, freshening the ice-pack, smoothing her hair, examining it for gray; "poor girl!" Then to one another: "Do you suppose anything really happened?" their eyes darkly aglitter, secret and passionate. "Shhhhhhhhhh! Poor girl! Poor Minnie!"

V

It was midnight when Plunkett drove up to his neat new house. It was trim and fresh as a bird-cage and almost as small, with its clean green-and-white paint. He locked the car and mounted the porch and entered. His wife rose from a chair beside the reading-lamp. Plunkett stopped in the floor and stared at her until she looked down.

"Look at that clock!" he said, lifting his arm, pointing. She stood before him, her face lowered, a magazine in her hands. Her face was pale, strained, and weary-looking. "Haven't I told you about sitting up like this, waiting to see when I come in?"

"John!" she said. She laid the magazine down. Poised on the balls of his feet, he glared at her with his hot eyes, his sweating face.

"Didn't I tell you?" He went toward her. She looked up then. He caught her shoulder. She stood passive, looking at him.

"Don't, John. I couldn't sleep. . . . The heat; something. Please, John. You're hurting me."

"Didn't I tell you?" He released her and half struck, half flung her across the chair, and she lay there and watched him quietly as he left the room.

He went on through the house, ripping off his shirt, and on the dark, screened porch at the rear he stood and mopped his head and shoulders with the shirt and flung it away. He took the pistol from his hip and laid it on the table beside the bed, and sat on the bed and removed his shoes, and rose and slipped his trousers off. He was sweating again already, and he stooped and hunted furiously for the shirt. At last he found it and wiped his body again, and, with his body pressed against the dusty screen, he stood panting. There was no movement, no sound, not even an insect. The dark world seemed to lie stricken beneath the cold moon and the lidless stars.

The Wind Is Blind

By Orth Cary

The wind, I know, is blind:
Its fingers search my face,
And linger gently on a throat
Lifted against their trace.

Angry, and lost, and blind:
Sometimes it tears blue day
In shreds; then wraps the gray wisps 'round
A startled world at play.

The wind—it must be blind!
For, in the dark, it goes
On certain feet, swaying along
In grace, as one who knows.

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The obtaining of confession by process of torture and intimidation is a problem which is affecting the administration of justice more and more. Mr. Lunt cites actual cases, and discusses both sides of the question with a constructive suggestion.

The American Inquisition

BY DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

"There is a great deal of laziness in it. It is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence."—*Sir J. F. Stephen, "History of the Criminal Law."*

A FLASH of lightning revealed their destination to the Negro. He glimpsed a mass of swaying trees with their branches lashing and relashing against the massed clouds. Beneath stood row upon row of white stones, wet and gleaming in the darkness. It was the cemetery.

Then they were standing before a tomb. One of the officers fumbled with a key. The door swung heavily. A match flared and the yellow light from a lantern cast shadows from the coffin in the centre of the vault. The lid was lifted. Pale and thin the features of the corpse shone like wax.

"Now, nigger! You're goin' to tell us who killed George Mauer."

"Don' know nutthin' 'bout it."

"Where's the club you hit him with?"

"Don' know."

The questions came in quick succession, first from one officer, then from the other. Sullenly the Negro repeated his denials. There was a pause while the officers whispered together. In lulls came the beat of the rain, the thrashing of the branches and the rumble of distant thunder. One of the officers spoke:

"Listen, Williams. We're goin' to leave you here with George"—pointing to the figure in the half-open casket. "After you've had a chance to think this over maybe you'll come clean."

They went out, taking the lantern. The Negro stood in a corner, his face to the damp wall. He muttered a ceaseless monotone. Now and again a flash of lightning filled the vault with an instant of light. Inevitably followed the clap and roar of thunder.

"Edward Williams!"

A low voice resounded from above. The Negro did not move.

"Edward Williams! This is your God talking to you from heaven."

A pause.

"Tell me who killed George Mauer."

There was no answer. Williams persisted in his denials to the end of his trial. His sangfroid was ascribed by the district attorney to his "familiarity with scenes of death and horror acquired while serving on foreign battle-fields in the World War." So it is related in the case of Commonwealth *vs.* Williams in Pennsylvania in 1922.

Down in Arkansas at Christmas-time in 1927 somebody drowned little Julius McCollum, a lad of twelve, in a bayou.

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They suspected Robert Bell. He was arrested while at work and confined in the penitentiary. There the warden, one Todhunter, took him in charge. He questioned him about the crime. Bell denied all knowledge of it. This went on for some time. Finally Todhunter said:

"You know you murdered little Julius. You got to tell us you did it."

"I did not," answered Bell.

He was forced to lie down. Then Todhunter produced a leather strap. It was over three feet long and three inches wide, attached to a wooden handle. He swung it over his head. Then came the inevitable question:

"Didn't you drown Julius McCollum?"

There was no answer from the man prostrate on the floor.

Swish—smack.

Bell screamed. His thin shirt stuck to his skin as a broad welt rose across his back. Again the strap swung and fell. Another scream—another welt. Then came a pause and the question. A denial, and the whipping began again. After several days Bell confessed. The testimony of Todhunter who "usually conquered when he began" is enlightening:

Question: "Did he make a free and voluntary confession or not?"

Answer: "Well, I don't know that I could say Bell ever made a free and voluntary confession. I got a confession out of him by piecemeal. It was never very free."

This was the case of Bell *vs.* State reviewed by the Supreme Court of Arkansas last fall. In Illinois they use the rubber hose. This leaves no marks. While interrogating a suspect alone, a chief of police in New York State wore a boxing-glove. Usually such a refinement is omitted and many cases show the work to have been done with whatever came handy. Occasionally unusual methods come to light. In Fisher *vs.* State, a Mississippi case, a sheriff related that he was called to the jail to take Fisher's confession. Upon his arrival he found a crowd gathered around the latter, who was tied down on the floor. Water was being poured in his nostrils.

The brutalities of extortion in another form have been reviewed by the highest tribunal in the land. The case is that of Ziang Sung Wan *vs.* United States. The opinion is that of Mr. Justice Brandeis. The pertinent facts are these.

Three Chinamen had been murdered. The police were informed by one Li that early in the evening when they were last known to have been alive, he had seen Wan on the premises. Acting on this clew two detectives went immediately to New York to fetch Wan. Li went with them. At Wan's boarding-house they entered his room unannounced. He was in bed. They did not arrest him. They asked him to return to Washington with them. He said he was too sick. Li, who had remained outside, was called. He told Wan that they were both under suspicion. Then Wan consented to go. The detectives searched his room, ransacked his effects and went through his bed. They had no search-warrant. In Washington Wan was not arrested. He was conducted to a secluded room. Li was there, the superintendent of police was there and three detectives were there. They interrogated Wan for five or six hours. Late in the evening he was taken to a hotel and placed in a room. He was not registered. A policeman remained with him in the room on watch. So ended the first day.

The next morning another policeman—they stood watch in eight-hour shifts—admitted the superintendent of police and two detectives, closed the door after them and stood guard outside. Wan was in bed. They questioned him.

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They went all over the details of the murder. They cross-examined him. Wan said he was sick. He asked for a doctor. He asked for his brother who had nursed him in New York. At times he refused to talk at all. For twenty minutes—a half-hour he would sit without a word of response. All this was repeated in the afternoon. It occurred again in the evening. It was the routine for the next day and the day following that and the fifth day—the sixth—seventh and eighth days.

On the evening of the eighth day a variation occurred. About seven o'clock they all went to the scene of the murder. There ensued a minute inspection of all the details known to the police. The opinion reads:

"The places where the dead men were discovered; the revolver with which presumably the murder was committed, the blood stains and the finger-prints thereon; the bullet holes in the walls; the discharged cartridges found upon the floor; the clothes of the murdered men; the blood stains on the floor and the stairs; the coat and pillow which had been found covering the dead men's faces; photographs taken by the police of the men as they lay dead. . . ."

A stenographer was present. The interrogation, argumentation, suggestion, cross-examination—it went on and on and was faithfully transcribed. The evening lengthened into the night. The police began to succumb. The superintendent was apparently the first to retire. At midnight the redoubtable Li, again present, gave it up. Five o'clock found them still at it with one of the detectives asleep in a chair.

A little after five they took the sick man to the police station. There they arrested him. Then the questioning began anew. This was the order for that day on into the evening. On the following day another turn was had at the scene of the murder. Evidently this provided more ammunition, for on the eleventh day the barrage of questions was continued with stenographic assistance at hand.

On the twelfth day Wan signed his capitulation. It was a typewritten report of his interrogation which ultimately took up twelve pages of the printed record. Wan had left New York on the first of February. On the thirteenth the chief medical officer of the jail saw him for the first time. In his opinion the Chinaman had been painfully ill for weeks with spastic colitis. He ordered him to bed, where he remained for a month. This physician testified at his trial that his condition was such that "he would do anything to have the torture stopped."

The salient aspects of this drawn-out process are the extended questioning and the fact that Wan was held *incommunicado*. There are instances of record of even greater duration. In Louisiana in 1924 a suspect was held *incommunicado* for forty days. In People *vs.* Vinci, an Illinois case, the accused was subjected to almost continuous questioning during four nights and three days. Akin to these practices is solitary confinement. It also works. In 1928 in Miami, Frederick Deiterle was confined all night in a cell without a bed. He later claimed that he had been chained to the floor. As to this fact, said the court, other witnesses were evasive. The cell was infested with mosquitoes and the prisoner was compelled to remove his shirt and fight them throughout the night. During an interrogation the next day at which "the scalp of the dead woman was placed at his feet," Deiterle confessed.

In a Missouri case in 1922 the police ran the gamut of nearly all the current forms of torture. A young woman had been found murdered—her throat had

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been brutally slashed with a razor. Suspicion, and it was strong suspicion, fastened itself upon Albert Ellis, her former sweetheart, with whom she was known to have quarrelled. He was taken into custody on a Saturday morning at eleven o'clock. From that time until the following morning at five o'clock, when he agreed to confess, the inquisition was on.

This was a period of eighteen hours. During this time Ellis was allowed neither food nor sleep. Throughout he was continuously interrogated by relays of officers; he was assaulted by two of them; at one juncture all his clothing was stripped from him; he was forced to face a blinding light and not permitted to turn away his eyes; twice he was conducted to the scene of the murder. The while the questioning was going on. There was also the trip to the undertaker's. He stood there in the darkness. A light flashed. The face of the dead girl looked up at him. He was forced to lay his hand upon her.

These, said the court, are "the undisputed facts."

All this is not the fruit of sensational journalism. Let there be no mistake as to this. These accounts are drawn from the reported decisions of courts of last resort. There they appear in the statements under oath of the police themselves as well as in the uncontradicted testimony of those accused and in some instances in the deductions of the court from the record of the proceedings at the trial. They are the fruits of judicial inquiry.

It has long been a matter of notorious common knowledge that methods such as these are employed to procure evidence. The instances related here are but a fraction of the whole number. Those reported during the last decade have arisen in thirty States and five federal circuits. They number over a hundred. And it must be borne in mind that they comprise only those cases in which the trial court admitted the extorted confession and the prisoner afterward sought a reversal of his conviction. There remain the countless unreported instances in which such evidence was rejected by the trial judge and likewise those trials in which, in view of its obvious inadmissibility, it was never offered by the prosecution. In the light of these circumstances one is led irresistibly to the conclusion that the extortion of evidence by torture is a regular step in the administration of the criminal law in large sections of this country.

How stands this problem of torture as a matter of law? A little over three hundred years ago one John Felton confessed before the King in Council to the foul murdering of the Duke of Buckingham. Upon his refusal to reveal his accomplices, Doctor Laud, Bishop of London, threatened him with the rack. A dispute on this point arose in the Council, and Charles the First proposed to the judges this question: "Whether by the law he might not be racked, and whether there were any law against it (for said the King) if it might be done by law he would not use his prerogative in this point." To-day one may read in Howell's "State Trials":

"And on the fourteenth of November 1628 all the justices being assembled at Serjeant's Inn in Fleet Street, agreed in one, that he ought not by the law to be tortured on the rack for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law."

It is true that torture was among the abuses perpetrated by the Court of Star Chamber. It was regarded, however, as an exercise of the King's prerogative rather than as a legal process. Those were the days when that gentleman could do no wrong. This court was abol-

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ished in 1640 and the practice seems to have fallen into disuse about the same time. Thus our law from the middle of the seventeenth century at least, has not recognized torture as a part of the judicial process. There are those who find much satisfaction in this.

In the light of the oppressive practices current in this country this diversity between the judicial and the police process is not likely to evoke the applause of laymen. Certainly to one whose head is a mass of bruises from applied black-jacks and rubber hoses, the distinction will appear decidedly academic. To that gentleman and his ilk the policeman and his night stick are both the law and the gospel.

What are the securities against the extortion of evidence by torture which are provided to the individual? It has been held to be a crime at common law. In 1824 Edward Livingston wrote its prohibition into his famous criminal code. Nearly a century later a similar provision appeared in the Constitution of Louisiana. The modern practices have been made criminal by the legislatures of three States. There do not appear to have been any convictions under these acts. Yet in Kentucky, where such a statute has existed since 1912, there have been five decisions involving the admissibility of confessions in which the court has declared this law to have been violated. As a practical matter it is doubtful whether such legislation has much effect other than to voice the indignation of the legislators.

On the civil side the use of these tactics almost invariably involves a violation of personal rights not to mention obvious constitutional guaranties. Often the facts present a case of false arrest and more frequently assault and battery. The fact that there appear to have been but two recoveries on this score since 1916 demonstrates that this too is in the realm of theory. Moreover three courts have ruled that the surety on the officer's bond cannot be held liable. The reasoning here is that under the condition of the bond, it is the lawful performance of the officer's duty that is guaranteed and not his acts done without any color of authority. The paucity of these cases is readily explained. The extortion of evidence takes place in secret. Then you have the word of one man who is ordinarily of questionable veracity against the testimony of several stalwart policemen.

There remains the question as to whether an extorted confession can be used against a man at his trial. This problem is governed by the simple principle that what the courts are seeking is the truth and not figments of the imagination forced from a suffering human to secure relief from further torture. It is not necessary here to voyage far into the sea of rules which determine whether or no a given confession is voluntary and hence admissible in evidence. Cases which are characterized by the use of force or violence; even where there are threats of such violence; where men are held *incommunicado* or in solitary confinement or are subjected to high pressure questioning for considerable periods; and where they are forced to undergo gruesome ordeals—all these are plain sailing. Confessions so arrived at are not voluntary. The trial judge excludes them. And if he does not the upper court will reverse, as was the case in the great majority of decisions already mentioned.

The type of confession obtained by strong arm methods is well illustrated by Bell *vs.* State. After Robert Bell had been whipped he admitted having taken money from the murdered boy and told his accusers where it was hidden. A search was made and no money was

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found. So Bell was whipped again until he named another place. Again no money was found. This performance was repeated still another time. The money was never located. It is certainly a fair inference that Bell had not stolen the money.

While in many States the jury is withdrawn while the circumstances attending the alleged confession are being investigated, jurymen are not unaware of what is being whispered behind the closed door. They are quick to sense the implications of what a New York judge has termed this "standardized defense." Their verdict will reflect the extremes of their prejudices. In a community where these abuses have become a public scandal, they will acquit. The police are brutes and liars. Apart from such circumstances they will be as strongly inclined to accept the official statement of the situation and disbelieve the accused.

In the upper court the judges are by no means content with the mere disposition of the record before them. They condemn the methods employed by the police in no uncertain terms. Their opinions bristle with language denouncing "mediæval practices in this enlightened age" and "the substitution of the blackjack for the thumb-screw and the rack." Such fulminations, which are published long after the event, are usually destined to thunder unheeded in the seclusion of libraries. Like the statutes forbidding the practices, these opinions are model expressions of righteous indignation.

When now and again their echoes penetrate to the sergeant's desk the outcry is impressive. How, demand the police, are we to deal with the criminal and cope with crime if the judges are going to tie our hands? The case for the police is a strong one. Their task, particularly amid the conditions of a complex industrial scheme in which inhere the peculiar difficulties arising from diverse racial origins, is obviously far from easy. They are engaged in continuous warfare with those who dwell beyond the pale of the law and their needs warrant careful consideration. If they are hamstrung in the performance of their duties, it is at the peril of the public.

The phrase "the third degree" has been avoided. It serves only to befog the discussion. Its current vogue is said to have arisen from a slang application of certain processes in the Masonic ritual. Furthermore journalistic usage has given the words a secondary meaning which is the antithesis of their import in police circles. Properly the phrase involves a thorough and searching examination of a suspect shortly after arrest. There is thus capitalized for what it is worth the strong desire to unburden which, upon apprehension, inevitably tinctures the guilty mind. Moreover to the law-abiding this is a far-reaching safeguard. In most instances they gain their freedom upon the relation of a satisfactory account of themselves.

All this is entirely legitimate and quite within the scope of police authority. The point at which such a procedure becomes oppressive is difficult to ascertain. It is, of course, a matter of degree. It depends upon the individual and what is reasonable usage with respect to him. In a word it is the difference between what is elicited and what is extorted. In the determination of this question a trial court in Pennsylvania recently admitted in evidence a talking picture taken while the accused was being interrogated by the police.

Be the means what they may a confession is ordinarily the prize. Failing that, clues are sought by the aid of which a case may be built up by outside investigation, which in turn will either convict the accused and his accomplices or

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in many instances implicate a third person. When improper coercive methods are employed the desire for further evidence is enhanced by the knowledge that the case should be presented without the extorted confession if possible, for if the facts concerning it come out, it will be excluded by the court.

The employment of force is like a contagious disease. One of the most difficult aspects of the whole problem is this species of brutalized exhibitionism which has permeated the police to so large an extent as to convince them that such measures are imperative. In attempting any solution the end sought must be to avoid handicapping the police in their necessary and legitimate investigations and at the same time to enforce safeguards against the prevalent abuses.

It has been asserted that under modern conditions our constitutional immunity against self-incrimination forces the police to the use of extreme measures. There are those who would abolish this guaranty on the ground among others, that if a thorough examination of an accused was permitted throughout the proceedings against him, the incentive to coercion by the police would be removed. Such a proposal leads the inquiry into the realm of wide and far-reaching considerations of policy beyond the scope of this article. Apart from that angle there is the serious practical difficulty in that it would require a host of constitutional amendments. Similar considerations apply to the analogous suggestion of the importation of the "inquisitorial system" in use on the Continent.

Recently a Code of Criminal Procedure which is intended to serve as a model for legislative reform by the States has been approved by the American Law Institute. It contains some provisions which are germane to this problem. In addition to a prohibition of the use of oppressive measures there is a requirement that upon arrest a person shall "without unnecessary delay" be taken before a magistrate for his preliminary examination. This should remove to some extent the opportunity for the use of coercive measures. It is during that indefinite period between the arrest and the preliminary examination that the abuses complained of usually take place. There is, of course, the practical difficulty in the non-observance of this requirement, as has been the experience in some of the States where a similar provision exists. Strict disciplinary action against offenders should take care of this. For instance, in New York the penalty for its wilful violation is a fine of five hundred dollars or a year's imprisonment, or both.

Then comes the preliminary examination, at which the accused is accorded the right to counsel and the other usual guaranties of fair dealing. At the close of the State's case the magistrate is required to tell the accused that he may, if he desires, make a statement not under oath, concerning the charge against him. The magistrate is likewise to inform him that his refusal to do so may not later be used against him, but that if he does make such a statement, whatever he says may be offered in evidence against him at his trial. In this manner an opportunity for voluntary confession or avoidance is accorded a suspect upon the heels of the event and at a time when the urge to unburden is at its height. There is substituted, for the dubious process behind the closed door, an open proceeding before a responsible official.

The best commentary upon these provisions is the experience that lies back of them. Their first appearance was in an English statute in 1848. With minor variations this practice exists at the pres-

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ent time. It is buttressed by the English law with respect to admissions made by an accused to the police. While there is no decision of an upper court which flatly excludes such evidence, it is stated that it is to be received with the greatest caution and to be rejected if found to be not voluntary.

The investigations of the police are exceedingly thorough and are conducted in a manner which is carefully calculated to avoid intimidation. This is well illustrated by the so-called Judges' Rules which were promulgated in 1912 for the guidance of the metropolitan police. The gist of them is that after an officer has decided to make an arrest, before putting any further questions to the suspect or listening to any remarks which he may volunteer, he should caution the person that "whatever he says may be used in evidence." Important investigations are handled by trained officials of long experience who proceed cautiously and with uncommonly shrewd ability.

And they get results. In the ten cases which have been reviewed by the upper courts since 1907 statements made to the police have been ruled out in but two instances. In one of these the officer had failed to give the customary caution. In the other after two men had been charged separately with the same offense, they were confronted with each other. Then the police read to them statements which each had made behind the back of the other. The court condemned this as "an informal preliminary trial in private by the police." In 1918 the Judges' Rules were amended to cover this situation.

Two years ago the methods of the officials of Scotland Yard were investigated by a Royal Commission for the first time in fifty years. The occasion was the charges of a Miss Savidge that she had been subjected at Scotland Yard to an intimidating examination alone at which, due to exhaustion, her statements had not been voluntary. The circumstances were unusual. One Sir Leo Money and Miss Savidge had previously been taken into custody charged with what might technically be termed a Hyde Park offense. At the preliminary examination the magistrate dismissed the charge. Afterward it was asserted in the House of Commons that the officers who had testified at the examination had perjured themselves. An investigation of these charges was ordered in the course of which the examination of Miss Savidge took place.

The outstanding facts as to her examination were found by the Commission from a maze of testimony to be these. Two officers accompanied by a police matron called at her place of employment. Miss Savidge, who was a pretty girl of about twenty-two and quite able to take care of herself, was informed that they desired to clear up a few matters concerning the policemen connected with the recent case. She twice signified her willingness to accompany them to Scotland Yard and make a statement. Upon their arrival she was introduced to Chief Inspector Collins, an official of thirty-two years' experience and an unblemished record. The police matron enquired if she were to remain during the examination. Inspector Collins asked Miss Savidge if she so desired. The latter announced that she would be all right. The matron left but remained within call by telephone.

The examination which was conducted by Inspector Collins and another officer then took place. It lasted about four hours. In the middle it was suspended while tea was served and Miss Savidge and the officers indulged in cigarettes. At the end of the examination they escorted her to her home. At that time she

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showed no visible signs of exhaustion. It was not until the following morning that she made her accusations. By a two to one decision the Commission exonerated the two officials. The contrast between these circumstances and those portrayed in Wan *vs.* United States is too obvious for comment.

It should not be inferred that the model Code provides a certain palliative against the use of torture to extort evidence. Difficult as it is for many persons to believe, there is no such magic in the letter of the law. There is simply proposed what is believed to be the best practice. Experience in England confirms this belief. Nevertheless in substantially the same form that practice is outlined to-day in the statutes of New York, Oregon, Tennessee and Nevada, as well as in England. Yet in so far as the reported decisions are evidential oppressive methods are employed in the two former States.

The explanation of the dearth of these unpleasant measures in England is to be found in circumstances that exist apart from the written word of the law. In the first place public opinion is definitely opposed to them. The mere fact of the Savidge inquiry is conclusive on this point. Then there is the attitude of the police themselves. The use of violence is contemptuously regarded as beneath their professional dignity and is rather unpleasantly referred to as "transatlantic usage." It is not playing the game. They are expected and they prefer "to go about in the sun hunting up evidence." Finally there exists a close liaison between the judicial and the police process as is evidenced by the Judges' Rules.

The use of torture to extort evidence which is so wide-spread in this country is deserving on humanitarian grounds of nothing but contempt and condemnation. Pragmatically considered it stands in much the same light. It is productive of evidence of a very poor quality; it leads through the gauntlet of perjury to exclusion in many cases; and its baneful effect in encouraging lawlessness is incalculable. In this latter connection comparative statistics are of interest. In 1928, the year of the Savidge inquiry, the report of the metropolitan police of London showed twenty-one murders known to the police; in the same year those of the New York police reflected three hundred and thirty-nine. The disproportion of other crimes of violence was even greater.

While obviously the comparatively great prevalence of crime with us can by no means be written off in its entirety as a result of the use of torture, it will not be denied that it contributes to it. The whole question is so intricately entangled with all the problems involved in the administration and enforcement of the criminal law that the conclusions on this matter of the National Commission on Law Enforcement and Observance are awaited with keen interest.

Note.—The cases referred to in this article are to be found collected in a Note in 43 Harvard Law Review at page 617. The writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to this source.

"Glorifying the Criminal" by Malcolm Logan, "Muscle Men" by Marquis W. Child, "Repeal Will Promote Crime" by an ex-criminal are three unusual articles on aspects of crime which will appear in coming numbers of SCRIBNER'S. *They deal with the attitude of the rich, of the newspapers toward criminals, and the attitude of a criminal toward prohibition.*

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The Dream

BY SOPHIE KERR

"BUSINESS *woman, middle-aged, will share comfortable five-room apartment with another business woman of breeding and education. Central location. Moderate expense. Apply for appointment by letter, giving all particulars. B* 150 *Herald Tribune.*"

Miss Louisa Davies had only come to this when the rent went up to seventy-five. She made forty-five dollars a week as proof-reader to the commercial printers, Comyn & Son, and she was truly, as she said in the advertisement, middle-aged, even a little more. With all this talk about young blood she might find the pink slip in her pay-envelope any pay-day, though she didn't believe she'd be fired so long as old Mr. Comyn was active in the firm. Though she had saved faithfully and invested carefully, she didn't have enough capital to give her a living income, and she couldn't manage seventy-five a month rent alone. Sixty was a strain. When she had first taken the apartment—twenty-five years ago, imagine that!—the rent had been twenty-five, but, what with the war and changing landlords, and prices of everything flying up to the skies, it was now three times as much.

But it was a pleasant place. Third floor of an old house on Stuyvesant Square, furnished slowly and painstakingly by incessant rummaging in second-hand and small unpretentious antique-shops, cleaned and polished and shined and loved devotedly, very much as a doting mother cares for an only child, Miss Davies could truthfully believe that it had an air. And how she hated the thought of having another person live there with her! She could hardly decide which would be worse, to take another apartment, or to have a companion. In the end she told herself that, at least, if she didn't like a companion, she could get rid of her, whereas if she took another apartment she could never get this one back again. So, taking pains with each word, she wrote the advertisement. "Three insertions," she told the languid young person at the desk.

It was exciting to read the letters, though there were only six, but they gave Miss Davies a sense of power. Here were six women all wanting to come and live with her, and she could decide which would be the lucky one. Miss Davies seldom had the chance to be powerful, to decide other people's important questions; all day she sat at her desk reading proof on business booklets and circulars and catalogues, and in the evenings she did her fine laundry and mending, read her library book or a chapter of "In Tune with the Infinite," rubbed and rearranged her furniture. On Sunday mornings she went to St. Mark's, and nodded to a few acquaintances, sometimes spoke to the assistant rector, but he annoyed her by calling her Miss Davis instead of Miss Davies. In the afternoon she went up to Bronx Park and walked about briskly, enjoying the trees and the flowers but cordially detesting the people she saw. "Where only man is vile," she would murmur as she passed some specially bulging and vociferous family, smeared with ice-cream cones and spattered with sarsaparilla, greedy, unbathed, and unashamed.

Miss Davies had a married cousin who

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lived in Yonkers, but they liked one another no more than cousins usually do. Here and there along her narrow pathway she had made friends, detached and lone women like herself, but they had such a way of disappearing by means of death, changing boarding-houses, and occasionally by matrimony, that Miss Davies never was sure of any of them. Miss Davies never had had a beau—nor did she regret this. She liked men well enough, and she liked women too, but her emotions were as thin and unexpansive as her figure.

After she had read and reread her six letters she laid them in a row on her desk —old American slant-top cherry with the original brasses—and considered them. This Mrs. Lydia Dewings, who used the lavender paper with the blue edge, wouldn't do at all. Her writing and her phrases were sprawly; she wouldn't, Miss Davies knew, be tidy. Another sprawly writer, one Miss Favrera, wouldn't do either, because she was obviously a foreigner with that outlandish name. A very neat, trim letter was ruled out because the writer had misspelled "receive" and "business," and Miss Davies's long experience at proof-reading had made her loathe misspelling as a capital crime.

This left three letters for consideration. "I am a widow, without children, fifty-five years old, in good health, with a small beauty-shop on Lexington Avenue, which gives a good profit. I am tired of boarding-houses and would like to live quietly and agreeably with another pleasant woman." The name was Jane Hallman.

Miss Davies laid that one aside for further consideration. "Sounds all right, but keeping a beauty-shop isn't exactly what I meant by a business woman," she thought.

The next letter was from a teacher of millinery in one of the public trade-schools. "The hitch there is that she'd have a long vacation and of course I couldn't charge her for anything if she was away—still, I'd like a teacher." This letter she also laid aside.

The third letter was in a plain, clear hand. "I am private secretary to Mr. Harvey Penburn, president and general manager of Cravens' Stores, Inc., and have held this position for seven years. I am thirty-five years old, a native of Indianapolis, and a Smith graduate. I notice that your advertisement mentions 'good breeding', and I do not think you would find me either selfish or bad-mannered. But of course I might write of myself all day and give you no clear picture. I am sure if we talked together you could at once decide whether or not you would like to share your apartment with me. Sincerely, Mary Tate."

"A very nice name, Mary Tate," Miss Davies thought. Also she liked the letter. "She's got sense. And she must be a smart woman to be secretary to the head of Cravens' Stores. I'll write to her first-off—but I'll keep these others in case we don't like one another."

But at the very first glance Mary Tate and Louisa Davies took to one another. They were a little shy for a few minutes, but after Miss Tate said, "Your furniture is simply beau-ti-ful!" and Miss Davies had told her about buying the pine corner cupboard for three dollars and a half from a junkman, they were at ease. Miss Davies showed her the two bedrooms, the dining-room and kitchen, the bath, explained that her rent had been raised, and told how she cooked her own meals because it was so much cheaper and more healthy than eating around.

"I'd love that," said Mary Tate, "I can cook. Mr. Penburn, my chief, says I'm at heart very domestic. He's always analyzing the people around him. I'd love to keep house, too. I'm tired of boarding

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and having people around who seem nice and then turn out to be disagreeable."

Miss Davies liked Miss Tate very much, her neat dress, her low voice and quick way of speaking, her smile. "And no lipstick nor bloody-looking fingernails," she thought with immense relief. "It won't be half as bad as I feared."

The two women settled the matter of expenses satisfactorily to each. Miss Tate was to pay one-half the rent, one-half the food and cleaning bills. They decided to take turns with the cooking, Miss Davies taking the first week to show Miss Tate the hang of things.

"I've got nothing to move except my trunk and my radio," said Miss Tate. "Do you mind a radio?"

"I'd love it," declared Miss Davies. "I've always wanted one, but I felt I couldn't afford it."

"Mine's a very good one. Mr. and Mrs. Penburn gave it to me last Christmas. They always give me something splendid. The year before they gave me a trip to Bermuda. I tell you I'm thankful to work for a man like Mr. Penburn."

"You ought to be," said Miss Davies. She thought of the five-dollar gold piece which was her annual Christmas gift from Comyn & Son. She wished she had taken a business course when she was young; she might now be a private secretary receiving splendid gifts.

"Well, I am thankful," went on Miss Tate. "He is the most considerate man, and the best-hearted. Mrs. Penburn's lovely, too. Of course they're awfully rich, but it hasn't spoiled them."

It was arranged that Miss Tate should come in the very next day. Miss Davies threw away the letters from the schoolteacher and the beauty-shop proprietor, gave the apartment a general slicking up which it didn't need, and planned a week's meals of special deliciousness. Instead of dreading Miss Tate's coming, she actually anticipated it with pleasure. "I was lucky to get the right kind, first-off, just like that," she thought. "And to think she has a radio! I'll enjoy listening to it and I won't read so much in the evening, and that'll save my eyes for my day's work."

Miss Tate arrived and unpacked, and the radio was set up very smoothly and without fuss. The two women arranged their mornings by schedule. The one who was to cook for the week rose fifteen minutes earlier than the other. Breakfast was at ten minutes to eight. They ate, washed the dishes, and straightened the apartment in half an hour, and by twenty minutes past eight they were starting to their respective jobs. Miss Davies discovered that Miss Tate was as punctual, as orderly as herself, and when it came her turn to do the cooking she also discovered that Miss Tate was clever and economical in the kitchen.

They did not depend on each other for companionship. Miss Tate liked the movies and concerts and often went to them in the evening. Miss Davies stayed at home as she had always done, only with the radio going she enjoyed it more. On Sundays Miss Davies went to church and Miss Tate loafed and read the papers. Sometimes in the afternoon she joined Miss Davies in her walk, and sometimes she didn't. Miss Tate liked to have a few people from Cravens' in for afternoon tea on Sundays, now and then, but she insisted on buying the cakes and making the sandwiches herself, and clearing up afterward, so that Miss Davies did not feel imposed on by this entertainment, though she was welcome to stay and partake of it, if she would.

The two women found that they had many ideas in common. They did not approve of the manners of the younger

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generation; they loathed jazz of the boop-a-doop and veo-deo-do varieties, but they liked Rudy Vallée because his songs were so sweet; they didn't see why women should smoke or mix in politics, though both of them voted conscientiously; they thought modern furniture and ornaments comic; and then they discovered that each gave a contribution to the Hundred Neediest Cases and had done so ever since the beginning of this charitable ballyhoo.

Over and over again in those first weeks, even in the first months, did Miss Davies congratulate herself on finding Miss Tate. If, she often told herself, she had searched for a month of Sundays, she could never, never have discovered a housemate so easy to get along with.

For, in the first few months, Mr. Penburn didn't bother Miss Davies. Of course she had noticed, even on their first interview, with what enthusiasm Miss Tate talked of her employer, how constantly she alluded to him. Miss Davies didn't mind it, in fact she hardly thought of it at all. But now that she knew Miss Tate better, and they were on friendly, understanding terms, Miss Davies found that she was getting tired to death of Mr. Penburn, for Miss Tate could say nothing, nothing at all, without mentioning him. Miss Davies sometimes felt that if Miss Tate ever said his name again she would scream and throw things.

Miss Davies heard *all* about Mr. Penburn. She knew that he was a little over average height, slender, and artistic in appearance, with small, finely cut features and very light brown hair with a little wave in it, a close mustache of brown. His eyes were brown, too. And he often wore brown suits, with tan striped shirts and cat's-eye links, brown-and-orange figured tie, brown-bordered handkerchief, brown silk socks, brown shoes, very dark. He had a gray suit, too, with a dull green stripe, and with this his haberdashery was dull green and his links of jade. With his blue suit he was apt to be dashing and wear a red tie—but it made a perfect color harmony, Miss Tate said. And he had lapis-lazuli links. At this point Miss Davies found herself suppressing an unladylike question as to the color of Mr. Penburn's underwear.

Mr. Penburn's hands were slender, but strong and brown, for Mr. Penburn was athletic, to a certain extent. He rode—and oh, but he looked wonderful in his riding-clothes! He swam, he golfed, but he said that he was getting too old for tennis. "I told him that was absurd," smiled Miss Tate; "he's a young man, really young in every way. His mind's young—the way he goes at every new proposition shows it. And the wonderful way he carries endless detail without getting simply swamped by it!"

Mr. Penburn was wonderful in other ways. He was never too busy to help with the personal problems of every employee, however obscure, of Cravens' Stores. He sent sick salesgirls to hospitals and sanitariums, he directed ambitious errand boys to night schools and correspondence courses, he untangled the domestic snarls of buyers, and arranged loans for elevator-starters and delivery-truck chauffeurs who were temporarily embarrassed for legitimate reasons. And did it all so delicately, so unobtrusively. Under this flood of good works Miss Davies became restive and flippant. "He sounds like a little god to me," she said, and meant it offensively.

But Miss Tate did not see the offense, she could not imagine any one, anywhere, speaking offensively of her idol. "Oh, Miss Davies, I told him exactly that, the other day. I said: 'It's so marvellous to have the power you have and use

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it the way you do! It is like a god!' " Her voice sank to awed reverence.

Miss Davies turned on the radio and did not reply. But this was no more than a temporary respite. Mr. Penburn was back again as soon as the Revellers had finished their number. "I must tell you," Miss Tate said, "of the funny thing Mr. Penburn said to-day. He is the drollest man. So witty. I've told him over and over again, 'Chief, you'll make me die laughing.' He had an appointment with a Mr. Slater for eleven o'clock, and Mr. Slater never got there until eleven-thirty, and the Chief said to me, along about eleven-twenty, 'Well, it's getting slater and slater, but no Slater!'—not so much of a joke, maybe, but he said it in *such* an amusing way!"

"Wouldn't you like to hear some of the Park Central dance music?" asked Miss Davies stonily.

But, whether she received it stonily or flippantly, Miss Davies did not check the rampant Penburnism of Miss Tate. Everything the man did, the cigars he smoked—"A very fine brand imported from Cuba direct"—the way he smiled and showed his beautiful, even teeth—"Never goes to the dentist except for cleaning them"—his desk and office furnishings—"You'd be crazy about those, Miss Davies, everything's a real antique, that's why I appreciate yours so much"—his little way of humming when he thought out big problems, his occasional attacks of indigestion—"I keep bicarb in my desk handy"—nothing was too large, too small, to escape Miss Tate's notice, adulation, and description.

It wasn't that she was in love with Mr. Penburn in any sentimental way, Miss Davies knew that, because she went on in exactly the same style about Mrs. Penburn and the two Penburn children, Dot and Jane. Mrs. Penburn was as slender as Mr. Penburn, but dark, a lovely, gracious vision which appeared now and then in the office and was sweet to Miss Tate and told her not to let Harvey work too hard. Sometimes she brought Miss Tate flowers from the Penburn country place up near Rye, the most adorable house, where Miss Tate had gone to take dictation that awful time when Mr. Penburn had the flu. Mrs. Penburn wore the most interesting clothes, most extreme, all advance models from Paris, but she could get away with them. She had a string of big pearls and a brooch that was all of rubies and emeralds and diamonds, to represent red flowers with green leaves in a little vase! She had a diamond ring nearly an inch square and an emerald even larger.

And the children were simply little loves! Such nice manners and gentle, pretty ways. They came over and shook hands with Miss Tate and dropped their courtesies in the cutest way, and little Jane wasn't four yet! Dot was six, and looked like Mr. Penburn. Jane was more like her mother. Mrs. Penburn bought the smartest little dresses and berets for them, and they both had long curls. "I'd like to cut them off," thought Miss Davies, grinding her teeth. She understood now why Miss Tate had found her former boarding-house acquaintances disagreeable after knowing them awhile.

Yet, with all her gush and mush—as Miss Davies termed it—over the Penburn family, Miss Tate wasn't cherishing any romantic feeling, or carrying on any affair with Mr. Penburn, Miss Davies grew more and more certain. It took quite a while for her to figure out just why Miss Tate deluged her with all this stuff, when she was plainly such an unappreciative listener. At last the solution came to her, and the more she thought it over the more it seemed the true one. Miss Tate did it simply to be superior, to make her, Miss Davies, feel

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that her own position and her own employer were poor unworthy things, unfit for mention, holding no interest or charm for any sensible woman, while she, Miss Tate, was an indispensable aid and helper to one of the greatest men in the world. She was, in other words, simply putting it over on Miss Davies.

It was undoubtedly true. There was always in her voice a ring of pity, a hint of patronage for her hearer, as she detailed the perfections of the Penburns. She was sorry for Miss Davies and she couldn't hide it. Beneath all Miss Tate said Miss Davies could feel the silent "Oh, you poor, poor thing, to be denied the privilege and grace of working with Mr. Penburn! Of being an essential part of his great career. How meagre and how thin is your life compared with mine, in constant contact with such an exalted being!" This and more like it went out from Miss Tate to Miss Davies in waves as positive as the music from the radio. And, briefly, it made Miss Davies so mad she thought she would choke!

Old Mr. Comyn and young Mr. Comyn, her own employers, weren't so much, she admitted that. Beside the vision of Penburn glory and benevolence and brilliancy, they were mere dull automata. She didn't notice them much and she certainly found nothing in them to rave about, but even so they were decent, reliable, honest business men, though they didn't wear lapis-lazuli links. And that Miss Tate should take it into her head to look down on one of Comyn & Son's oldest employees, and be snippy and snooty and sniffy because she worked for a dressed-up booby like Mr. Penburn—well—well—Miss Davies simply couldn't bear it. Couldn't and wouldn't. Miss Tate would have to go!

Miss Davies's anger did not blind her to the disadvantages of turning Miss Tate out. She could see all of Miss Tate's good points. Moreover, there was her excellent radio which would disappear with her. And what reason could Miss Davies offer? She owned to herself that she had not the courage to say, "I can't stand having you lord it over me with Mr. Penburn and his family another day. It's unbearable!" No, she couldn't say that; she wouldn't admit to Miss Tate that she felt her superiority. She racked her brains to find a good excuse and considered everything from pretending smallpox to saying that she was tired of housekeeping and meant to give it up. Nothing she thought of seemed at once sufficiently plausible and sufficiently dignified. Miss Davies meant to do this in a dignified way.

For a whole week she puzzled and schemed and came to no conclusion. But on Saturday night, after a peculiarly annoying account from Miss Tate of Mr. Penburn's grand scheme for a welfare council designed to make every worker in Cravens' Stores, Inc., akin to the angels for serenity and goodness, Miss Davies went to bed ready to seize Miss Tate and throw her out of the door without any thought of dignity whatsoever. She would have enjoyed hearing her bump on every tread of the stairs, for Miss Tate had asked: "I suppose Comyn & Son have nothing like that?"

Miss Davies tossed about feverishly in her small four-poster, but finally went to sleep and she dreamed this dream:

She was in a large, luxurious room along with a great many other people, good-looking, friendly people, the women all wearing beautiful evening gowns and jewels, the men in dress suits. Miss Davies observed without surprise that her own gown was a ravishing blue velvet and she had a necklace and bracelets of sapphires. She seemed to be having a very good time. String music could be heard in the distance, some of

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the people were dancing. There was a peculiar charm and harmony and fitness about it all and Miss Davies felt gay and elated. She did not ask where she was. She knew. She was in Mr. Penburn's country home near Rye and this was a party given in her honor.

While she was watching the dancers and listening to the music with a great deal of pleasure, the crowd parted and a man came through to her, a slender, tall man with light-brown wavy hair and brown eyes and a little, close brown mustache. She would have known him anywhere. It was Mr. Penburn. He came up close to her, drew her to him, and they began to dance. Now Miss Davies had never danced a step in her whole life, but that didn't prevent her from gliding off with Mr. Penburn in perfect time, smoothly, gracefully. It was a heavenly experience. They floated over the floor, their two bodies in absolute unison, a delicious rhythm pervading them from head to heels. Mr. Penburn was exactly the right height for her, and he held her with noticeable tenderness which she liked very much. Her cheek was very, very near to his, now and then his cheek touched hers.

Presently Miss Davies asked him: "Are you wearing your lapis-lazuli links tonight?"

And Mr. Penburn gave her a little squeeze and said: *"Darling,* not with a dress suit."

Which amused Miss Davies and she laughed, a rippling, girlish laugh. Just then the music stopped and she and Mr. Penburn stopped dancing, but he kept his arm around her and she looked up into his brown eyes and he stooped toward her, and right on her mouth, lovingly, sweetly, he kissed her! So that she understood he loved her and her alone. Not, however, in a way which would bring any unhappiness or distress to Mrs. Penburn, but in an exalted, high-minded way. "I must see you often, you are all the world to me," he whispered fondly.

Miss Davies did not reply, she was too rapturously happy. Her heart seemed to have wings. She was conscious of a lightness, a freedom, a poise such as she had never known before. "I am in tune with the infinite, at last," she thought.

She looked about the crowd and saw Miss Tate, in a plain cloth dress, watching her with hopeless envy and Miss Davies felt suddenly very sorry and sad for her. Mr. Penburn had not kissed Miss Tate, had not even asked her to dance. So Miss Davies gently drew away from Mr. Penburn's arm and trailed her velvet elegance over to Miss Tate. "It's a lovely party, isn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, it's a lovely party," said Miss Tate, so wistfully, "but of course nobody has a chance with the Chief with you here."

Miss Davies didn't dispute it, for she knew it was true. Mr. Penburn loved her, he had kissed her. He had said he must see her often, that she was all the world to him. She wondered why in the name of common sense she had ever been irritated with Miss Tate when Miss Tate was so obviously nothing more to Mr. Penburn than a secretary. "I can never feel irritated with her again," she said to herself, and with the words on her lips she woke up, smiling, released, easy of mind.

And no more could she. When Miss Tate talked about Mr. Penburn after that Miss Davies would withdraw into the memory of her dream and be as calm and as peaceful—and also as secretly mischievous—as a pet kitten lapping cream.

So they lived happily ever after.

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We play with more dangerous forces than did our ancestors. Can we control them?

Our Changing Ways of Living

BY NORMAN THOMAS

A YEAR or so ago it fell to my lot to try to talk on a subject very like this to the school in which my youngest son, then not quite nine years old, was a pupil. I said that I was considerably older than most of those boys and girls before I had so much as seen my first automobile, which was in the strictest sense of the word a horseless carriage whose driver proudly and somewhat profanely guided it over the rough roads of our town. I added that I was a junior or a senior in college before I rode in an automobile myself. "But," said I, "I don't think my son, Evan, has ever ridden in a horse-drawn buggy." Later on, after the manner of the younger generation, my son remonstrated with me, first, because to mention his name in a school is a thing that isn't or shouldn't be done, and, second, because I had insulted him as a man of the world. "Don't you remember," said he, "when you gave me a dime and I rode in the pony cart in Central Park?"

The story is one of a thousand illustrations of a change in the way of living which, beginning with the invention of the steam-engine in 1769, has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity. From fireplaces to central heating by oil or gas automatically controlled, from stage coach to airplane, from gossip round the town pump to the radio, from the family as a unit of production to the factory, is in America a transition of scarcely more than a century—in part, of scarcely more than a generation. It marks a more profound change in the nature of our life and our social customs than has occurred in thousands of years that have gone before. Neither moralist, economist nor statesman can ignore the effect of power-driven machinery upon society and have much to tell us worth listening to.

Fortunately, in recent years the changes brought about by power-driven machinery have not been neglected. Machinery itself has been extravagantly praised or blamed as God or devil of our age. Its influence has been discussed on church, home, and state. For instance, we have frequently been reminded that the old economic compulsions to family unity are going. So too is the old attachment to a particular place. An industrial worker cannot attach himself too firmly to one spot if he is to have a reasonable chance of getting a job. It does not in my mind follow, therefore, that the family has lost all usefulness or that there is no place for the home. It means that home and family must justify themselves in terms of other values than as simple economic units of production.

It is not, however, my present task to speculate on the effect of a machine age on home and family or, indeed, to inquire into the impact of machinery on particular phases of our social structure. Rather, I should like to point out certain social consequences inherent in our acceptance of machinery.

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1. Poverty is wholly unnecessary save as our stupid management of the machinery we have had the wit to invent brings it upon us. For millenniums of time in the long life of man upon this planet the best possible social arrangements could not altogether have removed poverty. Man could not produce enough with the power and the tools at his command to provide general abundance. He could not create an available surplus against emergencies like famine or flood. His means of communication were so slow and imperfect that he could not distribute in time such surplus as he might have in the more fortunate areas even although those areas were not very far removed from the stricken region. Malthus, with reason, saw stark misery staring in the face a world where food supplies increased by arithmetical ratio while population multiplied geometrically. Even now overpopulation is a serious factor in some countries. The discovery and spread of modern methods of birth control are of immense blessing to the world and contain our hope of preventing overpopulation. But at present overpopulation, taking the world as a unit, does not exist. What would have seemed to Malthus incredible has happened. Farmers are poor because there is an oversupply of wheat and cotton. One of the countries hardest hit by the existing depression is sparsely populated Australia. Scientific agriculture is held back by the fact that although it may pay one progressive farmer in a backward neighborhood to apply efficient methods of farming, if all farmers are equally efficient the glut on the market grows and scientific farming thus becomes a source of further poverty to the farmers.

If we do not suffer for lack of food or potential food supplies, neither do we suffer as yet by an exhaustion of energy resources. If the attempt to produce electric current on a commercially practicable scale by utilizing the difference in temperature of water at the surface of the sea and water at its lower deeps is successful, we shall not have to worry very much about energy. We may have to worry more about mineral resources. But even these may be husbanded and re-used. Certainly scarcity of them is not a factor in our present depression. For it there is nothing to blame except ourselves. Man has learned the secrets of nature, so that he no longer has to fear a sullen and hostile nature in his efforts to make a living. He has to fear himself.

2. It is a corollary of what we have been saying that the poverty we now have is almost a new phenomenon in the world. Of course, there was always poverty due to exploitation and waste. But the poverty of the ancient world, like the poverty of China to-day, was of a different order from our own. It was different in at least one of its manifestations. There was not the same insecurity for certain groups. In an agricultural and handcraft civilization there is no deadline at forty-five. It is the voracious machine which demands youth. The old-fashioned farm or the old-fashioned handcraft trades could always find some work to share with the ablebodied peasant or artisan who was growing old in toil but rich in experience. In terms of human happiness it is a fair guess that our multiplicity of things is small compensation for our increasing insecurity.

Moreover, the poverty of our times, as we have already indicated, is different in its origin. We are poor because we have or may have so much! It is literally true in our crazy economic order that a great act of wholesale destruction is of positive benefit to the survivors. The melancholy decline of Fall River as a textile centre was somewhat arrested

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by a fortunate fire which necessitated rebuilding of part of the city. France's post-war prosperity, such as it is, has been partly due to the outlet for French goods and French machinery in the restoration of her devastated areas. Cotton farmers got a far better price for the 1929 crop which was ravaged by the boll weevil than for the 1930 crop which escaped most of its ravages. The boll weevil may not have been the only factor; it was a real factor in the relative prosperity of 1929. Farmers are poor because they have too much wheat. Millers are poor because they have too many flour mills. And so on along the line. In the old days a shoemaker could usually provide some sort of footwear for his family. Now the children of shoe workers go unshod because the shoe factories have produced too many shoes for which there is no market. It is a crazy world that the machine has given us.

And yet the machine is not to blame, but our failure to manage the machine properly. There are plenty of legitimate wants for the machine to supply. The limit of good things the world might use has nowhere near been reached. It was seriously argued not long ago that manufacturers owed it to themselves and the public not to make too durable products, because then there would be no more work to be done. Actually there is plenty of work and we do not need to use shoddy or resort to jerry building in order to keep men in work. It is a question of planned production and distribution.

3. A third consequence of the machine age is the degree of interdependence it has forced upon us. I say "forced" advisedly. Ours is a world where we have to co-operate but where we co-operate under the lash of necessity. We could not live without team play, but the President of the United States still compares our American system to a foot race. And the amazing inadequacy of the comparison escapes general criticism.

Consider our typical American family at the breakfast table. Its favorite newspaper is made from wood pulp from the forests of Canada or Russia. Its coffee probably came from Brazil. It is put up in tin which came from Bolivia or the Malay states. The family sugar, as likely as not, came from Cuba, in spite of a tariff to encourage child labor in the beet fields of the United States. The family scatters to its various tasks. Its members spend much of their time either riding in or dodging automobiles. Automobiles would be impossible without rubber from the East Indies and their structure would be much weaker if there were no manganese from Russia or elsewhere for steel. That is to say, not even our rich and powerful nation is economically sufficient unto itself.

Within our nation the necessity of co-operation is written over everything we do. The machine, especially when it is used in factories, necessitates specialization. The condition of having a potential abundance of shoes is that no worker shall produce a whole pair of shoes but should perform one process on a machine, a process which is meaningless except as it is related to the processes performed by his fellow workers.

It is not only in factories that we must co-operate, but in the whole business of supplying our wants. No great American city suddenly cut off from a complex network of supplies would be many days removed from hunger or many weeks from actual starvation. To cut the aqueducts which bring water into the city would make bedlam in twenty-four hours. This complexity or artificiality of our life means that any change in it must be brought about by re-education rather

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than by ruthless operation with an axe. Old-fashioned revolution in a modern industrial community would be precarious business and the winner would not necessarily be the man with the noblest view of society but the man who could first get milk supplies to hungry children. But that, I suppose, is by way of parenthesis or footnote to our main theme.

The main theme is that we have won relative independence from nature at the price of infinitely greater dependence on one another. It is not a dependence that knows national boundaries. That indebtedness to all men, Greeks and barbarians, which the Apostle Paul perceived as a matter of ethical insight, is for any modern man the most obvious of commonplaces. Yet—and herein lies the tragedy of our times—this commonplace fact is not recognized in our social thinking or our social planning. We talk and, to some extent, act as if we still lived in the age of the covered wagon. We try to run a football game as if it were a foot race. And, what is more, a foot race where we do not start even, and where the prize is to the lucky, the unscrupulous, and the acquisitive. We trust in so-called automatic processes when we ought to trust in planned control of the economic order.

Because realities are bigger than theories, in spite of our talk of economic or "rugged" individualism, collectivism grows apace. One chain-store in the United States did a business of one billion and fifty-two million dollars last year. It has been said that a good-sized room would hold the men who control the credit resources of America and a not much larger room those who control the mineral resources of the world. Yet this control is still in the interest of private profit, still somewhat competitive and generally wasteful and chaotic. It does not deliberately seek the common good, which it treats as a by-product of the search for profit. The obvious results of this method are unemployment, and the type of unrest and imperialistic rivalries which lead to war.

4. One of the interesting consequences of a machine age is the divorce of ownership from responsibility. The machine has unquestionably been a factor in the growth of monopolies. In building up great corporations even before they approach the monopoly stage the device of stock corporations and stock ownership has been very useful. It would be hard for one man or for a few men in partnership to accumulate the capital necessary for great factories. It is not hard to accumulate capital on the stock corporation plan. But this plan inevitably means the growth of absentee ownership. The average stockholder knows little or nothing about the corporation in which he invests except the size of the dividend check or the price of its stock on the speculative market. It is literally true that he often does not know exactly what the corporation makes. If the engineers and trained executives of the steel trust should walk out to-morrow the stockholders as a group would be powerless to do the first thing to keep the mills running. They tacitly acknowledge their powerlessness and their general uselessness, apart from the money they have invested—and a lot of that is water—by virtually abdicating the functions of legal ownership. Responsibility rests on insiders and the key man is the engineer or the manager. The owners are divorced not only from responsibility but even from human contact with the real workers. The class conflict on the part of most of the owners is waged by hired soldiers.

Nothing in our changing ways of living is more striking than this change in

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the nature of ownership. Men of the mediæval guilds would scarcely understand it. Feudal landlords would be amazed at it, for they at least had to bear some responsibility in their domains. When the French aristocracy was concentrated at court away from its lands it was the beginning of the end of French feudalism. It is only in modern times that it would be possible for a man to be regarded as a "captain of industry" without knowing anything specific about the industry or without personal acquaintance with his soldiers.

Under this system shares of stock become scarcely more significant than tokens in a great gambling game. The material prizes go to the successful gambler. In boom times work appears like folly. To get wealth carries its own moral justification. When that happens, as it has happened in modern America, the soil is prepared for racketeering. Why should any one work for inadequate wages, subject to the bitter insecurity of our times, when one may by legal or illegal means, subtle or violent, establish oneself in a position to take toll from the workers or to collect tribute from productive enterprises? It is possible to regard an Al Capone as a kind of a Rockefeller of the underworld who organizes the liquor traffic and several related underworld enterprises as Rockefeller organized the oil industry, with more gun play but scarcely with more essential ruthlessness than the elder Rockefeller showed in the days before having acquired power he turned philanthropist.

From a discussion of our changing ways of living to Al Capone may seem a far cry. Yet the racket of one branch of which Al Capone is master is a factor in our changing ways of living. It is a phenomenon rooted in the soil of our modern world which is the world the machine as we have managed it has given us. It is a world where the breathless changes in material conditions have uprooted men from ancestral homes, made the mobility of labor a virtue, and many of the old loyalties a handicap. It is a world which is sick for lack of an adequate philosophy and a programme to lead to planned control of the billion wild horses of machinery for the common good. It is a world where our larger social loyalties like nationalism are not big enough. It is a world, finally, where the machine which may be a source of abundance may also be a source not only of insecurity and poverty but of wholesale death. Chemistry and physics and their application to the art of living have no inherent moral code. Modern science can be used for life or for death. At the rate our present world is drifting it is more likely to be used for death than for life more abundant. It is not that we are worse than our ancestors, but that we play with more dangerous toys and that we are so much more widely interdependent that folly and madness in any part of the world threatens all nations.

I do not wish to close on a note of doom. I believe that there is still time for man to learn to manage the machinery he has learned to invent. But of what will be required in learning that lesson it is not my function in this paper specifically to speak. It is my task to point out some of the more important facts in our changing ways of living and their significance. Diagnosis must come before prescription. But no man who loves his children and has any hope for the future can look at these changing ways of living and still trust the confused currents of the time to bring us to any safe harbor. To reach that harbor requires the creative energy of the informed human will.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Short articles showing tendencies, and the reactions of interesting people to the world to-day.

A Little Exam

A NOTE ON THE YOUNGER GENERATION

BY THOMAS BEER

THIS is just a report of something that happened on a veranda outside a seaside colony in Massachusetts, on the first Sunday of September, 1930. There was fog in the air, too much fog for tennis, and it was not yet time to swim. The Young had collected to play tennis and stayed to talk. An amused hostess counted twenty-five bodies sprawled on cushions and hammocks. They talked and went on talking after two middle-aged men strolled in to call on her. I do not know how the row began, then. Some youth or maiden said words that amounted to a comment on the misinformation of Middle Age in America. After a while the Young were both supercilious and defensive. Their spokesman was a graduate of Yale College—class of 1929—and he brought on the crash by remarking: "We get so tired of trying to talk to middle-aged people who don't know anything about anything."

He was challenged. Would the Young care to take a little exam in general information? The Young reflected and then accepted. But Harvard '30 made stipulations: there were eight girls in the party and that precluded questions in higher mathematics and physics. Middle Age agreed. The hostess hunted out paper and pencils. An engineer and a lawyer wrote the forty questions. During the stage-wait let us glance at the Young.

There is only one person in the gang who has not been abroad and whose parents could do no more for him than the mill of public education provides. Bob So-and-So gives lessons in golf and swimming for a living. Otherwise a lot of invested money is represented here. Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia, the University of Michigan, Notre Dame, Smith, Bryn Mawr, two notable schools for girls, and the handiwork of very special tutors and governesses are now to be tested casually. There are three Phi Beta Kappa keys. One youth is already allowed to sign his name to book reviews in a pretentious weekly. Nobody is older than twenty-five and nobody is younger than seventeen. But twelve of the Young come from midland States. Well, the little exam commences. It commences a trifle ominously. After reading the list of questions the girl from Bryn Mawr vanishes. But let us see.

1. Who is George Santayana? 5 correct answers.
2. What is the normal period of gestation in human beings? 8 correct answers.
3. Describe a painting by Pablo Picasso. 4 correct answers.
4. What is meant by Baroque? 5 correct answers.
5. Who is A. S. Eddington? 6 correct answers.
6. Who said, "Truth alone is the daughter of Time?" No correct answer.
7. What is chromium? 4 correct answers.
8. What eunuch successfully conducted a great military campaign? 1 correct answer.
9. Who were the Piccolomini? 1 correct answer.
10. Name the authors of
    - *a.* Sticks and Stones? 5 correct answers.
    - *b.* In Our Time? 5 correct answers.
    - *c.* L'Arlesienne? 1 correct answer.
    - *d.* The Siege of London? 2 correct answers.
    - *e.* Rien Que La Terre? 2 correct answers.
    - *f.* Der Zauberberg? 3 correct answers.
    - *g.* The Enormous Room? 5 correct answers.
    - *h.* The Blythedale Romance? 5 correct answers.
    - *i.* The Open Boat? 3 correct answers.
    - *j.* Soldier's Pay? 3 correct answers.
    - *k.* Virgin Spain? 5 correct answers.
    - *l.* Die Untergang des Abendlandes? 3 correct answers.
    - *m.* Folkways? 3 correct answers.
11. What is meant in finance by "Gresham's Law"? 2 correct answers.

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12. Who discovered the circulation of the blood? 3 correct answers.
13. Translate: "Nescire autem quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum." 2 correct translations.
14. For what is Abu Simbel noted? 1 correct answer.
15. Who is President of France? 7 correct answers.
16. What is the oldest golf club in the United States? 2 correct answers.
17. Name the authors of "What Price Glory?" 4 correct answers.
18. Who was Josiah Willard Gibbs? 2 correct answers.
19. What is known as the Newlands Act and what did it authorize? 2 correct answers.
20. Name two kings of France who were taken prisoner in battle. 2 correct answers.
21. Who was Tillmann Riemenschneider? 2 correct answers.
22. What celebrated modern novel ends—"walked back to the hotel in the rain"? 3 correct answers.
23. Who was Tycho Brahe? 2 correct answers.
24. Who was Sir Harry Vane? 2 correct answers.
25. List three compositions of Brahms. 4 correct answers.
26. List two compositions of Stravinsky. 5 correct answers.
27. Who was James G. Blaine? 6 correct answers.
28. List two books by each of the following American authors:
    a. Edmund Wilson. 5 correct answers.
    b. Van Wyck Brooks. 7 correct answers.
    c. Conrad Aiken. 5 correct answers.
    d. Bertrand Russell.* 5 correct answers.
    e. Matthew Josephson. 5 correct answers.
    f. T. S. Eliot.* 5 correct answers.
    g. Sherwood Anderson. 5 correct answers.
    h. Lewis Mumford.* 6 correct answers.
29. Mention one book by each of the following European authors:
    a. Rachilde. No correct answer.
    b. Pio Baroja. 1 correct answer.
    c. Paul Rosenfeld.† 2 correct answers.
    d. Martin Hume. 2 correct answers.
    e. Francis Carco. 1 correct answer.
    f. Oswald Spengler. 4 correct answers.
30. Name three living American architects. 4 correct answers.
31. Who is Stanley Baldwin? 7 correct answers.
32. Who is Edward Rose Maurer? 4 correct answers.
33. What is seismography? 5 correct answers.
34. List five motor-cars manufactured in England. No correct answer.
35. What is the Federal Reserve? 7 correct answers.
36. Name four pioneers of aviation, all now dead. No correct answer.
37. Finish the verse beginning, "They told me, Heracleitus—" 2 correct answers.
38. Who invented the phrase, "categorical imperative"? 3 correct answers.
39. Who is Thomas H. Benton? 3 correct answers.
40. How many names have been misspelled in these questions? 2 correct answers.

*Five of the Young noted that Mr. Eliot is an English subject and nine made the same comment on Mr. Russell. But to Mr. Russell were ascribed "The Golden Bough," "The Story of Philosophy," "I Thought of Daisy," a biography of Napoleon, and "The Mauve Decade." Mr. Aiken's best-known book was mentioned as "Blue Voyages," "Where Blue Voyages Begin," "A Voyage in Blue," and "The 'Blues' Voyage." Not one paper mentions Mr. Mumford's study of Herman Melville or Mr. Anderson's "Marching Men."

†Mr. Rosenfeld's real nationality was known to ten of the Young.

The Young passed in their papers. Some fled, with varying excuses. Some hung around, and two midlanders raised a violent objection. They had been asked "impractical" questions, "damn fool stuff." It was retorted presently that neither of them had correctly answered the questions on the Federal Reserve, the English manufacture of motor-cars, the white metal of their own machines, the Newlands Act, and Gresham's Law. Nor did either of them seem to know how long it takes to produce a human baby. Baby? What was there about babies in the paper? What, they were asked, did they think "gestation" meant? They didn't know, and it wasn't fair to use such words. Murmurs of assent. Yes, said too many of the Young and well-informed, it wasn't fair. In fact the whole thing was most unfair, awfully unfair. Didn't mean anything, anyhow. But it was unfair! Of course, if they hadn't been asked "trick" questions. If— "Aw," said a junior at Michigan, "don't be yellow!" But the American habit was well at work; the children of men who talk about "cyclonic depressions" instead of megalomania when their own follies knock down their incomes didn't care. They had been caught out, and it wasn't fair. That was all. It just wasn't fair.

I was not surprised to hear that they whined. Within a week of the little exam I was sitting in the most lugubrious and unkempt vessel of the New Bedford line talking to a shrewd man who teaches youth. We were talking about "the stream of consciousness" in letters and got on the topic of this method in forgotten popular fiction. I mentioned the revery of Angelica after the tenor's death in "The Heavenly Twins." Mr. P. took a note. He would look that up. He then went to bed. Before I could get away two young men who had hovered close to our conversation pounced on me. One of them was vaguely diplomatic. That was Mr. P. of Columbia I'd been talking to, wasn't it? Etc., etc. He got his feet planted and asked pointblank: "What was the book you were talking about?" He had never heard of "The Heavenly Twins" or Sarah Grand. He took a note. I rather disliked him by this time. And now, just what was this revery all about? He put his pencil on a lip and prepared to gather facts. He meant to write a "theme" on Joyce and the streaming consciousness this winter. I

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was going to be useful. I decided not to be useful. So I said: "You'll remember it better if you read it for yourself," and left him. . . . His comment exploded behind me, and loudly as possible. "Well, of all snotty sons of —" Never mind.

This is not irrelevant. I now quote from the report of the amused lady on whose veranda the little exam was undertaken by twenty-four well-informed young Americans. "The ten worst papers were by the middle western kids. . . . The spelling was simple chaos. . . . It should interest you to know that neither Yale boy knew who wrote 'Folkways'. . . . The girls all fell down on the musical questions completely. I myself took two of them to a Stravinsky concert in Paris last winter. . . . You may question the fairness of the Leonardo quotation, but two sons of Harvard had been solemnly advising Mr. G. to read the Da Vinci note-books just before the fight began. . . . As I see it the trouble with these kids is simple. They do not actually read anything. Notice the collapse on the Hemingway question. They all profess to be crazy about 'A Farewell to Arms.' I discovered that my precious nephew has no idea what the hero of the book is named, and he says he has read it twice." (For that matter two young critics have mentioned the character as "Tenent" in September magazines.) "Not only do they not actually read anything, but their information, as far as I can see, is all acquired by word of mouth. Some one mentions something, a book, or a play. They ask about it, talk of it to some one else for the sake of an effect and then forget about it. *Au fond,* they do not really want to know anything. I am afraid I find it just a little sad."

Perhaps it is also a little funny. But who came out top in the little exam? Why, Bob So-and-So. He is twenty-one years old. Since he was fifteen he has supported a small sister and a mother by giving lessons in golf and swimming. His grandfather brought many books from Boston when he went to buy a farm in California and the boy likes to read. He does not understand how anybody could forget the statues at Abu Simbel, after seeing pictures of them, or the rest of "They told me, Heracleitus—" When he has educated his sister he means to get a job with some publisher of learned books. He thinks it would be wonderful to know a lot.

Earthquake

BY MAXIM GORKI

I was walking along a path leading to the house of my friends who were to shelter me for the night; the path climbed not too steeply along stony terraces; an old town, dark as the soil under it, lay there, pressed to the cliff. At the beginning of the path, under the very first rock, I was hurled up in the air, while a heavy, dull drone resounded within the earth; it seemed to me that the air vanished, I could draw no breath, the sky took the shape of a curve and the stars trembled, as though shooting down. In the same second stones clattered, trees cracked, and I saw that the whole town had wrenched itself away from the earth, was tumbling down upon me; I was thrown down from the path and rolled across the shrubs, along the slope.

My story, of course, does not correspond in speed with the event, that lasted but a few seconds, but the fact is that these seconds seemed to me to drag on not even for hours but for an immeasurable length of time. I would like to speak of it in a short, steady way, but I cannot. . . .

That sensation of bereavement of earth is to be compared with nothing. At sea, in the highest storm, you feel, all the same, firm ground under you and you do not forget that the sea is on the earth. Here—earth vanished, I felt myself to be suspended in the air, although I lay on firm ground. But that ground vacillated under me, poured forth, stirred in the same way as did the shrub, although there was no breeze. I was shaken and tossed as though in

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the aim of being flung into space; the infiniteness of the latter I realized for the first time and it filled me with a dread that I also can compare to nothing. Indeed, all that took place had no analogy with anything, and, if I still compare, it is merely because of an indestructible habit of the mind. The drone of the earth did not resemble thunder; I can sooner liken it to a far-away roar of thousands of elephants. And my fear had nothing in common with all the total of fears ever experienced by me in the ocean, during a storm in the Chinese sea, where our ship got caught in a typhoon, in Africa at night during a tropical shower, or at Isonzo under artillery fire. On all these occasions the sensation that earth was under one's feet never abandoned one, but that sensation was missing through those ten seconds. And the fear before what was taking place was sharp as lightning, as well—after striking its blow—it vanished. Another unforgettable sensation supplanted it—I may call it, the obviousness of peril. Just that. I do not think that this sensation will repeat itself even in the last moments of my life, were I to die without losing consciousness.

It seems to me that in those seconds the instinct of life, the feeling of self-preservation, died within me. I lay, trying not to move, resisting mechanically the jolts of the earth and well knowing that it was absurd to do so.

I knew now that geniuses of the art of the world are not mistaken when they say that at moments of supreme danger the powers of a human spirit,—memory and imagination,—screwed up to the limit, enable one to live through all the events of one's past life.

But I remembered nothing, imagined nothing, I merely witnessed with perfect, painful precision how the gray heap of the town, in prey of destruction, rolled impetuously downward, crawled along the ledges of the mountains, as though swept away by a wind to which I was insensible. Thick clouds of dust rose in the air and also crawled downward, toward me, stones jumped from their midst and were scattered about, the houses of the top streets tumbled down in heaps of litter, struck against the walls of the lower range of buildings, crushed them, adding a helping hand to the weird convulsions of the earth in their aim of hurling down the town lower and lower. The stone clatter of destruction was monotonously heavy and the shrill screeching of iron, the sound of broken window-panes, the cracking of dry wood could be heard through it. From the chaos of dust and the rolling of small boulders white, nocturnal figures emerged, were thrust out, dashed down, vanished—but no human voice was audible.

Somewhere at my side a strange, dry sound droned past, as though of a barrel bursting; I was tossed up again and shaken, and saw once more the sky tremble over the town. The stones now rolled past me; it seemed to me that two or three jumped over my body. There was a moment when the thought, "I am going to be killed," flashed in my mind with certainty. A large fragment of a wall was heavily descending upon me, squashing the shrub, scattering the stones around it. But stopping at a distance, it forwarded down to me a few boulders no smaller than my head, one of them aimed straight at my face; I cringed, bent down, and received the blow on the shoulder and on the side.

But even this did not compel me to rise, run, or roll lower down; I pressed to the earth with all the weight of my body, in the clear certitude that to move was of no purpose and that there was nowhere to go—the earth was going under. Birds flew above me, several rats, a dog ran past, a serpent or an adder crawled by. And then a few white shadows came wandering along, some in silence, others muttering something under breath; women sobbed and a hoarse voice shouted, "Gaetano, eh, Gaetano!" . . . The atmosphere grew stiller, but walls continued to crumble down, small stones rolled with a clatter; it was like explosions on a quarry, not very strong explosions.

Finally the noise of destruction ceased completely and "life re-entered into its rights"—what cheap irony is contained in this commonplace sentence! In the dusty twilight one could hear the sound of human voices, moans, sobs and cries of women; sheep and goats were bleating, dogs howled and wailed, a donkey was roaring, a horse snorting. The town had a population of some four thousand people and by the number of noises I understood that not many had remained. Matches flared up here and there; not far away from me three men lit up a bonfire; one of them said:

"We'll carry them here."

"We'll need water," said the other.

I rose to my feet, not too sure that my legs were going to carry me and that the earth was steady once more. Then I went with the others to help the wounded. The house where my friends lived and where I had spent four days had disappeared, covered up by a huge heap of litter, stone, that had crushed it like a nut.

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Under this shapeless hillock, about ten metres high, five grown-up men had perished, two children. It was impossible and purposeless to attempt searching for them under the ruins of two higher streets hanging above them. I was told that not more than two hundred men had remained of all the population.

The towns destroyed were situated on hills reaching eight hundred metres in some spots, and some of the towns nestled on the very ridge of the mountains. They were very old towns, their origin going back to the twelfth or thirteenth century.

My son went twice to the place of the catastrophe, carrying foodstuffs, blankets; he told me: "The towns are minced into chips, as though a huge hammer had been striking the roofs and the walls of the houses. In one spot the heap of litter reaches a height of thirty metres; it is said that under it hundreds of men, women, children are buried. It is to be presumed that some of these are still alive, but it is impossible to dig them out, as from time to time the remnant walls of houses still tumble down, increasing the dimension and weight of the sepulchral hillock. Among the gray heaps of litter one discerns iron bed-rods, fragments of shutters and window-frames, broken doors, bits of furniture, red bricks, broken plate, tattered clothes and blankets; the wind carries about clods of down from the pillows. Among the stones—the legs and croup of a donkey; over him—a demolished cupboard. It seems as though in all the hollows of the heaps people were pushed in in unnatural, angular attitudes. Sometimes it is merely people's clothes."

Troops, firemen, Fascist organizations work energetically. The work is a hard one and not rich with results; corpses alone are dug out from under the litter, very few wounded. From under some ruins, over which rises a remnant wall, a fireman attempts to set free a wounded woman; he has almost succeeded in dragging her out—but the wall crumbles down and the fireman, together with the woman, disappears under a heap of stones.

Here and there the litter sinks under one's own weight, thick clouds of dust rise into the sultry air, so imbued already with the smell of corpses that some soldiers lose consciousness and fall. Many of them work in gas-masks. One hears the cracking of wood that surrenders its place to stone. Among the ruins was a horse, covered with dust. Its rounds of eyes roll in such an unnatural manner that one might believe it to be insane. Hens, dogs dash backward and forward—half-dressed, half-sane, overwhelmed people wander about. On a small square, free from litter, bodies lie motionless, covered with dirty rags, tarpaulin; soldiers continue to add more and more corpses to the rows, the number of mutilated people grows rapidly. A boy of twelve, decently dressed, even wearing a tie, walks around silently and smiles convulsively, but his eyes are motionless and their glance is that of a man whose mind is killed. Nobody pays any heed to him, as though failing to notice him. There are many lunatics around beside him. The tragedy seems to have torn people apart, separated them, and they are now much farther from one another than they were before. On a heap of stone an elderly man is sitting, protecting the belongings that he has saved, two hats and the frame of a mirror; bits of the glass have remained in the frame and, faithful to their duty, reflect the rays of the sun.

Another man searches to save a blanket. It has been forbidden to rummage in the remains of homes, but people nevertheless attempt to save scraps of their belongings. And, unseen by the fireman and soldiers, the man pulls the blanket from under the litter—pulls and quickly glances around: has he been detected? And then pulls again. The blanket tears; the man, tottering, glances at the dusty rag in his hands, throws it up on the stones and turns away, probably to search for something that will not try to escape his grasp. In the second floor of a house, the half of which is demolished, in a room with one wall missing, an old man hammers a nail into the back wall and hangs some rags on it. People cry out to him to go, the wall might crumble down; but he, without answering, walks to and fro upon the deformed floor and bustles about, dragging into the corner, toward the wall, the pitiful remaining objects. Things are particularly dear to people who do not know how to produce them, never have produced them.

A man was observed who broke open a cupboard in the wall of a room and, dragging money out of it, filled his pockets. Some one told the Fascist policeman that the man was busy in a stranger's house, the Fascist aimed, fired; the man staggered and, grabbing the air with his hands, tumbled down. Such episodes were, no doubt, not rare. A journalist from Milan wrote: "Terrible is the spectacle of the fierce work of elements, but still more terrible the wild debauch of human instincts." Before the troops and young organizations arrived at

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the place of the catastrophe, the most cynical and shameful scenes took place in the half-demolished towns. Running away from peril, rushing out of the houses into the narrow, dark streets, amidst the clatter of crumbling buildings, the strong pushed aside, threw back the weak, the women and children. This revelation of the instinct of life is understandable, although repulsive. But beside this there was something almost more cynical and shameful and quite unfathomable: the appearance of numerous thieves and plunderers, and all these were men who the day before, a few hours before the catastrophe, considered themselves to be honest. And on that night, heedless of the cries and moans of their wounded neighbors, they rushed into the houses abandoned by their masters and made off with all that they could carry in their hands: watches, jewels, spoons, plate, even chairs, even pillows, and fought over their plunder. . . . Those were not inveterate criminals, they were peaceful citizens who had lived side by side for years. . . . It is curious to note that in some places prisoners were temporarily set free to assist the population. They showed great nerve in the search for stolen goods and arrest of the thieves. The parts, this time, had been changed. . . . Speaking of the "wild debauch of human instincts," the journalist forgot to add—of the owner. With this supplement the "debauch" becomes very understandable.

Three days later the smell of dead bodies spread to some twenty kilometres and surrounded the place of the catastrophe with a circle of poisonous, putrid fag. The soldiers worked like heroes, but gas-masks could help them no more, and the poisoned men, more and more frequently losing consciousness, began to protest against having to rummage in the litter. The work on the search for corpses among the ruins was stopped; creolin and potassium poured over the stones. Most probably some wounded still lived under those heaps. Then "life was restored to its rights." . . .

Of course worse wounds than these, inflicted by the blind force of elements, have been healed.

The Messina catastrophe was more terrible and caused the death of a considerably greater number of people, something like 60,000. In Monte Calvo, Villanova, Ariano, and Puglie and other towns perished—so say foreign journalists—from 10,000 to 12,000 people. It is not out of place to mention here the conduct of the foreign press as regards Italy, for whom tourists, it is well known, are a powerful source of profit. English and French papers very forcibly, and, it seems, not quite disinterestedly, exaggerated the dimensions of the catastrophe. It was said that Naples, Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri—spots most frequented by rich foreigners—had been destroyed. One paper even declared that Naples has been the centre of the earthquake, although it was already known that the centre lay between the towns Foggia and Melfi.

In several old parts of Naples from thirty to seventy houses cracked, seventeen people were wounded during the panic, seven died. In Sorrento and Capri the jolts were felt very slightly and no destruction took place. The same can be said of all the towns along the Gulf of Naples.

The exaggerated news about the dimensions of the catastrophe and the false ones as to its location produced of course the one effect: foreigners left Italy in masses, and tourist ships from America changed their course and instead of Naples turned to Marseilles and the French Riviera.

This is not a bad illustration of the "cultural solidarity" and "humanism" of bourgeois countries.

Mr. Gorki, good Russian that he is, tacks a Soviet moral to his very effective story of his experiences. It is the first time to the Editor's knowledge that an earthquake has been used to promote social revolution. In the succeeding pages Conrad Aiken tells why he prefers to live in England and an aviator talks on what's the matter with flying. This group of articles we expect to make a feature in SCRIBNER'S, *varying it occasionally with short stories of similar lengths.*

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Why Poets Leave Home

BY CONRAD AIKEN

When the present writer sailed for England several months ago, for the thirteenth time, he encountered on the deck of his ship a pair of engaging newspaper reporters. They were mildly curious about the reasons for his departure. Was he going for good? Well, yes, probably. He had a house in England, liked England, wanted to return to England. Why? He could give no adequate explanation. To his horror, the papers reported apocryphally next day that he had gone to England because he found it more "inspirational."

There is nothing, it need hardly be said, "inspirational" (dreadful word) about England, nor about any other particular segment of the earth's surface: nothing or everything. One carries one's own personality everywhere, and perhaps only seeks, in a particular landscape, one's own image. As Marlowe's Faust remarks, "Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it." Nevertheless, it is possible to find a landscape, or social organism, in which it is more agreeably likely that one will be contented than elsewhere. If one likes sand-dunes and marshes and mosquitoes and solitude—especially the latter in winter—one may prefer Cape Cod. If one likes noise and theatres and taxis, and the sort of artificial solitude which one can enjoy in Bedlam, one relishes New York. If one is slightly Georgian, one may enjoy Boston. In any of these places it is possible for the American or even the European artist to work and be happy. But if, as not infrequently happens, the American artist prefers a foreign scene, if he wants Italy or Spain or Paris or London, it does not inevitably follow that he cannot at all work in his own country, or find in it any virtues. It merely means that he is happier in one place than in another; and probably not for the same reasons that would dictate a similar choice on the part of any one of his confrères.

Nor, it should be remembered, are American poets and novelists the only recreants in this regard. Authors have always been wanderers, pursuers of nostalgias to strange places; if they are voyagers in the human soul, they are also crossers of seas and explorers of far countries, if only in order that from their farthest north their own land should again beguile them. Much of Dostoevsky's best work was done in Germany and Switzerland and Italy. Turgenev divided his time, like a pendulum of discontent, between Paris and Russia. Nietzsche sought Italy, Heine sought France, Joseph Conrad sought Kent. The list of expatriates could be extended indefinitely—in our own day we have before us the examples of Lawrence, Joyce, Huxley, Max Beerbohm, none of whom, let us note, are Americans. Yet all of them are spiritual exiles, and all of them probably for different reasons. Why does Mr. Joyce remove himself from Dublin to Paris in order to write about Dublin? Or Mr. Huxley live in Florence in order to write about London?

Possibly because distance not only lends enchantment, but also, like a magnifying glass, brings nearer, and again, like a prism, selects the significant. Perhaps Dublin becomes more hugely and vividly Dublin for Mr. Joyce in exile, and more possessedly his; his physical detachment merely renders his spiritual immersion and surrender the more complete, his nostalgia merely makes his memory the more voracious for those bright details which the unconscious increasingly, under such pressure, gives up. But of course there is more to it than this. The mere fact that the writer is living in a somewhat alien community, adapting himself to new manners and customs, a new language, new modes of thought and feeling—all these things sharpen anew his sense of his own scene and language. He now has perspective: both historical and social, not to say geographic. An American train-whistle only becomes mournfully and wonderfully itself when one has heard the fainter cry of an English train; and New England only becomes "new" when one has seen the "old" country.

But I am still, to some extent, begging the question asked me. Why do I go to England? It is all very well to cite illustrious examples, or to guess at general causes. The truth is that I think England is a more satisfactory place in which to live. America is all right—so is France—so is Italy, or Spain. If I could afford it, I would go cheerfully from one to another

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as often as I felt inclined, which would be fairly often. I can imagine nothing more delightful than to have a winter in southern Italy or Granada, a spring in England, a summer in Normandy, an autumn on Cape Cod or in New Hampshire (schedule subject to alteration without notice). But if one must choose between America and England, I for one prefer England. London remains for me the deepest, richest, darkest, profoundest, meanest, ugliest, most sinister and beautiful of cities. New York is brilliant and superficial by comparison, a harsh and hateful collection of architectural masterpieces, a weariness of the spirit, a mechanical perfection, a dance of hotels, a vast steady cacophony for fear of thought, a panic of speed for fear of boredom. Home? It is the city of unresponsive door-bells; everybody is always out at a "party." How an author could work there without an inescapable feeling of hurry, of being at the end of a telephone, at the top of an elevator, and in the grasp of the machine awaiting his copy, I cannot conceive; and while it is obvious enough that many authors do excellent work under these conditions, I cannot believe they will be able to do so for long without some permanent degradation. (I say nothing of the commercial vulgarity which is apt to engulf them, nor of the general air of tea-party gossip and small personal publicity with which it seems necessary, if they are to be a "success" in New York, or to satisfy their publishers, they must surround their work.)

And New York, though it is the quintessence in this regard of what is worst in contemporary American civilization—the maximum of the tempo—is, I think, a fair enough symbol of the thing which I go to England to escape. We have not yet wholly learned in America how to live peacefully and isolatedly and civilizedly in the "country"; when we live in the country, we take a group with us, we at once organize clubs and cocktail parties to keep out the dark, we have to have motor-cars to increase our geographical range, and in short the whole American mechanism goes along. I do not mean to say that there are no exceptions: no doubt there are many. But the change from this jazzed countryside to the countryside in England is astounding. Here, too, there are a few cocktail parties, for those who want them, where the cocktails are very bad and the gin very good; but they are not a desperate necessity, a *sine qua non,* as with us; one gets along without them just as one gets along without a car or a telephone. It is not considered necessary to become mildly drunk every afternoon or evening. Instead, one goes for a walk through charming country, where footpaths make it admirably easy to avoid roads, and where the absence of undisciplined ragged second-growth trees makes it an almost universal characteristic of the English landscape that one is always aware of distances, of the "long view." If the English landscape is more "tamed," it is less uniform, more vivid, more real, invariably richer in detail, and heaven knows with that sort of wildness which wild weather can give. Clouds, wind, rain, fog, shifting effects of shadow and sun—all are more immediate and realizable, a constant and delightful menace. One understands what was meant by a famous local liar, in Rye, who once remarked, "Why, I walked right *under* a rainbow between Rye and Winchelsea, and believe me, the colors wa'n't *half* fine!"

All this touches only indirectly and tangentially on the purely social aspect of our subject. When I first went to England, after my freshman year at Harvard, it was because I felt a profound nostalgia for the country which had produced the English literature with which I was in love, and the country, moreover, which had been the home of my ancestors. Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" was the immediate stimulus, and it was not unnatural that I should go first of all to Liverpool. Later, as I went again and again, and to other places, chiefly to London, it was also because there seemed to me then to be a richer and livelier and finer literary tradition, of a living sort, than anything I observed in Boston or New York or Chicago. It may have been an illusion, it may have been simply because I was young and impressionable, but at all events it appeared to me that the people I encountered casually in London, or elsewhere in England, were subtler and keener, and more in the civilized habit of making fine distinctions, than the people I encountered casually in America. If I acquired from them a feeling of inferiority, I also acquired an education. The whole scene was richer and deeper and more nutritious; everywhere was evidence of an inherited and infinitely graduated sense of values. The "solution," socially speaking, was a more sustaining one; and if it left less for the individual to do by his own effort, it saved much time and energy which might otherwise have been wasted in the mastering of the commonplace.

In short, the thing I first sought in England was the thing which many American authors have sought before me; the thing that drew Henry James to Paris and to London, and

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which made him lament, in his study of Hawthorne, that Hawthorne had not left New England sooner than he did. It was simply an appetite for more complexities and refinements than, at the moment, Boston seemed to provide, and for a civilization in which literature was more honorably a living thing. But this was a quarter of a century ago. . . . And I go back to England now, not so much for complexities and refinements, though these are still there, nor for a comfortable assurance that literature is still alive—I am not sure that it isn't a good deal more alive in America, at the moment—but simply for a mode of life which seems to me to be healthier, wiser, more peaceful, and more real; and perhaps also in order that I may cultivate, for a while, a bitter homesickness for the land of my birth.

Air Pockets and Aviation Progress

BY ROBERT MORRIS BURTT

AIR POCKETS are a myth. There are, in truth, no holes in the air through which an airplane may fall like a plummet because there is nothing to sustain the plane in flight.

But there has been an air pocket for the aviation industry. The frenzied period of activity coming on the heels of Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris was followed by the prodigious crash in 1929 when the bottom seemed to fall out of everything aeronautical. This condition of course was aggravated by the general stock-market collapse of the same time, but it would have come even if business and market conditions in America had continued on a boom scale.

There have been many causes contributing to this, but primarily it was brought about by the refusal of America to get off the ground. Americans have been willing to buy aviation stocks, they have made heroes of great aviators, they have boosted aviation as no industry was ever boosted before, but they have refused to fly themselves.

After Lindbergh's triumph there was a perfect furor of public interest in aviation, and money flowed in on the industry. Hundreds of thousands of people would undoubtedly buy airplanes and learn to fly. The skies would be congested to such an extent that a serious air-traffic problem would be faced. Aviation would be the new Henry Ford, the new General Motors, and the public at last had a chance to get in on the ground floor.

It was only natural that fake promoters should have taken advantage of the excitement to loose a flood of beautiful lithographed, but otherwise valueless, stocks on the public. Of the approximate $750,000,000 that have been invested in aviation the last three years it is estimated that almost $400,000,000 have been lost. A substantial portion of this has gone into dishonest promotion schemes.

But millions were lost also in honest companies which engaged in the scramble to beat other companies in the race for aeronautical supremacy. Qualified personnel could not be developed fast enough. In short, the industry was not ready for the public and—what was more serious—it soon became plain that the public was not ready for aviation.

Most aviation investments were made in companies building planes for private use. The airplane could annihilate space. It could save days of valuable business time for a busy man. It gave a man a tremendous advantage over his more conservative business rivals. The economic value of the airplane lay in the fact that it could outdistance any other form of transportation. It was a question of speed and more speed. The engineers set themselves to designing faster airplanes, those having superperformance.

But the infant aviation industry forgot that by so doing it was making it more and more impossible for the average man to fly. It forgot the fact, which any one at all acquainted with flying knows, that as the top speed of an airplane is increased the landing speed moves up also. It overlooked the fact that in striving for

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speed it was reducing possible sales to private owners to negative proportions—and so cutting off its greatest potential market.

It is over a quarter of a century since the Wright brothers made the first successful airplane flight on the sands of Kitty Hawk. Orville and Wilbur Wright were not unusual men physically. Due to their experiments they had developed a mental confidence, but otherwise they were no better fitted for flying than is the average human being of to-day. Yet they both flew, despite the handicaps of faulty motors, insufficient structural strength, instability, and a considerable mental hazard attendant upon the projected conquest of a mysterious, dangerous, and unknown element.

The basic reason they could fly, and fly well, under such conditions was that the flying-machines they built had a very low landing speed, approximately twenty-two miles per hour. The reflexes of the average person will react quickly enough at that speed to insure an adequate control of the machine which is being operated. Any one that has driven an automobile at such a rate knows this to be true.

An airplane moving at the same rate of speed as an automobile is more difficult to control because the flying-machine functions in three dimensions instead of two. The degree of skill required for operation is much greater. However, at the slow rate of speed mentioned, a little over twenty miles per hour, the average human being can learn readily how to manipulate an airplane.

Landing and taking off are admittedly the hardest part of acquiring mastery of the art of flying. That is why the slower the landing speed the easier it is for the novice to grasp. Once off the ground it does not make much difference. As a matter of fact, within certain limits, the faster a plane goes the more easily controlled it becomes. This is because the air flows past the controlling surfaces with greater velocity at higher speeds, consequently causing the plane to react more sensitively to their movement. But with every mile per hour the landing speed is increased the greater the obstacle that has been placed in the path of the prospective private flier.

The landing speed of the average commercial airplane at the present time is a little under half the top speed. That means that, with a maximum of 120 miles per hour, the plane has a cruising speed of approximately 100 miles per hour (considered to be a minimum for transportation purposes), and a landing speed of about 55 miles per hour. It so happens that this figure is the average landing speed of American commercial airplanes, at least up to a very recent date.

As a result of the trend of aeronautical development aircraft have been designed and built primarily for the transportation market, air lines and air mail, to be flown by professional pilots with a vast amount of expensive and specialized training. If a private owner or business concern did buy a plane, a professional pilot was hired to fly it.

By far the greatest number of aviation enterprises have been initiated for the purpose of selling airplanes to the private market, servicing them, and teaching their owners to fly. There are many adequate, well-equipped airports and aircraft-service depots in existence to-day, but no planes to take care of. The condition savors more of tragedy than humor. Due to this situation, at least in a great measure, is the wide-spread slump in aviation and the low level of air stocks.

Within the last few months the industry has awakened to the gravity of its condition, has seen the mistakes of the past, and has set about rectifying them. That is what all this present hubbub over gliders and power-gliders amounts to. (A power-glider is a larger, heavier glider equipped with a small motor.) And the way the public has taken to them has shown this to be a step in the right direction.

In order to build something that will be easy and safe for the average man to fly, the industry has jumped back to the Kitty Hawk days, taken a leaf out of the Wright brothers' early book, and started all over again. After a persistent but vain effort to cram something down the public's throat it didn't want, aircraft manufacturers have seen that high speed, super-performance type planes can't be sold to the great masses, because most people value their lives more than their money. So they have taken the old Kitty Hawk plane, with its landing speed of a little over twenty miles per hour and a top speed of, perhaps, forty-five miles per hour, dressed it up in modern clothes, made it more stable, equipped it with a reliable motor, and gone out for the public's patronage. And the response is coming.

A fair indication of the difficulty of learning to fly present-day, high-performance planes is shown by the fact that a responsible, government-approved flying school charges over $4,000 for a course leading to a transport pilot's license, the best commercial rating obtainable. The same school demands $600 for a private pilot's course. Some well-meaning

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optimists have claimed that flying an airplane was as easy as driving an automobile. There are no car dealers that charge even $600 to learn how to drive. In fact, a small automobile can be bought for that much money with a course of instruction thrown in free!

There is grave doubt whether pure gliding will ever attain a high degree of popularity. It may be possible that the art of flying "soaring gliders," as practised in Germany, will do so provided areas can be located that offer the necessary atmospheric conditions. People, especially grown-ups, have graduated from the "sled" days. They may like to coast down-hill, but they are not fond of pulling the sled (or glider) back up again.

Nevertheless power-gliders, low-performance airplanes, are attracting people into the air and will become increasingly popular. In order to operate them safely and successfully, five or six hours of instruction will be ample. They are being built to sell for around $1,000, a price that puts them within reach of an infinitely larger number of potential buyers. They are inexpensive to keep up, as the motor burns only about two gallons of fuel an hour and a small amount of oil. In case of motor failure in flight their slow landing speed makes it possible to alight in a relatively small area. If it should crack up, there is little chance of serious injury, and even in a total washout no great amount of money will have been lost.

The outstanding value of this new development lies in its bringing flying within the reach of the general public. People will put-put around in the sky with far greater freedom than they chug-chug along in their little outboard motor-boats. Lakes, streams, and even salt water have limits, while the sky stretches above and to every point of the compass, limitless. They will feel the controls and personally experience the pleasure and thrill of flying. And commercial aviation will have plenty of planes to service.

It has been asserted that people would not fly unless they could get somewhere in a hurry. This has been proved to be a mistake. A recent survey of a number of private owner-pilots showed that less than 10 per cent of their flying time over a period of a year was done on cross-country trips. Amateur fliers don't want to go away on trips over strange country, through possible bad weather. They want to become accustomed to this new element, to find themselves, to develop confidence in the air.

The vast majority of private owner-pilots are going to be pleased with low-performance planes for many years. The transportation business, air mail and passenger lines, is a specialized field of its own, requiring ultra-fast aircraft and professional pilots. It will have little to do with the business of catering to the private market.

After this present generation becomes accustomed to a safe landing speed of twenty miles per hour, it is possible that the next will acclimatize itself to a slightly higher speed of, say, twenty-five miles per hour. In time it is probable that the average landing speed of airplanes for private owner-pilots can be pushed back up to the figure that prevails for present-type commercial planes. Whether this will take years, or hundreds of years, is difficult to say.

Out of the chaos of the past year several outstanding facts, however, have been disclosed. Flying, at least some phases of it, is here to stay. Air transportation of mail and passengers is progressing slowly but surely from the experimental stage to that of a stable business. Just how popular flying will become for the layman, to what extent airplanes will be privately owned and flown, depends more on the aviation industry than on the public. Safe aircraft must first be built for the average man to fly, and a high order of intelligent salesmanship will have to be initiated to overcome the fear of the air that still prevails in the public mind.

It is a strange fact, but true, that American citizens go across to Europe and travel everywhere by air without giving much thought to the procedure, whereas they never think of patronizing air lines in the United States. This condition, however, is more true of the Eastern States than of the Middle and Far Western ones. Air travel is advertised, forces its attention on the public at, for example, a point such as Kansas City, whose great airport is closer to the business section than the union station and where there are more than thirty regularly scheduled air liners daily. The roar of airplane motors over the streets is so common, occurring at all hours of the day, as to cause scarcely an upward glance.

A slight comparison between commercial air activity in Europe and the United States is extremely interesting. Passenger and mail transport in Europe is expanding gradually, but it is progressing with dizzy rapidity in the United States. For example, at the end of the year 1928 there were 55,013 miles of regularly scheduled air lines in Europe as against 39,060

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in this country. In that year the European lines carried 252,677 passengers to 52,934 for the American lines. And approximately five times as much mail and express went to their destination via the air in Europe as in the United States.

By the end of 1929 the picture had changed completely. The amount of flying done on transport lines, the number of passengers, and the volume of mail and express traffic, have all increased in a far greater proportion in the last two years in the United States than in Europe in the last eight. In fact, estimating the figures from those European countries from which no returns are available, it appears that the aggregate transport mileage flown under American control in 1929 was almost exactly equal to the total for all Europe. And with the 109,090 airplane miles that were being flown daily in the United States at the end of July, 1930, it looks very much as though American commercial air-transport activity will soon double that of Europe. Especially now that the Watres Bill, a marvellous boon to civil aviation in the United States, is a law.

It is also interesting to note that there is a striking tendency to develop the world map of airplane ownership and operation in parallel with that of the automobile. In the United States there is one airplane for each 10,000 people. In accordance with automobile precedent comes Canada next, with one airplane to every 22,000 people. The average for Europe is well over 100,000, and for India is 17,000,000.

But the public has not bought planes in any quantity. To-day there is only one private owner-pilot in the United States to every 50,000 of population, despite the fact that the totals show one airplane to every 10,000. The difference lies in the fact that 80 per cent of all civil planes are used in air transport, schools, mail and express, or some phase of professional flying.

There are definite signs that another era is coming, however. Aeronautical engineers are experimenting with the widening of the variation between top and landing speeds. The Curtiss Tanager, winner of the recent Guggenheim Safe Aircraft Competition, is a step in that direction. It has a landing speed of approximately one-third its high speed. It is quite probable that in time airplanes will be constructed which will have a top speed of four and five times their landing speed.

As private flying develops and widens in popularity there will be many more airports built that will cater principally to the private owner-pilot. As, for example, the Aviation Country Club on Long Island. Large commercial airports, especially those at strategic centres, with a large amount of air mail and passenger traffic, will keep to themselves. And general interest in aviation will be built up by the amateurs to a point where the aviation industry may become as important as the country expected it would be.

This Drought

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

Heart, since you cherish loveliness, beware
The drought that kills more delicate bloom than frost;
Even severest winter does not cost
A violet's life. The frozen root can share
An equal cold with granite. When the air
Screams with the polar wind, black buds are tossed
Against an icy sky, and are not lost. . . .
O heart, not after winter comes despair.
How shall I make you safe against a sun
The whole world worships? Where is any shade?
Dried are the hidden fountains, one by one;
The shadowy groves and gardens shall be made
Sere as the desert when this day is done. . . .
O heart, be cold and secret . . . and afraid!

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

MARK SULLIVAN'S admirable history of social, political, commercial, artistic, religious life in the United States during the first quarter of the twentieth century, called "Our Times," provides, with its copious and well-chosen illustrations, an invaluable record for posterity and for those who are yet alive and can remember. The new volume, the third, called "Pre-War America," a title which guarantees that it will not be dry, contains nearly six hundred pages and about two hundred pictures, and is a worthy successor to its forerunners.

The political chapters are naturally dominated by the aggressive personality of Theodore Roosevelt, the most outstanding individual in America from 1898 to 1914. Perhaps never again will the newspapers be fortunate enough to have any one in political life carrying such colossal "news value." Everything that Mr. Roosevelt said, no matter on what subject, was good copy; and every newspaper quotation from him seemed to shout from the printed page. When he was aroused (and when wasn't he?) his words were like blows. What a godsend he was to reporters, editorial writers, caricaturists, parodists, and cartoonists!

Roosevelt was a statesman and a man of genius; he was also a consummate politician, who fought for his ideals more cleverly than a grafter fights for money. Yet he made two glaring errors. His impulsiveness, which endeared him to the crowd, was I suppose responsible for his statement on election night in 1904 that at the expiration of the new term he would not be a candidate for another. No one ever enjoyed the presidency more than he; and it is probable that if he had not made that proclamation in 1904 he could have been re-elected in 1908. The statement, positive as it sounded, was in reality ambiguous, for his enemies insisted that he had declared he would never run again—every one remembers the Reverend Doctor Lyman Abbott's defensive illustration of the third cup of coffee. Roosevelt's statement gave cause for more discussion than any other remark made *ex cathedra* until Calvin Coolidge's famous "choose" in 1927. But Coolidge's announcement was not a mistake. Its wisdom has since been abundantly proved.

Roosevelt's other error was in running for the presidency in 1912. Among Woodrow Wilson's powerful and numerous enemies, there was none more implacable than Roosevelt; yet it was Roosevelt who made Woodrow Wilson President of the United States. Did his raging hostility to Wilson during the war arise partly from his inner consciousness of that fact? For Roosevelt, who fought both his successors, Taft and Wilson, placed them both in the presidential chair.

Many witty remarks by journalists are quoted by Mr. Sullivan; but I miss two, both from the New York *Sun*. When it was announced that after his retirement Roosevelt would be contributing editor

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of *The Outlook*, *The Sun* suggested that its name should be changed to *The Look Out*. And in its own adroit fashion of killing two birds with one stone, *The Sun's* sole comment on March 4, 1909, was

Thru!

The splendid services to America and to mankind rendered by Mr. Taft in the years preceding his elevation to the White House are fully recorded by Mr. Sullivan; Taft seemed one of the greatest diplomats in our history. It is always pleasant to remember that Mr. Taft, after twice refusing the desire of his heart, a place on the Supreme Court, should finally have been made Chief Justice. Pleasant also it is to remember that the quarrel between two who had been such intimate friends, Taft and Roosevelt, was fully made up before Roosevelt's death.

Roosevelt was always a hunter; and it is difficult to say which he enjoyed more —hunting big game in Africa or hunting big game in big business. One can hardly exaggerate the hostility he aroused among the railway magnates. I well remember, on the occasion of a small dinner-party of men, given by President Mellen of the New Haven road, his rising from his chair in a fury, and saying, in a convulsion of passion, "If I had my way, I would put Roosevelt behind the bars!" Mr. Mellen sincerely believed that T. R. was a dangerous enemy to the prosperity of the whole country.

Fortunately for public men, the memory of the public is short; whether it concerns a man prominent in politics, or a man like Jack Dempsey. I can plainly remember at large assemblies when the name of Chauncey Depew was cheered; then when it was hissed; then when it was cheered again. On the occasion of the Insurance investigations, Mr. Depew was quoted in the papers as saying, "It took me forty years of hard work to build up a reputation; and I lost it all in one forenoon."

> There are flashes struck from midnights,
> There are fireflames noondays kindle,
> Whereby piled up honours perish,
> Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle.

Mr. Depew was more fortunate than some of his colleagues; he lived to enjoy a happy and honorable old age.

Roosevelt was the supreme regulator; he wished to regulate everything, in public and in private life. Naturally such an omnibus programme involved some difficulties. He had to put back the "In God We Trust" which he had removed from the coins, and most scholars refused to follow his bizarre spelling. I suppose he himself often used his new spelling in his letters, but it does not appear in any of his manuscripts that I have seen. Incidentally, to those gullible folks who think character can be read by handwriting, what shall we say of Roosevelt's penmanship? Surely he had a powerful and splendidly furnished mind; his handwriting seems immature.

Roosevelt had a good heart; his overflowing geniality was natural and sincere. He was hated by individuals, but beloved by the crowd as only three other men in our political history have been loved—Henry Clay, James G. Blaine, William J. Bryan.

And it is certain that out of his administration flowed a wave of righteousness in public affairs, the likeness of which had not been seen for many years. Things that were done before his time have not been done since.

Furthermore, one reason for Roosevelt's leadership was his total lack of prudence. Young men will not follow a cautious leader. St. John Ervine, in his book "Some Impressions of My Elders"

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explains why he and his companions followed certain men rather than others. He mentions as leaders Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Belloc—saying, "These challenging, fighting, protesting men were concerned less with pity for the victims of life than with anger against or opposition to the oppressors of life. They did not wring their hands; they put up their fists." There it is in a phrase; Roosevelt always put up his fists.

Mr. Sullivan rightly gives much space to the abuse of railroad passes. I can well remember the evidence of what he says, when not to have a pass was a sign of obscurity. I can remember wealthy men, unconnected with the management of any railway, who took out of their pockets for exhibition a block of passes two inches thick. Once, when a friend and I were travelling on a parlor car from Port Huron to Detroit, we two were the only persons on that car who paid our fare. And it was not a private car.

Mr. Sullivan has an immensely interesting chapter on Doctor C. W. Stiles (whom I knew in the Hartford High School) and the hookworm. This is one of the most thrilling passages in the book; and it is good to see, for once, a physician receiving as much glamour as a soldier. I remember one delightful incident connected with this disease. When John D. Rockefeller gave a million dollars for the extermination of the hookworm, one of the Yale papers made a diverting typographical error, in saying, "Mr. Rockefeller has just given one million dollars to destroy the bookworm." There was great excitement among members of the Faculty until the truth became known.

In all the humor aroused by the discovery of the hookworm and the jokes about the long name for the disease resulting from its activities, it is interesting to see how superior the wit expressed in London *Truth* is to the article quoted from an American newspaper (pages 297, 298). It is one more illustration of the fact that English humor consists of understatement, and American humor of exaggeration.

The chapter on Pre-War Popular Songs is one of the best in the volume, and as one reads these pages and glances at these scores, one can hear again those saccharine melodies, so perfectly adapted to sentimental verses. Some songs have their day and cease to be; others return in a later age. When I was a little boy, every one was singing "Darling, I am growing old," which enjoyed a resurrection fifty years later. I wish the Trapeze song would come back. The songs before the war were sentimental, and the songs after it were cynical; an analogous case was pointed out in our graduate class in versification by Professor Briggs at Harvard, who called our attention to the difference between Lovelace's

> I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more,

and Sir John Suckling's

> The Devil take her!

Mr. Sullivan's account of the origin and composition of "When you come to the end of a perfect day" will probably set thousands of impecunious writers to "words and music." Who can forget glorious May Irwin, singing the "Bully Song"? and who, "among those present" at the dinner to William Gillette in New York on February 9, 1930, will forget May Irwin singing it again? I had the honor of sitting next to her at table; it was a happy and memorable occasion for me. She is an artist and a gorgeous personality.

What Mr. Sullivan says of "The Rosary," which had a second birth in the popular English novel by the late Mrs.

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Barclay, is a well-deserved tribute to author and composer.

One song popular during the period this chapter covers, "The Rosary," touched hands with the most exalted in poetry and in music; it stands out in this record of popular songs like a solitary tall lily in a garden rather given to marigolds and zinnias. As to its words, it was one of the few songs of sentiment that would parse; as to its music, it was one of the rare American popular songs of which the composer had a background of sound training in classical music.

Mr. Sullivan's volume closes with the death of that gallant gentleman and distinguished dramatist, Bronson Howard. I remember that Mr. Howard had foretold the coming of the great age of the drama, which he did not expect to live to see, although he felt sure it was coming.

Mr. Sullivan's book should be bought, owned, read, and reread.

An autobiographical book of great charm, importance, and value is Hamlin Garland's "Roadside Meetings," beginning with the story of his terrible hardships in Boston, a veritable romance of a poor young man. His description of the excitement caused in 1890 by the production in Chickering Hall, Boston (where I heard during the same epoch De Pachmann play Chopin, nor shall I ever forget Philip Hale's impressive review of it), of the new American play, "Margaret Fleming," given by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne, will appeal to all those who, like me, were in the audience. We felt a new age was coming in American drama, and we were right; we felt, too, that there were possibilities outside of the commercial theatres, and we were right; for this Chickering Hall undertaking was, as Mr. Garland says, the first of the American "Little Theatres."

Mr. Garland's account of the evening when he and James Whitcomb Riley dined and talked with Rudyard Kipling is one of the most interesting chapters of this interesting book; his intimate contacts with Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller (the unclassifiable poet), Howells, John Burroughs, Stephen Crane, Henry James, Barrie, are described with animation. His own development is as clear as if we saw him walking. But although he talks about himself on every page, perhaps—and here not every one will agree with me—the most remarkable quality in him is his modesty. Even now he cannot get over his amazement that great writers talked with him familiarly. He is still the humble worshipper who came out of the uncouth West. He has never lost his illusions.

One of our living masters of English style is Stark Young, and his new book of short stories, called "The Street of the Islands," is written as if he were quietly rejoicing in the plenitude of his powers. In all his writing there is the charm of mystery, as there is in slow music or in a suave day in autumn. In reading a book like this, which has what the late George Calderon called centrifugal power, one frequently pauses, looks away from the page, and reflects on life in general.

"I want to be ears to those who have no opportunity for hearing," he said. "For that," he went on, dropping into the most practical tone you could imagine—he had sat down again—"I must combine many arts. First I must be able to cure men's bodies. . . . Only with healthy bodies have men a right to go to other things. And there, you see, come into play the rest of my aptitudes for making people happier!" And yet how strange people were, he said, and the human body is a thing so complex and full of mystery. What were we to think, when we read, for example, that Lord Bacon always went into a syncope at an eclipse of the moon, or that Erasmus fainted at the smell of fish, or of Catherine de Medici's falling into a swoon at the sight of a rose, even in a picture?

Carl Van Doren's biography of Swift

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is an excellent work, and one of the few I wish were twice as long. Many readers no longer young will remember in reading these pages the famous lecture on Swift delivered in the eighties and nineties by the well-beloved Professor Winchester of Wesleyan. That was, I think, the first lecture on a purely literary subject I ever heard; it was delivered in Unity Hall, Hartford, in 1883, and on my mind it made an impression that has not yet faded. Swift is an author that it is impossible to treat to-day either with condescension or with ridicule; wherein he differs from nearly all the worthies of the past. Only a short time ago I read an essay by an English man of letters devoted to sneering at Addison. I do not sneer at Addison myself, not feeling sufficiently superior; but I can easily understand how others can belittle him without fear. In the case of Swift, the sneer is safely directed at those who failed sufficiently to respect him—Thackeray, for example. Thackeray little knew, when he delivered his lectures on the English Humorists in Boston and New York, that the time would come when his remarks on Swift would damage his own reputation. The late Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of English Literature at Oxford, called Thackeray a greasy evangelist; and Carl Van Doren's reference to the lecture is as follows: "Full of Thackerayan whimper and sniffle."

Mr. Van Doren does not know whether Swift was married to Stella or not; and sometimes I wonder if Stella knew. I think some light on Swift's relations with Vanessa would appear, if we would only remember that when Vanessa was supposedly most hotly in love with him, Swift was fifty years old. Now if there was one thing Swift could never endure, it was being placed in a ridiculous position. His Resolutions When I Come to Be Old show that plainly enough.

Most of Swift's anguish of mind came from his luciferian pride; I wish he could have taken to heart the song of Bunyan's shepherd boy:

> He that is down need fear no fall,
> He that is low no pride:
> He that is humble ever shall
> Have God to be his guide.

I regret that Mr. Van Doren did not discuss with more detail Swift's real attitude toward religion. He disliked Roman Catholics and Dissenters; he was a stanch supporter of the Church of England. He hated overt atheism and articulate scepticism; he believed the Church was a bulwark of civilization. He fulfilled his duties as Dean of St. Patrick's honestly, faithfully, and authoritatively. But if it were not for the prayers he wrote for "Mrs. Johnson," I should doubt that he had any real religious faith. Certainly he got little comfort from it, for he lived all his days like a man without any hope either in this world or in the next. So many pessimists are inconsistent and insincere, that it is almost refreshing to see one pessimist both candid and undeviating. Swift kept his birthday as a day of fasting and mourning.

One reason, apart from the supreme excellence of its prose style, that has made "Gulliver's Travels" a best-seller every week for two hundred years is that the terrific artillery of its satires was directed against vice, whereas the satires of our popgun-marksmen of 1930 are directed against virtue. Swift attacked lying, cheating, cruelty, meanness, ingratitude, treachery, whore-mongering, vulgarity—and these, like the poor, are always with us.

After reading a few pages of Swift, how inept it seems to call the Very Reverend W. R. Inge The Gloomy Dean!

Opportunely enough, a new and beau-

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tiful edition of Swift's "A Tale of a Tub" has just been edited by Edward Hodnett.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Glory of the Nightingales" has not the universal appeal of his "Tristram," simply because all the world loves a lover, while a hater commands only a limited suffrage. But it is a noble and austere poem, with that smouldering flame so characteristic of its author's dignified reserve. It is not for all markets, but it will not disappoint those who, like me, rejoice that its author is an American.

It is, or ought to be, well known that Theodore Roosevelt gave a public accolade to Edwin Arlington Robinson before the poet had attained a commanding position. But the facts concerning it are not known; therefore I am grateful to Lucius Beebe, of the New York *Herald Tribune,* for sending me the following letter. Mr. Beebe is the author of two interesting books on Robinson, called respectively "Edwin Arlington Robinson and the Arthurian Legend" (1927) and "Aspects of the Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson" (1928), which books are already much sought after by collectors of Robinsoniana. Well, here is the letter to Mr. Beebe from Kermit Roosevelt, under date of October 4, 1930.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Robinson's poetry through seeing a copy of his first book in the library of Mr. H. H. Richards who was my Dormitory Master in Groton School. Mr. Richards is a son of Laura E. Richards, and a grandson of Julia Ward Howe, and he and Mr. Robinson were friends as boys in Gardiner, Maine.

It was in 1903 that I saw the book, and I immediately set about getting a copy to give my Father. The publisher, Badger, had only the limited vellum edition left, and last night I looked up the copy and found that I had given it to Father on January 19th, 1904, and had given one to my Mother on August 29th, 1904.

Both Father and Mother immediately appreciated "The Children of the Night," and Father said that he would write a review for *The Outlook*. I well remember how he made me think that I was helping him write the review, and insisted on giving me half of the fifty dollars which he was paid, a sum which I immediately expended on books.

Either at the time of this review, or a little before that, Father got hold of Mr. Robert Bridges of SCRIBNER'S, and arranged for the reprinting of "The Children of the Night."

I am sorry that more and more the publishers are falling into the bad habit of changing the name of an English book when it is printed in America; for the change almost always involves an insult to American readers; as though we should be more likely to buy a book if there were something sensational in the title. "The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones" becomes "Taking the Curtain Call"; "R. D. B.'s Diary" suffers a sea-change into "In the Days of Bicycles and Bustles"; and so on. A few days ago, I was talking with the English Elizabethan scholar Sir Edmund Chambers. He spoke of his new book published in England, and I asked him what title he had given it. He replied, "William Shakespeare." I asked, "What do you think the publishers will call it in the American edition?" Without a moment's hesitation he said, "Our Willie Again."

Two excellent English novels, alike only in their excellence, are "Doctor Serocold," by Helen Ashton, and "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," by Siegfried Sassoon. The former, a full-length novel, begins early in the morning and ends late in the evening of the same day. All general practitioners should read it; they work while we sleep, and with beneficent results. But there is in it an unexpressed hope for every honest individual in the world. Mr. Sassoon's book lacks the charm of his previous one on the Fox-hunting Man, but only in proportion; that is to say, only as the hunting of men lacks the charm of the

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hunting of foxes. It is an admirable novel, although it leaves one with a sense of the futility of both warriors and pacifists.

Richard Burton, in a small volume of poems called "The Carpenter Lad," has done the best work of his whole career. This is imaginative poetry, and I will add that it is steadily interesting.

The book mentioned above, "Taking the Curtain Call," being the life of the famous playwright Henry Arthur Jones, is a fine biography by the one who knew him best; it is also a history of the English stage during the fifty years since 1880. The intimate letters from Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm, Henry Irving, Pinero, and many other men of note, add greatly to its value and to its appeal. Mr. Jones's daughter writes the life of her father with affection that is never blind. One sees his faults and loves him still.

With reference to the discussion in these columns on subconscious poetry, an interesting letter and illustration of it come from Margaret L. James, of Urbana, Ohio.

The statement about Blackmore's subconscious poem I find of the greatest interest—it answers a question I had often wondered about.

One of the poems of my sister-in-law, Alice Archer Lowell James, was dreamed in the same way. The complete poem roused her from sleep and she rose and wrote it down for fear she would forget it by morning, as indeed she did until she saw her written record of it. Without revision or embellishment she sent it to the Century Company and it was printed in the Christmas number of their magazine, and the following year was included in her small book of poems brought out by Harpers ("An Ode to Girlhood and Other Poems," 1899).

I suppose all real poetry is more or less subconscious but I feel that there must be a more spiritual quality in those poems which come during sleep.

I am enclosing a copy of the poem I mention.

WHILE MARY SLEPT

The Christ-Child watched sweet Mary's face
The while she slept.
And for the woe that must claim his place
The Christ-Child wept.

And on her breast made kisses four,
As a cross is made,
To heal those wounds which forever more
Should be on her laid.

His little feet in her bosom pressed
Where her soft hair trailed
To comfort her with remembrance blest
When his feet were nailed.

And laid his face on her face in sleep
To prevent the tears
When the crown of thorns with his blood
should weep
In the coming years.

Here is a *fact,* however startling it may appear. During the theatrical season in New York, 1929–30, a very successful play was "Death Takes a Holiday," the idea being that on a certain occasion Death took three days off, with the result that no one in that locality either could or did die during those holidays. Well, in the week ending September 27, 1930, all the New Haven newspapers announced in big advertisements that "Death Takes a Holiday" was coming to New Haven, and seats were on sale for the following week. Whereupon the following letter, while explaining itself, does not explain the astounding fact it reveals:

Dear Professor Phelps:

Interested in your review in the New Haven *Journal-Courier,* October 1st, of the play "Death Takes a Vacation," the following may be of interest to you.

For the week ending September 27th, City of New Haven reported to the United States Census Bureau in Washington a similar affair. For that week ten deaths as compared with the usual approximate number of forty or more were recorded and the remainder of the report consisted of zeros where the usual was of one or more deaths from various reportable causes.

Such a condition, "Death Takes a Vacation"

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has never previously existed for any one week at any time from my personal knowledge in the annals of the Health Department of this city.

Yours very truly,
DWIGHT M. LEWIS.

Dwight M. Lewis, M.D.,
Director, Bureau of Communicable Diseases, Department of Health,
New Haven, Conn.

George W. Lyon of Pittsburgh, referring to a double-barrelled pun I made in the October SCRIBNER'S on "heard" and "saw," writes:

The chiastic word order recalled a similar flash of wit by Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust." . . . What a clever idea of the Greeks, this *crossing of words' ideas,* derived in part from the Greek letter, Chi, or X! Yes, as a figure of speech it is perfectly simple, simply perfect.

Eugene A. Moran, of Wauwatosa, Wis., gives me a good Scotch story which does not concern parsimony.

An amusing story of a Scottish quarrel is told by Alexander Sinclair, whose fund of Scotch anecdotes was inexhaustible:—

"Sir John Schaw, of Greenock, a Whig, lost a hawk, supposed to have been shot by Bruce, of Clackmannan, a Jacobite. In Sir John's absence, Lady Greenock sent to Bruce a letter, with an offer of her intercession, on Mr. Bruce's signing a very strongly-worded apology.

"His reply was:—

" 'For the honoured hands of Dame Margaret Schaw, of Greenock:—

" 'Madam,—I did not shoot the hawk. But sooner than have made such an apology as your Ladyship has had the consideration to dictate, I would have shot the hawk, Sir John Schaw, and your Ladyship.

" 'I am, Madam,

" 'Your Ladyship's devoted servant to command,

CLACKMANNAN.' "

P. M. Stone, of Waltham, Mass., believes that the English greatly excel the Americans in the art of writing detective stories. He says:

I can think of but four American writers of detective fiction who have reached a high standard in the construction of mystery plots, namely: Agatha Christie (American born, I believe), Earl Biggers, Van Dine, and Charles Dutton. Van Dine's Philo Vance is occasionally a most tiresome sort of a cuss, but he surely makes no hackneyed approach to the solution of his problems, and as for Charlie Chan, I think he is one of the strongest and most unique characters ever created in detective fiction.

Although I do not see how one person can be more unique than another, I agree with all that is said as to the merits of Agatha Christie, Earl Biggers, and Van Dine. Charles Dutton I have never heard of. But there are many other writers of detective stories whom I admire and enjoy. Rufus King, Carroll J. Daly, John Hawk, Joseph Gollomb. Oh, yes, and plenty more! Incidentally, Agatha Christie was born in Torquay, England, married an Englishman, lives in England, but I believe her father was or is American.

Many seem to wonder at my ability to read many books in what they consider a short time. In comparison with Arnold Bennett, I am painfully slow. According to Doctor Wilbur Cross, Arnold Bennett has said that he can "tear the entrails" out of a pile of new books, and write a fifteen hundred word *causerie* about them, all, reading and writing, within the space of one hour. Why, it takes me almost fifteen minutes to read through the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Professor Eugene De Forest Heald, of Lenoir Rhyn College, Hickory, N. C., visited Fano on July 16, 1928, and sends me a snap-shot of a town scene he took at high noon. He is admitted to the Club.

Mrs. William H. Britten, of Columbiana, Ohio, read the F. Q. through in one month and enjoyed it. I congratulate her

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on this and many other accomplishments; the only thing in her letter that I condemn is her suggestion that "I do for the F. Q. what Ernest Hill has done for the Canterbury Tales." Now the only thing to do with the Canterbury Tales is to read them. Any one who, instead of doing something with them, does something for them, should be immediately stood up against a wall, etc.

Another convert who joins the F. Q. Club is Robert W. Bretall, a Senior in the High School of Evanston, Ill.

It is not too early in the new year to talk about daylight saving. It is an error to have daylight saving only in the late spring and summer months. Daylight should be saved when it is worth saving. Thus daylight-saving time, no matter in what month it begins, should continue up to the first of December. It is in October and November when the majority of people are most in need of a postponed twilight. An hour longer in those autumn afternoons would be good for everybody, and certainly more precious than in June. Benjamin Franklin advocated daylight saving in the eighteenth century; but it took over a hundred years and a World War before his ideas on the subject were adopted. A World War to force us (in every sense of the word) to see the light.

It is unfortunate that many people write books about religion without having any.

It is fortunate that many novelists are not nearly so bad as the books they write.

Books mentioned, with authors and publishers.

"Pre-War America," by Mark Sullivan. Scribners. $5.
"Roadside Meetings," by Hamlin Garland. Macmillan. $3.50.
"The Street of the Islands," by Stark Young. Scribners. $2.50.
"Swift," by Carl Van Doren. Viking. $3.
"The Glory of the Nightingales," by E. A. Robinson. Macmillan. $2.
"Doctor Serocold," by Helen Ashton. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
"Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," by S. Sassoon. Coward McCann. $2.50.
"The Carpenter Lad," by Richard Burton. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.
"Taking the Curtain Call," by D. A. Jones. Macmillan. $4.

An important announcement in furtherance of SCRIBNER'S *policy of presenting the diversity, the color and flavor, the values of American life will be published in the February* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. *A considerable amount of significant and revealing material has come to us from non-literary sources, and we are taking steps to open the gates to more of it. Specific facts, regional interpretations, personal records and observations show America as it really is and convey the gusto of life as generalizations never can. Many such records will appear in* SCRIBNER'S *during the coming months.*

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Mortal Man

(Continued from page 16)

sense of elation, of self-gratification, that nothing had happened . . . until later, in bed, when he couldn't sleep, and that sense of frustration came back, flayed him. For a long while he lay awake . . . until finally he got solace out of the remembrance that she had said she would see him to-morrow. 'Saturday night,' he thought. 'If she'll come out with me and dance?' He searched his memory. 'That Hungarian place—and really do some drinking. . . .' At last he could sleep.

4

On the table, covered with a coarse red-and-white-check cloth, stood a tall unlabelled bottle, empty, with another, half filled with a reddish-brown wine, beside it.

"Dangerous, isn't it?" said Louise Kendall, her eyes on the bottles. "It tastes so mild and sweet."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's delicious—but I feel it, don't you?"

"Yes." Dyckman reached over, grasped the neck of the bottle and twisted it in his fingers. "Probably made right here in New York," he said contemplatively.

"Do you think so?"

"No doubt—but from Hungarian memories." Dyckman smiled. He felt the wine. His thoughts floated. His vision seemed intensified. The people at the other tables seemed particularized. The lights, at times, seemed to oscillate. He was filled with an expansive fondness for the woman beside him.

They sat side by side at the small round table, chairs together, backs to the wall. His hand rested on her knee; her hand was laid lightly over his.

"Are you a little drunk?" Dyckman asked, bending his head close to hers.

"Yes—and you?"

"No doubt of it. Do you like it here?"

"It's swell." Louise looked around the enormous room, at the walls covered with garish paintings of costumed Europeans, at the high timbered ceiling, the rafters strung with orange and green, blue and red streamers. "A strange place. It looks as if it might have been a stable, or fire-house——"

"Or police station," Dyckman put in.

The place had filled since they had arrived. Every table was taken. Young and old, family groups, drunk and sober. The smoke from cigars and cigarettes clouded the air with a blue haze.

Abruptly the lights went out, and a shaft of spot-light struck upon the centre of the empty dance floor. A hush fell. Necks were craned. The orchestra opened with the rhapsodic notes of a *czardas*. A swarthy girl with her black hair done in long braids danced swiftly into the spot-light. Her clothes were vividly colored. She wore huge hoop earrings of silver, heavy silver bracelets on her arms, and a silver collar. She gyrated, braids swirling, fingers snapping, bead necklaces and baubles tinkling, colored pettiskirts twirling . . . the music broke, became languorous, languishing, with a distinct tom-tom beat in it. The dancer clicked together the red heels of her black boots, stamped on the floor in time with the beat of the music, and moved her thighs. It was as if she sought, asked for, love. Then again the music quickened, became ecstatic, rhapsodic. She whirled, whirled, whirled, until the music ceased and she sank swooning to the floor. She had found love, and its culmination.

The lights went on, and applause burst.

"Interesting," said Louise. "It's nice here, seems real, authentic, so unlike most of the places in New York."

"Yes." Dyckman's voice was vague. His eyes gazed far away.

"What are you thinking?" she asked, surprised.

"That I can believe I'm in Europe tonight."

"And you like that idea?" A note of jealousy sounded in Louise's voice.

"Yes." He heard her silence, and instantly came back to her. He pressed himself close against her, pressed his thigh against hers. He felt very loving toward her. "Only if I was with you," he said.

She squeezed his hand. He saw the corner of her mouth twist in a smile.

Now the leader of the orchestra, a rotund little man, got down from the stand and came across the dance floor, playing a solo on his violin, ogling the diners, singing a gypsy song. Then he changed tongues.

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"Muss es denn, muss es denn," he sang—
"Gleich die grosse Liebe sein?
Kann man nicht, kann man nicht,
Eine Nacht nur Selig sein?"

Dyckman clapped appreciatively. "This place has what the Germans call *Stimmung,"* he said enthusiastically. *"Viel Stimmung!"*

"What does it mean?" Louise asked.

"Stimmung—it's hard to translate——"

"No, I mean what he sings. Can you understand it?"

"What does it mean?" Dyckman repeated, looking at her. "Yes, it means what I'm thinking, wanting."

"And that is?"

Dyckman leaned against her, put his lips to her ear, kissing it and whispering an answer. "It means—must it always be a great love—can't one be blissful for just one night?"

"Oh!" She threw back her head and laughed, a jolly chuckling laugh, and patted the back of his hand. "You're very bad," she said.

Dyckman, his head twisted sideways and propped on his elbow on the table, peered quizzically into her face. "Do you agree?"

Her reply was to take his chin, just for a moment, between her thumb and forefinger.

Dyckman wondered at the gesture. "Are you happy to-night?" he asked.

"Very." She squeezed his hand, the hand which lay on her knee, under the table.

"And are you forgetting the past, the immediate past?"

"Yes, fast—and everything else."

"Good," said Dyckman, smiling at her.

The orchestra played a one-step.

"Shan't we dance again?" he suggested.

She rose, and went after him as he picked his way among the tables. At the edge of the dance space he faced around and took her in his arms. The floor already was crowded with couples—young and old, drunk and sober. Dyckman guided neatly among the clumsier dancers. Louise pressed her slight body against him. One of her arms lay lightly across his shoulder. His hand was in the hollow of her back, curved in toward him. Her other hand, in his, was moist. Her cheek was smooth against his, her breath, humid and sweet, in his nostrils. Her curls caressed his face.

"You're lovely to dance with," he said, hugging her against him.

She raised her face. "You're a sweet man," she said in his ear, kissing it.

They wove, as one, among the dancing couples. Through the haze of smoke, the heat of human bodies, in the excitement of the music, they twisted and glided. Sweet wine flowed through them. They charged each other with passionate desire.

"Are you happy?" Dyckman asked again, as they went back to their table.

"Yes, darling, and woozy."

'Darling,' Dyckman repeated in thought, and was pleased. He felt an urge to go, to be alone with her. He looked at the two empty wine-bottles, at the two empty glasses. "Let's have two cognacs?" he suggested.

"If you want. Nothing seems to matter any more."

When the liqueurs came Dyckman asked for the check. He paid it, and they drank out their drinks.

"Shall we go?" he suggested.

"Yes, we'd better," she answered, laughing. "While we can."

Dyckman took her hand, guiding her among the tables, around the edge of the dance floor. He felt unsteady, oppressed by the heat, the smoky air, the music. He was impatient, waiting for the check girl to give him his hat and gloves.

Outside he breathed in gratefully the fresh air. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"Woozy—otherwise fine."

A taxi was waiting at the curb. The driver caught Dyckman's eye, reached his arm around and opened the door. Dyckman handed her in. "10 West 15th Street," he said, and got in after her.

"Are the windows open?" she asked.

"Yes, and the front, too."

"Good." Louise took off her black hat and laid her head on his shoulder.

Dyckman rubbed his forehead against her head, then laid his cheek against her curly hair, breathed in the fragrance of it. He put his arm around her, so far around that his hand reached up under her breast.

"Comfy?" he asked.

"Deliciously."

Dyckman put his lips to hers, kissing her . . . while the cab went down Fifth Avenue, empty, its traffic lights dead, rolling smoothly past the shops, the cross streets, the lights which flickered by the windows. . . .

She sat inside, putting on her hat, tidying her hair, while he got out, unsteadily, to pay the driver. He hurried awkwardly, trying to anticipate any suggestion she might make that he keep the cab for himself. He fumbled through his wallet, gave the chauffeur two dollar bills, then clumsily began to count out

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change. He saw her getting out, and reached his hand to her. She stood by him while he settled the fare. The cab started up noisily, and drove off with a grating of gears, before either of them moved, spoke. Dyckman waited for her to ask him to come up, or to say good night. He was aware of the quiet of the early day. Then, "Won't you come up?" she asked, her voice low.

The tension with Dyckman relaxed. He realized he was very drunk. Lurchingly he put his arm around her waist. "Good," he said jovially, peering into her face. "We might have another drink, *n'est-ce pas, nicht wahr,* eh? As a finale?"

She laughed. Dyckman felt it through her body, held close against him. He saw her make a little grimace . . . then a gap in his awareness occurred . . . he had no realization of going up the stairs . . . awareness came again when he stood in the open doorway of the apartment, heard the click of a lamp, and saw the living-room in its reddish glow.

They sat together on the divan, arms around each other, dully, stupidly.

"I think I'm quite drunk," Louise said.

"Yes, I know I am," Dyckman added. He felt very tired.

"Perhaps we'd better not take another drink," she went on.

"No, it doesn't matter," he answered. The keen edge of his exhilaration was gone now. He felt ready for sleep, thought of his apartment, of his bed.

They lay back on the divan, sobering. Dyckman realized his passion had ebbed. He felt dull, stupid, felt a desire only for sleep.

"Maybe I'd better go home?" he suggested.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Dyckman fumbled for his watch, then twisted his head up from the cushion to look at it. "Three-fifteen."

"It's so late. You can sleep here on the couch."

"Yes, if you think it would be all right?"

"Why not? I have my bedroom."

"Yes, I'm awfully sleepy."

"Get up," she said, "while I open the bed." Her voice was clear, her face alert. "Come on." She took his hand, laughing. Her intoxication seemed gone.

Dyckman sat in the easy chair, and watched her take off the cushions and pull down the heavy velvet covering. Underneath was a bed, made up. "Do you like to sleep high?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered her dully.

She put two of the cushions into pillowcases, and tossed a pair of yellow pajamas on the bed. Then she turned toward Dyckman. "There's your bed." Her tone was matter of fact. And she went into the other room.

For a few minutes Dyckman continued to sit, wishing he were already in bed. When he got up, with a conscious effort, Louise appeared in the room, a full glass in her hand, holding it out toward him. "I thought, after all, this might help you to get to bed," she said. Her voice was calm, even.

"Thanks a lot," he said, taking it. "My liquor seems to've died on me." He looked at her. "You're so *damned* sober."

"I didn't drink quite as much as you, you know."

"No?" surprised. "I tried to get you to."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"No? Are you sure?"

"Maybe."

They laughed. Dyckman nodded toward her as he raised his glass and drank. She watched him, amusement showing at the corners of her mouth, then moved away.

"That revives me," he said—and found he spoke to the empty room.

"What are you saying?" he heard her call from behind the closed door.

"Why did you go so quickly?"

"It's time for bed."

Dyckman glanced around him, at the windows, and saw it was graying outside. He began to undress, attempting to place his clothes neatly across a chair. He put on the pajamas, lurching into the legs, lit a cigarette, sat on the edge of the bed, took up his glass.

'Now what?' he wondered. 'Not so sleepy now. Yet I guess I can go to sleep'—he looked at the glass in his hand, nearly full—'if I don't drink any more.'

From the bathroom he heard the sound of running water, then the fall of a foot against the floor. He tried to visualize the bathroom at that moment.

"Oh, hell," he muttered, looking at the glass. Quickly he raised it, drained it.

Now his drowsiness was gone. He threw his cigarette into the fireplace, got up and walked around the room. He felt excited, felt chilly, shivered. He lit another cigarette, taking it out of a box on one of the tables, while the cover fell on the floor. 'Wish I had another drink,' he thought. He wondered what Louise was doing, if she would come again into the living-room. He paused at one of the win-

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dows. Across the way the windows were open, curtains blowing in and out of them. Nothing appeared up or down the street. It was nearly daylight. Then he heard, from behind him, the door open.

"The bathroom's clear now," he heard Louise say, as he looked around, "if you want to wash."

She was going toward the chair. She wore a purple silk negligée, ending at the knees. Below Dyckman saw the legs of purple silk pajamas, white ankles, tiny purple mules. She had let down her hair, and caught it together at the back of her neck with a narrow purple ribbon. She didn't look at Dyckman. He saw her pause by the chair, her back toward him. He went to her, brushed his hand across her sleeve. "That's nice," he said. "Yes, I'll go in now. Will you wait here?"

"Yes, I must. I can't go to bed till you're through." Still her back was toward him, her hands together, fingers against each other, at her lips.

When Dyckman came back into the living-room Louise lay curled on the bed—the divan—smoking. Again he saw her white ankles and tiny purple mules—and the contour of her hip. As she heard him come into the room she got up, went to the table-lamp and turned it out. "You've daylight to go to bed by," she said, looking toward the windows. Then she started toward the other room.

"Must you?" he asked.

"Must I what?" She faced him, looking at him.

"Go?"

"Don't you think so?"

Dyckman was silent, looking at her eagerly, experiencing a conflict between emotion and reason, between desire and fear. "I suppose so," he said finally, lowering his eyes.

Louise again started for the door behind him. He was aware of her perfume. As she passed close to him he took her hand, then immediately let it go. At the door, behind him, he heard her pause. Together they turned, facing each other.

"Must I?" she asked, her voice low, tense.

Dyckman stared at her, and saw, in the pale light of the new day, that her face was drawn, saw pain in it. It pulled him toward her . . . on this early morning in late May.

Part II

I

On a September morning Dyckman awoke on the divan—the double bed—and felt the fresh air of the early day which blew through the open windows, ruffling the chintz curtains.

He twisted his head and looked at Louise Kendall. She slept, her back to him. He reached toward the stand for a cigarette, lit it, then lay on his back, staring at the ceiling, thinking, alone with his thoughts. . . .

"Hello," he heard beside him.

"Good morning," he answered, without looking around.

"My kiss, please." Louise's voice was mockingly reproachful.

Dyckman again twisted his head, and let his lips meet hers. Immediately he thought how meaningless for him kissing had become.

"You don't do that as well as you once did, Bob," she said, as if she had heard his thought.

Dyckman hesitated for a moment. Then, "Shan't we get breakfast?" he suggested.

Louise grimaced. "Old man," she said, and got up.

Alone in the bed, alone in the room, Dyckman lay for a few minutes. He stared through the open windows at the sunlight which sparkled outside. 'Summer's gone,' he thought. 'Autumn's here.' A new season always gave him a sense of another beginning. 'Three months now,' he thought, touching his thumb and two fingers against the blanket, and letting his other fingers, like his thoughts, hang up in the air.

From the kitchenette came the fragrance of coffee and frying bacon. 'She's sweet to me,' he thought, and for a moment was displeased with himself, felt shame.

Now Louise came into the room with a tray. "Lazy one," she said, putting the tray on the table.

"Just waiting for the bathroom to be clear." Dyckman began to get out of bed.

"A minute, please." Louise disappeared into the other room.

Dyckman went to one of the open windows, and stood beside it, looking out at the day. The sun shone. The sky was blue, with fleecy white clouds tumbling across it. An autumn day, an autumn sky. A sky like it, clouds like these, always reminded him of the war—of those days of his life not associated with the emotions concerned with women.

"All right, darling, the bathroom's clear now." Louise smiled at him as he turned

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around. He saw the moist tenderness of her eyes. They gratified, and at the same time, frightened him. As he went toward the door she put up her mouth for a kiss, reached out her arms toward him, put them around him, hugged herself against him.

Dyckman drew back his head, looking into her face. "Why are you always so loving in the mornings?" he asked.

"I like to be loving all times."

"Yes," he said, kissing her and releasing himself.

"And you don't like me to be, Bob?"

"No, not always."

She said nothing, while he went into the bathroom. 'The burden of woman, of love,' he thought. Washing, he thought on: This getting up in Louise's apartment had become a routine, the waiting for her to dress an irritant, and the disposition of the day a drag. Shaving, he thought, 'Wish it never had happened.'

Across the breakfast-table Louise looked quizzically at him. "Don't you like me to-day, Bob?" she asked.

"Of course. Why?"

"You're so distant, so far away."

"What makes you think so?"

"The way you look, the way you behave."

"I'm sorry. It's the season, I guess. In the autumn I always get fall fever."

"What is it—like spring fever?"

"No, not quite. Spring makes me want to expand, go forward." Dyckman paused, searching for expression. "The fall seems to close me in on myself, makes me look back over my shoulder."

"How queer!"

And through breakfast each was quiet, contemplative.

"It's glorious out, isn't it?" Louise said finally, lighting a cigarette and blowing out the smoke toward the windows. "What shall we do to-day?"

What to do? Dyckman had come to hate the query. He was silent, lit a cigarette, twisted in his chair and stared outside.

"Bob?"

"Yes?"

"Why are you so strange?"

"I've told you once already." Dyckman's voice was edged.

"Yes, only explanations don't satisfy."

"I want to go over to my place," he said abruptly, gruffly.

"Why, Bob?" Her voice was full of surprise.

"I've some things to do."

"What? On Sunday?"

"Yes, letters to write. I'm way behind with my correspondence."

"Then I can come, too?"

Dyckman looked away from her face. "No, Louise dear, I can do them quicker if I'm alone."

"Why, Bob, what's gotten into you?"

"Oh, Louise, please don't catechise me!" Dyckman's voice was irritated. "Can't you understand that I want to be alone for a while!"

She was silent—hurt.

Then Dyckman got up, went around to her, passed his hand across her breasts, her neck, her face, her hair. He leaned over and kissed her. "You don't mind, Louise dear?" he said, his tone tender now.

She pushed him away, almost violently. "No—if you don't want me."

Dyckman seemed uncomprehending. "It isn't that," he said. "It's only that every one likes to be alone sometimes, you know."

Louise appeared thoughtful, while Dyckman went back to his chair. "Yes," she began, "I think often you want to get away from me."

"Yes?"

"Why, Bob?"

"I don't know. Don't let's talk about it."

"Please, Bob, we must. Try to tell me why it is?"

"Well—sometimes I feel you want so much love."

A few moments of silence. Then, "A man doesn't understand kisses as a woman does," Dyckman said.

"Yes, that's true, and I wonder why it is?"

"God's answerable, I guess," Dyckman said.

"And he never answers."

"I can't be with you all the time, Louise," Dyckman went on. "I can't stay here in your apartment all the time, you know."

"Why not? You can if you want."

"Well, we aren't bound to each other, you know."

"Yes, I know that."

A note in her voice caused Dyckman to ask, "Do you wish we were?"

"At times, yes."

Dyckman got up quickly, and began to walk up and down the room.

"I'd like to have a baby, you know," Louise continued.

"Yes, Louise, we've gone into that many times."

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"I know, but I keep thinking of it."

"I wish you wouldn't."

"You shouldn't need to worry. It could be my child. I have income enough."

"But, Louise, we don't love each other that way, enough for that!" Dyckman put emphasis into his voice.

"*You* don't, you should say."

"But you've told me, often during the summer, that you didn't want to marry me."

"Yes, I know—but that was only because I knew you didn't want it."

Dyckman disregarded the significance of her remark. "Then why be impractical?" he asked.

"You don't understand how a woman is, Bob?"

"Perhaps not." Dyckman laughed unpleasantly. "I've been told so before."

"By other women?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"You take an affair too seriously, Louise," Dyckman interrupted the silence.

"That's true." She spoke bitterly.

Dyckman sat down. "Let's forget it," he said.

"Yes." Louise got up, came around the table, sat in Dyckman's lap, put her arms around his neck, kissed him.

For a moment Dyckman felt frantic. It was precisely this which he had meant when he had thought of woman, of love, as a burden, when he had complained that Louise wanted so much love. It seemed to him that she was weaving fetters around his mind, his body. He wanted to flee, to escape her personality, her physical presence—escape his thought of her. Yet he now sat quietly—unresponsive. After a few moments he smiled at her. "May I be released now?" he asked.

"You're very mean, Bob," she said, and got up.

When Dyckman came out of the bathroom, shaved, dressed, ready for the street, Louise sat in a chair, smoking. Her face was reflective. Dyckman leaned over and kissed her curls. She grasped his hand.

"I think you're rotten to go so soon," she said, her voice small.

"But I must do those letters, Louise."

She rose, put her arms around him, looking into his face. "Will you be back for supper, for cocktails beforehand?"

Dyckman hesitated. Then, "Phone me," he said. "I'll know by then how much I've gotten done."

Louise slumped into her chair. Dyckman went toward the door, and picked up his hat. *"Au 'voir,"* he said, as he passed out through the doorway, avoiding Louise's eyes, which he knew were wide open, reproachfully on his back.

Rapidly he went down-stairs, glad to be alone, glad to be going home—and hurried along 15th Street. When he turned into Fifth Avenue he broke his pace, ambling through the bright sunshine, enjoying the clarity of the air, the unusual freshness of the city, the people on the sidewalks, the faces and dresses of the women who passed him.

'People are coming back to town,' he thought. With them the summer slackness at the office would end. 'Plenty of work to do now.' He thought on, 'Why was I such a fool last spring? It's time it ended now. It's got to end . . . before I get involved. I can't always be with a woman.' He was glad to be alone to-day, walking along the sunny streets, alone, on this bright autumn Sunday.

When he entered his apartment he was aware of his pleasure in being in it. Even though he had been here almost every day during the summer, to-day he felt as if he had been away for a long time. The sensation intensified the familiarity of all its furnishings: the leather-upholstered chair by the window, the blue-covered day-bed, the high walnut chest of drawers with mahogany mirror over it, his small desk with the book-shelves beside it. Dyckman wandered into the bathroom, and out again. He went to the clothes-closet, took off his coat, put on an old lounging jacket. For a few moments he stood in front of his book-shelves. Then he went to his desk, straightened the top of it, took up a pile of correspondence, paper and envelopes, fountain pen.

Yet he couldn't write letters. Instead, he leaned back in his chair, staring out of the window, at the gray wall across the court. Even on its dull drabness the autumnal sunshine was brilliant. Dyckman's thoughts dwelt on his relationship with Louise, and saddened him. The magic had gone out of it; all the novelty, all the charm. Where had it gone? Why had it gone?

Again he tried to answer letters, and again failed.

Now he got up and went to the book-shelves. He took out a copy of a book, a new book with the jacket still around it. "The Magic Mountain." He had bought it last May, early last May, and had never opened it. That caused

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him to realize how he had spent his time during the summer. With the volume held in his hand he stared out through the window. Again he had that sense of pleasure in being alone, in being alone in his own place.

"The hell with my correspondence," he said aloud. "I'll read." He tossed the book into the chair by the window, got the demijohn of gin out of the closet, went into the bathroom and mixed a drink.

Then he read, sitting in the comfortable chair by the window, smoking, slowly drinking from the glass on the arm of the chair, getting up twice to mix fresh drinks . . . now staring out at the sunlight on the gray wall, thinking . . . thinking back into the early summer . . . thinking of the change which had taken place during the weeks of the summer . . . thinking of his quiet content in being here alone to-day. . . .

Yes, Louise would phone him, he knew. Then he thought, 'If I should go out for a walk now, for a walk through the sunset'—he liked that idea, now, sipping his third gin—'I wouldn't get the call.' His thoughts went on, 'I'd stop in at Paul's, take a cocktail with any one I might find there, then go on to Josef's for supper . . . and home here to read again before going to bed. Hell! Why did I let myself get in for this last spring?' His train of thought allured him; the alcohol gave him a sense of defiance toward Louise. Yet before he had gotten up from his chair his thoughts broke, wavered, flowing to and fro with the befuddlement of his slight intoxication, went back to the early summer.

Yes, it had been pleasant, when summer lay heavy upon Manhattan, to walk through the fading sunshine of the dying days toward 10 West 15th Street—with the stress of the day behind, and ahead the cool of the evening in the quiet of Louise's apartment—cold Martinis, the company of woman, the stimulation of desire, nights of making love. . . . It had given him a sense of irresponsible delight to find the key to her apartment in the mail-box in the entry—he always found it there when she wasn't yet home from work—and to climb the four flights of stairs with a sensation of satisfaction—compounded of possession and participation. . . . And to be alone in the apartment, to feel the emptiness of the place, and yet be aware of Louise by association between her and each object he saw—the divan, the tables and lamps, the ash-trays, the books, the African Negro sculpture along the top of the book-shelves, the etchings on the walls; to know that he was wanted here, was not a guest in Louise's apartment. . . . And to go into her bedroom, with the white-painted bureau, her silver-mounted toilet articles laid out on its cover; to see her white wooden bedstead, with white counterpane embroidered with a design in old rose; to be swept by a sudden surge of passionate desire, to lean over and draw his hand across the counterpane in a caressing gesture. That had given him a delicious sense of intimacy. . . . It had been charming to be able to go into the kitchenette and mix a gin-ginger-ale, and then sit with the drink beside him, and anticipate her coming—her knock at the door, Louise standing on the open threshold in close-fitting black hat, her hair curling around its edges, her great dark eyes that opened wide when they gazed at him, her slender neck with its V of white flesh, rounded shoulders under thin blue silk, the slender trimness of her figure, her feet together in neat black slippers with silver buckles, her arms full of bundles—food for supper, for their supper together. . . . Yes, it had been nice during the summer . . . and now . . . now . . .?

Br-r-r-r, the telephone rang. Dyckman raised his head, yet for a few moments he let it ring, thinking, 'How often I've wanted a phone to ring like that when I've been here alone, to know some one wanted me'—again his thought broke, went back to the early summer—'to know then that Louise wanted me.' A wave of tenderness came over him. Quickly he got up, went to the telephone.

"Hello! . . . Yes, Louise dear," and paused, listening. "Reading, why?" Pause. "I'm alone, yes." Pause. "You say I sound that way? No, I'm *not* drunk!" Pause. "Yes, of course, I'm feeling much better. . . . I'll start across now. . . . Shan't we eat out? . . . Well, all right, we'll decide when I arrive. . . . Yes, *au 'voir*."

2

After the end of twilight, a week later, Dyckman and Louise came out of the entry at 10 West 15th Street.

On the pavement they paused for a moment. "Now don't be grumpy, Bob," Louise said. "It isn't often I ask you to go to a party with me."

"I know, but I'm tired to-night. I'd rather have stayed in. And I've never found a theatrical crowd very interesting."

"Yes, Bob, but it's necessary for me to go to this party. It's almost a part of my job." They were walking along the street now.

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"Yes, that's the trouble with women who hold jobs," Dyckman complained.

"But don't forget that women who work *have* their points."

"Such as?"

"Independence."

"Meaning economic?"

"Mostly."

"Yes, but that works two ways."

"How do you mean?"

"A man doesn't always want independence in a woman."

"You're unreasonable, Bob. You've often told me you like me for my ability to pay for myself"—she hesitated, and added—"and for my apartment."

"Oh, well, the emotions are unreasonable. We're on our way now, so let's forget it."

"Yes, if you'd only look a little more cheerful."

"I'll try." Dyckman smiled wanly.

Louise took his arm. Dyckman was aware of not liking the gesture, of being bothered by the slight pressure of her arm on his.

"Sometimes, Bob, I think you don't like me very much," Louise said.

"Why?"

"You spend so few nights at the apartment now, as compared with early in the summer."

"Well, the office is no longer slack. I'm working very hard now, you know."

"Yes," Louise went on, "I know, but sometimes I feel you fight against me, try to push me away from you."

"Yes?"

"Don't you?"

"Don't one's emotions vary?"

"I'm not talking about your emotions, Bob, but your liking or not liking me."

"All right. Then doesn't liking, just as the emotions, vary? It isn't reasonable to expect a man to be always the same."

"No, of course not."

For a block they walked in silence.

"You aren't as you were earlier in the summer, Bob," Louise said.

"No?"

"Are you?"

"Maybe not—I don't know. Why?"

"It was nicer then—our relationship." Louise spoke as if to herself.

"Everything's nicer when it's fresh."

"But can't two people be fresh for each other longer than a couple of months?"

Dyckman hesitated a moment, then spoke dryly. "If so, I've never found the way."

"You can be very unkind, Bob."

"To myself, yes."

"How do you mean?"

"Do you think it's pleasant for me, if I'm that way?"

Louise was silent, only pressing herself closer to him. Yet Dyckman's ill humor persisted as they walked through the early evening toward East 19th Street. When they were climbing the steps of a house Louise slipped her arm along Dyckman's side, squeezing his hand. "Please cheer up, Bob darling," she pleaded.

Dyckman smiled at her genuinely. "Yes, Louise dear," he said. "Sorry for my nastiness." He put his arm around her, and for a moment held it there. "Forgive me." He kissed her quickly. "I'll be good now."

A door on the first floor was open. Light and voices came out through it. As they went in Louise was greeted noisily by several persons. Dyckman caught snatches: "Hello, Louise, I haven't seen you for an age. Have you been away? . . . Did you go abroad this summer? . . . Well, you have given us the go-by. . . ."

Dyckman had a peculiar sensation—as if he were responsible for Louise having stayed away from these people. He recognized that in the sensation pride was mingled with alarm—with a fear of consequences.

Now Louise's hand was on his arm. "Bob," she began, "this is Maud Williams, and John Golday, and Berthe Le Bar . . ."

Dyckman's acknowledgments were restrained. He held himself slightly aloof. It was not his crowd; he felt strange.

Then Louise was separated from him. He found himself standing alone in the crowded room. 'A couple of drinks,' he thought, looking around, and immediately went up to a buffet-table loaded with a huge punch-bowl, glasses, and wide platters of sandwiches and cakes.

Now he stood beside the buffet, glass in hand.

"Amusing—don't you think—these parties?" said a man who came up to the table for a drink.

"Yes," Dyckman answered inattentively.

"The Village is a great place, don't you think?" the other went on, remaining beside Dyckman.

Dyckman glanced at him. 'I don't like his face,' he thought. The stranger wore thick glasses. His lips seemed to Dyckman shapeless, soft, overlarge. "This isn't quite the Village, you know," Dyckman said.

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"No, I suppose not—only I'm inclined to think of everything below Madison Square as the Village." He put down his punch-glass, held out his hand toward Dyckman. "My name's Barry," he said.

"Dyckman," said Dyckman, taking the other's hand.

"Sounds as if you might be one of those rare creatures—a native New Yorker?"

"Yes, I am," Dyckman answered. "You're theatrical, I suppose?" he asked, in the tone of one wanting confirmation of an unpleasant fact.

"Yes—that is, I'm in the theatre. I played in 'Absolutely Dishonorable' last spring."

'Naturally,' thought Dyckman.

The party stood and sat before him—sat on chairs, on window-seats, on cushions on the floor, or danced in an adjoining room where, through an open doorway, Dyckman could see two men in colored Russian blouses, black breeches and boots, playing an accordion and a banjo.

"I'm in rehearsal now," the other went on talking. "I think the piece is going to be a knockout."

Dyckman heard, but didn't listen, didn't reply. His eyes were across the room, on Louise. She stood with three men—was talking, laughing, appeared gay. 'Shows up well at a party,' Dyckman thought. Other people came up and greeted her. 'Knows every one here,' he thought, remarking and resenting the familiarity of the men toward her. 'They maul her,' he thought.

Dyckman refilled his glass.

"And what is your forte, may I ask?" Dyckman heard again the voice beside him.

"I'm a lawyer." Dyckman felt irritated by the man. 'Why in hell doesn't he find other company, better company?' he thought, fretfully.

Again Dyckman looked toward Louise. 'She's trying to pay me back,' he thought, and smiled inwardly. 'She doesn't know I'm ready for it to end.' Withal he recognized he was piqued by her remaining away from him. He was aware of her face, her figure, her charm. He couldn't help admiring her. 'She's attractive,' he thought. For a moment he felt wounded; and the smart led to the consciousness of a fear. 'Christ, am I letting myself fall in love?' The fear, he knew, was that he might lose, not Louise, but his emotional stability. 'That's the last thing I want,' he thought. 'I want the affair to end.' Yet he was irked, hurt by her inattentiveness to him. 'Yes, in my mind I want it to end,' he analyzed himself, 'but not with my emotions. God damn the emotions!'

Dyckman realized that the man who had introduced himself as Barry was no longer beside him. He saw his back going toward the dance room. Music came from it. Now Dyckman saw Louise emerge from her group, one of the men at her side. Dyckman saw the man put his arm around her as they moved off toward the other room. The gesture angered him.

"They don't know she's mine," he said to himself. "That's the hell of these affairs." And immediately, 'Hell,' he thought, 'isn't that just what I want—some one to cut in between us and help me end it?' Yet he was aware of resentment against Louise, anger toward her, toward the man now dancing with her, toward all the men at the party. 'No one else in my life just now,' he thought. 'Don't want to be left hung up in the thin air.' It occurred to him that he might go into the dance room, might cut in on Louise. Yet he was hesitant. 'She seems so wholly on her own ground here,' he thought.

Dyckman took two more cups of punch, standing by the buffet—displeased, resentful, confused by the conflict within him between his reasonable wishes and his emotional desire. . . .

"Please, if you will?" A voice drew him out of his abstraction. Before him was a short dark woman in a pink dress, an empty glass in her hand.

"Sorry." Dyckman dipped a ladle and filled her glass.

"Thank you," she said, drinking. Then, "Didn't you come with Louise Kendall?"

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"Of course. I'm up at the Guild, too."

"Really."

"She's a swell girl, don't you think?"

"Yes—though I haven't known her for so very long." Dyckman was cautious.

The woman glanced around the room. "Where is she, by the way?"

"Dancing, I think."

"Oh, yes, I saw her with Tony Taylor."

"I really don't know any of the people here," Dyckman said suggestively.

"Don't you know Tony Taylor?"

"No."

"He's a scenic designer—a great friend of Louise's."

"Yes."

"Almost every one here's in the theatre." She looked up at Dyckman. "Are you?"

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"No, I'm a lawyer. Very dull, don't you think?"

"No, not necessarily, at all."

Dyckman failed to reply, to keep the conversation going. He became unaware of the woman beside him; he was looking through the open doorway into the other room. Twice he saw Louise pass by, dancing with Tony Taylor. She was laughing in his face. It piqued Dyckman. Again she came into view. This time she looked toward Dyckman, and smiled a greeting. Dyckman saw her stop, take her partner's hand, and come toward him. It pleased him that she was coming to him, at last, and at the same time angered him that she was holding another man's hand. 'Is she so very loose?' he wondered. And quickly followed the thought, 'If she is it makes it just that much easier to end the affair.'

"This is Tony Taylor, Bob," she said, as they came up. She smiled at Dyckman. "You look so lonely," she said. "Aren't you even going to dance with me?"

"Yes," Dyckman said. "Come on." He led the way toward the other room.

They danced, Dyckman stiff and silent.

"Aren't you cheered up yet, Bob darling?" Louise asked.

"It wasn't particularly cheerful to be alone all evening." Dyckman's voice was uneven.

"I thought you'd find plenty to amuse you," she said lightly.

"Did you?"

"Yes, didn't you?"

"*You* apparently did." Dyckman's voice was unpleasant.

"Bob, don't be ugly with me."

For a few moments they danced in silence. Dyckman broke it with, "Aren't you ready to go yet?" And without waiting for her to reply, he added, "Because I am, and I'm going." His voice was aggressive.

"Yes, of course," Louise put in quickly. "I'm ready to go."

"Then let's." Dyckman stopped dancing suddenly. He started toward the door, Louise just behind him. He saw Taylor approach. "What, going already?" Dyckman heard him ask, and saw him look at Louise. "It's early yet. Why hurry away?" He was looking into Louise's face. Dyckman stood at one side—uncomfortable. He felt Taylor's presence, his words to Louise, as a challenge. 'Is she mine?' he wondered. Since the first night they had spent together he had never once doubted. Yet, along with his male sense of seeing a challenge went a conflicting thought: 'Am I building up a case—false evidence—as a way of ending the affair?'

"The truth is, Tony"—Dyckman heard her say—"Bob's taking me on to another party. I only got him to come here with the promise of going on with him afterward." In spite of himself her lie gave Dyckman a pleasurable sensation in the pit of his belly. 'She can be grand!' he thought.

"I'm sorry," said Taylor, tilting his head.

Louise put her arm through Dyckman's, and they went.

On the pavement they paused. Dyckman put his arm across her shoulder. "Thank you for the lie," he said, his voice agreeable. "You told it gorgeously."

Now Louise threw up her head. "I was afraid you'd make a scene." Her voice was angry.

"Oh!" Dyckman was no longer agreeable. "It seems to me you were the one who created the situation."

"How?"

They were walking along now, apart from each other.

"By keeping away from me all evening."

"You deserved it! You've been rotten to me ever since I mentioned going to the party!"

Dyckman knew he had, and now he used anger to hide the truth. He halted abruptly.

"If you feel that way let's break up!" he said angrily.

Louise looked silently at him, her eyes narrow, hard. Immediately they softened, and she put out her arm toward him. "Please, Bob," she said pleadingly, helplessly.

They stood under a street-lamp. Dyckman stared at her, his face full of hostility. "I'm ready to end the affair," he repeated.

"Don't, Bob, please!" Louise moved close to him, leaned against him. "Bob, I think you've drunk an awful lot to-night, haven't you?"

"If I have it's your fault." Yet, even so, Dyckman's anger was dissipating.

"I'm sorry, Bob." She had put her arm around him. "I really wanted to be with you, darling. I thought you were keeping away from me, really I did."

Dyckman was silent, thinking, 'I'm a bully.'

Louise drew him a step forward. "Come, Bob," she said. "Let's go home."

Dyckman felt very ashamed of himself. Felt, too, her body against him, felt desire for her. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I've been rotten, yes, it's all my fault." Yieldingly he

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put his arm around her, fell into step beside her.

3

They lingered at the table, supper finished, one evening toward the end of the month.

Dyckman looked ruefully at the plates. "Well, they must be done," he suggested.

"You needn't bother," Louise said. "Just sit and smoke."

"No, thanks, I'd rather go through with it, too."

"But I don't *mind* doing them," Louise persisted.

Dyckman put aside her remonstrance with a wave of his hand. "Come on," he said, rising. "Let's get it over with."

"I really wish you'd let me do them alone, Bob."

"Thanks—but no." Dyckman was as obstinate as Louise.

In the kitchenette he stood, towel in hand, feeling dull, bored, wiping each dish as Louise handed it to him, and stacking it on a shelf. "Life has plenty of low spots, hasn't it?" he said.

"Yes, if you want to look at it that way. I don't think I mind the low spots as much as you do."

"No, you're fortunate."

"It's just a way of looking at life."

"Yes, we look at life differently, don't we?"

"It seems so, Bob." Louise handed him the last pan. "Do you want a drink?" she asked.

Dyckman hesitated. "No-o, I don't feel like it."

Now Louise sat back on the divan, smoking, while Dyckman moved restlessly around the room.

The early night was hot, oppressive. Autumn, to-day, had slipped back into summer.

"What shall we do, Louise?" Dyckman asked.

"Shouldn't you like to read?" she suggested. "I've got mending I can do."

Dyckman paused by the book-shelves. "Perhaps—but what?" he asked, letting his eyes pass across the backs of the volumes. No jacket, no title, caused him to take out a book. "Funny," he said, "how I've gotten away from reading lately." Again he moved aimlessly, restlessly, around the living-room.

Louise had put down her cigarette, taken up a sewing-bag, begun darning stockings. "How do you get your socks darned, Bob?" she asked.

"The laundry does them—badly."

"I'd be glad to do them if you'd bring them around."

"Sweet of you—but I shouldn't like you to bother."

"It wouldn't be any bother." Louise rested her hands, her work, in her lap, looking up at Dyckman. "You're funny, Bob," she said. "You don't understand that a woman wants to do things for a man she likes."

"Yes, I know."

"Then why won't you let me?"

Dyckman was silent.

"It's because you're afraid, Bob. You won't let me do things for you for fear it would prevent you from holding me away from you." She resumed her work. "But it doesn't matter," she added. "It's nice as it is."

Dyckman stood by one of the open windows. 'Why is it,' he thought, 'an affair can go flat, stale, so soon?' To-night he got no joy out of being with Louise, had no real desire to spend the night in her apartment. 'Yet what do I want?' he asked himself. He felt uncertain, unsettled, distraught.

The apartment bell rang, breaking into his thoughts. Dyckman turned toward Louise. She looked at him questioningly.

"Who is it?" Dyckman asked.

"I don't know."

"Don't you know who it might be?"

"No, I haven't an idea. Shall I answer?"

"You'd better. It doesn't matter—my being here now." Dyckman was going toward the button beside the door. Again the bell rang. He pressed the button. "You'd better go out and see who it is, Louise," he said.

While Louise was out of the room, waiting at the head of the stairs, Dyckman realized he was glad the bell had rung, was grateful for any diversion to-night.

"Oh, Maud, it's you," he heard Louise's voice from the hall. "Glad to see you . . . oh, I'd forgotten all about that manuscript." Then he heard, "Bob Dyckman's here," and steps along the floor of the hallway. He looked up and nodded toward the woman who appeared in the doorway.

"Bob, this is Maud Williams, you remember?" Louise said.

"Yes," Dyckman answered. "Of course."

"How are you?" the visitor greeted him. "I'm afraid I'm going to be an intruder," she went on. Dyckman saw a portfolio in her hand. "I've brought some work for Louise to do."

"Yes, Bob," Louise put in. "I'm sorry, but I'd forgotten all about a manuscript I was

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supposed to have gone over with Maud today."

Dyckman smiled courteously. "Well, . . .?" he said questioningly.

"It won't take forever," Louise answered. "Won't you wait?"

"Yes, if I won't be in the way." He looked at the visitor.

"Of course you won't," she answered.

"Make yourself a drink, then." Louise turned to Maud Williams. "Will you have one?"

"No, thanks, I think I'd better not."

"Then I shan't either," Louise said. "Bob, you know where everything is, don't you?"

"Yes, I think so," Dyckman answered. He went toward the door into the adjoining room. "Through here, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, and everything's on the shelf, to the right."

"Thanks, I'll find it."

Dyckman sat in a chair by the window, drinking slowly. Louise and Maud Williams sat side by side at the desk, reading, discussing, correcting, turning the leaves of a typewritten manuscript. Dyckman drank out the one drink.

"May I have another, Louise?" he asked.

"Yes, please do," she answered, twisting in her seat and smiling around at him.

Again Dyckman sat by the open window. Time began to go slowly for him. He watched the backs of the two women. 'How long is this to go on?' he wondered. The discussions between the two of them commenced to irritate him. 'My God, how they quibble!' he thought. 'The manuscript of a play isn't like a legal paper.' He stared through the window. 'A hot night for the end of September.' What was he doing, anyhow, sitting here bored, waiting for Louise to finish her work before giving him her time? A quick resentment against her visited him, inciting him to get up.

"Louise," he said, interrupting them. "If you're going to be working for a while longer I think I'll go along."

She turned in her chair. Dyckman saw surprise in her face, and a query in her eyes. He gave no sign of reply.

"Well, we do have quite a lot more to do," she said. "I'm awfully sorry, Bob."

Then Maud Williams put in apologetically: "Yes, I'm terribly sorry I had to come around to-night with this job, only it simply has to be done by to-morrow."

"I understand," Dyckman said. "It really doesn't matter. I'll come around another evening." He took up his hat from the chair beside the door, went over to Maud Williams and shook hands. "Good night," he said, and looked around. Louise stood beside the door. As he passed through it she went with him into the hallway. "Good night, Bob," she said. "And I'm terribly sorry. Please do come around soon again."

"Yes, I'd like to," he said. "Good night." Then he felt her take his hand, heard her whisper, "Come back in an hour; I promise I'll be through—and alone then."

Dyckman cocked his head, looking at her with an equivocal expression. He saw query in her eyes, a whisper on her lips. He patted her hand, lying on the banister, and began to go down-stairs. He avoided looking back. As he reached the landing he heard Louise going into the apartment, and the door closing.

Descending, Dyckman's thoughts went back to last spring. 'What a change,' he thought, 'between then and now!' He thought of the first night, the second night, the third night, he had gone down these stairs. He smiled to himself wryly. 'What a difference,' he thought, 'between before and after!'

On the pavement outside the entry he stood idly. Up and down the length of the block the street was quiet. What should he do? For a moment he felt without resource. Then a sensation of delight came upon him, delight in being, for the moment, alone. 'I can do anything I damn please,' he thought, 'without asking any one.' But what? Again he felt a lack of resource. Then an idea entered his mind. 'Lew's. Yes!' It was weeks, months, since he'd been at Lew's. 'Not far away, either,' he thought. 'Just the place to put in an hour—or the evening.' Immediately he set out along the hot street, through the sultry night. Yet he was scarcely aware of the city, of its life—of the rumbling of trains on the Sixth Avenue "L," of the lighted shops on Seventh Avenue, of the people sitting on door-sills, on chairs on the pavements—so intent was he in carrying out his idea of going to Lew's.

Under an awning over a dark doorway he rang a bell. 'Wonder if there'll be any one here?' he thought. 'I'd like to do a bit of drinking to-night. Maybe that's what I need, after all, to knock the dulness I've been feeling?' Now he heard footfalls on a stairway inside, and the unlocking of the door.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Dyckman." A face grinned through a cautious crack, then the door

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opened wide. "Haven't seen you for a long time."

"No, Joe, I've been busy. Any one upstairs?"

Dyckman was going ahead of Joe up a flight of stairs.

"No," the latter said, "not just now. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Black left about fifteen minutes ago."

Joe unlocked another door.

"Hello, Lew," Dyckman greeted a gray-haired man behind the bar, in shirt-sleeves, his elbows on a newspaper spread out in front of him.

"Hello, Mr. Dyckman," he said, folding and putting away the paper. "Glad to see you again. You've not been in much lately."

"No, Lew, I've been busy." Dyckman leaned on the bar, looking along its length. The mahogany was wiped clean and dry. The place smelled agreeably of the moist coolness of liquor. "An Old Fashioned, I guess," he ordered. "No one here, Joe told me," he went on, while the barkeeper was mixing the drink.

"No, it's been quiet to-night. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Black were in, and asking for you."

"Sorry I missed them."

Lew placed the Old Fashioned before him. Dyckman looked at it appreciatively, ducked the ice with his finger, and began to drink—slowly.

"You can't get 'em like this at home, Lew," he said.

"No, I guess not. It counts, I guess, when you've been in the business forty years."

Dyckman looked at the glasses and mirrors which glittered behind the bar, at the bottles, at a small case of cigars and cigarettes, at two cheap American flags, crossed over each other, at a framed dollar bill. It was quiet, peaceful. 'A swell place,' he thought.

"Been like summer to-day, hasn't it?" Lew commented.

"Yes, summer getting in its last lick, I guess." In Dyckman's glass was left only some ice and an orange peel. "Another, please, Lew," he added.

As Lew placed the drink on the bar the bell rang. Joe, sitting at a table across from the bar, rustled a newspaper as he got up.

Dyckman wondered if it would be any one he knew. 'Like to see some one to-night,' he thought, and looked at his watch. Only twenty minutes had passed since he'd gone away from Louise's apartment. 'Plenty of time yet,' he thought. Now he heard steps on the stairs. When the door opened he looked around, then smiled and nodded.

Three men came into the barroom—men like Dyckman.

"Hello, Fred, Beecham, John," Dyckman greeted them.

"Hello, Bob," they answered.

"Standing up to it?" one of them, the one Dyckman had called Beecham, asked.

"Yes," Dyckman said. "I've been all alone. Want to go in and sit down?"

Beecham looked at the others. "All right?" he asked.

"Yes, let's," one of them answered.

They went into an adjoining room and sat about a small round table with a bowl of potato chips in its centre.

"What are you drinking, Bob?" Beecham asked.

"Old Fashioned."

"Good."

"Yes," said Fred.

The third of the arrivals, John, nodded his head.

Joe, in a black sweater, stood by, tray in hand. "Four Old Fashioneds?" he asked.

"That's right," Dyckman nodded.

"It's good to see you again, Bob," Beecham said.

"Yes, you've kept away from us all summer," John spoke up.

"What's the reason, Bob?" Fred asked.

"Oh, I've been tied up."

"Not with work, surely?"

"No," Dyckman admitted.

"Not been on the wagon, have you?"

Dyckman smiled. "No, I've been playing around with some one I couldn't bring here."

"Yes, thank God," put in Beecham. "No women here."

"Well, and how's it going now, Bob?" Fred went on.

Dyckman shrugged his shoulders.

Joe put the four drinks on the table.

Beecham raised his glass. "Here's how," he said.

When another round was ordered Dyckman looked at his watch. It was five minutes to eleven, an hour now since he'd left Louise. He wondered at the rapid transition between the dulness he had felt as he sat in her apartment and his present enjoyment. 'No hurry about going back,' he thought. 'Probably she's not done yet.'

"Are you pretty busy now, Bob?" Beecham asked.

"Yes, beginning to be."

"Has the general depression slowed you up much?"

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"Well, it's hard to tell. Summer's always slack with us anyway."

"There's a swell case come into our office," put in John. "It's the tail end of that . . ." And the four talked a great deal of legal jargon . . . and ordered another round of Old Fashioneds.

When Dyckman took out his watch the next time it was going on midnight. Again he wondered at the quick passage of time. "I ought to keep a date," he said, without conviction, knowing he wasn't ready to go, didn't want to leave yet.

"A late date, Bob."

"No, Bob, you mustn't."

"You've stayed away from Lew's all summer—and now you won't stay and drink with us?"

Again Joe brought four Old Fashioneds on his tray.

Dyckman, as he listened to the others' talking, began to feel vague, irresponsible. When he looked at the time again it was five minutes after midnight. 'Will she still expect me?' he wondered, and immediately, in his vagueness, the idea of leaving went out of his mind.

Again they ordered Old Fashioneds.

"How about that date now?" Beecham asked, putting his hand on Dyckman's shoulder.

Dyckman shrugged. "Don't bring it up," he said, and realized his voice was thick. 'Louise has had plenty of my time this summer,' he thought. Now he began to revel in a sense of defiance, of recalcitrance.

It became hard for him to follow the others' conversation. He began to feel sleepy. 'I'm drunk,' he thought, 'and on a week-day night. That's bad.' The others saw it, too, he realized, when one asked, "How long had you been at it before we came in, Bob?"

"Some while," he answered vaguely.

"Do you have a lot of work to-morrow, Bob?"

"I don't think so—not much, anyhow."

"It's caught you quick to-night, Bob."

"Yes—that's because I felt stale—had to get a flatness out of my system."

"Shall we have another?" he heard one of the others asking.

"No, not for me," Dyckman spoke up, mumbling, scarcely aware of the others now.

"No, let's clear out," said Beecham.

Dyckman felt unsteady as he got up, then felt an arm in his. He heard them saying good night to Lew as they passed through the barroom . . . realized they were going down-stairs, himself stumbling, and Joe letting them out . . . and Beecham's voice, saying to the others, "I go his way, I'll take him along with me," and to him, "I go by your place, Bob, come along" . . . and Beecham's arm tight around him . . . and himself saying, "I ought've gone back to Louise's" . . . and Beecham laughing . . . and a taxi finally . . . and then the thought of his bed . . . and his wanting to reach it . . . lie in it. . . .

4

Dyckman, without taking his eyes off the sheaf of papers on his desk, reached out and lifted the telephone receiver, cutting off abruptly the sound of insistent burring.

"Dyckman speaking," he said, in a routine way. "Oh, hello!" His voice had changed tone. It was no longer professional, nor sociably easy; it was tense, edged. "Yes?" he went on, and paused. "I can't. I'm sorry." Pause. "Really, Louise, I can't." Pause. "But I'm terribly busy here now. I shan't be through till all hours to-night. I'll be dead tired." Again a pause, while he listened, fidgeting. "Yes, of course I must get supper, but I'll get it down here." Pause. "But I'll be dead tired, Louise. I *must* go home." Then suddenly he raised his voice. "Hello! Hello, Louise?" He held the receiver at his ear, silent, slightly bewildered. "Hello!" he called again, listened, and hung up.

For a few moments Dyckman stared at the papers which lay before him. Gradually the expression of bewilderment disappeared from his face. Now he shrugged his shoulders, got up and walked over to the window—a huge window through which was visible a great portion of New York Harbor. Hands in the pockets of his trousers, he stood and looked out. The harbor was active. Tugs smoked, going swiftly alone, slowly with strings of barges in tow. Black-and-red, black-and-yellow freighters, low amidships, manned squatly powerfully with derricks, were passing in and out of the roadstead. A great passenger-liner was appearing out of the haze beyond the Statue of Liberty, coming from the South, the West, the East. . . .

Dyckman stared at the activity and industry of the waters, felt the sense of vast distances implied in the coming and going of the vessels. 'There's lots in life,' he thought, 'lots in life.' Again he shrugged his shoulders. 'All right,' he thought, his mind dwelling on the dissension which had existed between Louise and him since the night, ten days ago now,

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when he had gotten drunk and failed to return to her apartment. 'All right, if she wants that'—he heard again the sound of finality as she hung up the receiver—'to be the end, I'm willing.' He was staring through the window, his eyes on the hazy horizon. 'Yet it was nice,' he thought, in rapid, conflicting sequence, 'all through the summer. . . . Shall I call her back?' He took out his watch. Five-thirty. He didn't know if she had phoned him from the Guild or from her apartment. 'Well,' he thought, 'I can call her later at the apartment.' He turned away from the window, outside of which lay the world, and looked at his desk, at the thick sheaf of papers on which he had been working all day. 'No,' he thought, 'I should let it go as it is. It's got to end; it may as well be now.' He felt that, if he could avoid calling her now, it would be the end.

A knock sounded at the door.

"Come in," Dyckman called.

It was an office boy. "Mr. Smythe asks if you'll come to conference now," he said.

"All right," Dyckman answered.

The door closed, and Dyckman was again alone. He glanced at his desk, at the sheaf of papers surrounded by huge legal volumes, all open.

'Lots of work, too,' he thought, and went toward the door.

5

Now it was late October.

The leaves of the bushes and trees in Gramercy Park were yellow and red and brown. Many had fallen and lay on the ground, or were being carried rustling along it by the wind. The year was dying—the day was clear, cool, exhilarating.

Dyckman was walking around Gramercy on his way up from the office. Yet he was unaware of the park or of the autumn. His thoughts were upon himself. He was preoccupied with the confusion in his mind between a vast sense of relief that the affair with Louise was ended and a desolate sense of loneliness.

'It ended as it should, too,' he thought, 'ended with dignity, just dragged off.' Dyckman hadn't phoned her back, at the time of that call of hers at the office, and she hadn't called him again. For a few days he had felt hurt—hurt in his conscience toward Louise, and, with emotional confusion, hurt because she hadn't seemed to want him. After a week he was glad of the way it had worked out.

Yet to-day he felt lonely. Unexpectedly he had finished his work at the office far ahead of schedule. The late afternoon, the evening, was clear. Yet he could think of no one he wanted to take supper with, no one he wanted to spend the evening with. He felt lonely, depressed, and tried to fight off the feeling. 'Hell!' he thought. 'Why should I be this way, after a summer like the past one's been? God damn my nature! When I'm with a woman I want to be alone; when I'm alone I want to be with some one.' "Hell!" he uttered, aloud, out of the depths of his self-indulgence. Then, startled at talking to himself on the street, he looked up . . . and saw a woman standing on the pavement near him, smiling, holding out her hand toward him.

"Hello, Bob Dyckman!" she said.

Even as he reached out to take her hand he failed to recognize her. Then it came. "Jane Brooks," he said, smiling.

"So you didn't know me?" she said, then smiled. "No wonder, moping along with your eyes on the ground—as if all the pain in the world were yours to-day."

Dyckman overcame his embarrassment. "It's been so long since I've seen you." Now he was looking keenly at her. "And you've changed so!"

"Two years in Paris, you know." Her eyes twinkled, sparkled.

Dyckman noticed that they were blue, very blue; saw, too, the strands of blonde hair, very blonde hair, around the edge of her brown felt hat; saw, and admired, her brown tailored suit, her brown silk stockings, brown slippers.

"You're autumnal," he said courteously, admiringly.

"You haven't changed." She laughed, her red lips curving beautifully—Dyckman thought—around glistening white teeth. "You always know what to say, don't you?"

Yet Dyckman felt that he scarcely did. "Are you in New York now?" he asked. Her skin, he noticed, was clear, milky white, except for the flush of her cheeks.

"Yes, I've taken a studio here."

Dyckman's mind, now, was busy picking up the scant past. He recalled that they had liked each other the few times they'd met, two years ago, just before she had sailed for abroad—to study—painting, wasn't it? From Paris she had written him a few letters; he had answered her once. She had seemed so young then; now he realized that she was adult.

She waved her hand, in its beige glove. "I'm just around the corner," she said, "at 218 East 24th."

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"Why, I'm at 240!" Dyckman said. Her eyes caught his. He felt a current of mutual liking pass between them. 'She's radiant,' he thought.

"Won't you come in and see me some time?" she suggested.

"Yes, I'd like to."

She put out her hand. "Now I must be going." She smiled at him, lips and eyes smiling together. "You won't forget? Since you're so close."

"Of course not," he said, and the sense of loneliness fell heavily upon him. "Which way are you going?" he asked, hoping he might hold her company longer.

"The other way." She smiled.

"I'm sorry. I thought we might go on together, or take tea?"

"Oh, I should like to, only I've an engagement now."

Dyckman took her hand. "I'm very sorry." He looked into her face, wondering with whom she had an engagement.

"But I'll be home right after supper, early," she was saying. "Won't you come in around nine, if you're not busy?"

"Yes, I'd like to. I want to hear about Paris, about all you did there."

"I learned to paint, I think."

"And to play, perhaps?" Dyckman looked quizzically at her.

"Yes, that too, perhaps."

Again their eyes met, smiling at each other.

"I'll stop in around nine," he said. "You'll be there?"

"You bet. Good-by."

"No, that sounds so final," Dyckman said.

"All right then, *au revoir*." She smiled at him.

"That's better." Dyckman lifted his hat, as she turned away.

'She's lovely,' he thought, as he went on around Gramercy. 'So radiant, so gorgeously . . . fresh.' Again he wondered whom her engagement was with, wondered if she had any one in her life just now.

Dyckman's mood had changed. The sense of loneliness was gone. Now he was aware of the park, of the autumn day. The drone of an airplane caught his ear. He looked up, and saw the machine, appearing tiny against the vastness of the blue sky. He paused, looking up, watching it. And then he felt as if he were looking at himself from up there, from away off among the clouds. The strange sense of distant perspective gave him a moment of intense analytical clarity. 'Yes,' he thought, 'all my emotional relationships are only beginnings, never completed developments.' He saw them as promises which ended without fulfilment; saw his inability to develop any single emotional relationship fully, into a way of life. 'I need woman's love,' he thought, 'yet I can't adjust myself to it, to a state of mutual possession. I'm afraid of the years going out into the future with any one woman. Why? Because'—he felt as if he were attacking himself—'because I'd lose the chance of another beginning, of many other beginnings.' For a tragic moment he saw himself as one who could enjoy only the bud, not the blossom, the bloom.

Then it was gone, that moment of clarity, with the shutting out of his perspective as the airplane disappeared behind a fleecy white cloud.

Dyckman shook his head, as one emerging from under water. 'I ought to change, to stick,' he thought—and a vision of the fresh, the new Jane Brooks interposed—'but if I'm like that'—he paused—'that's how I am,' he finished.

Now he went on, going out of his way to pass by 218 East 24th Street. Yes, he knew by sight that brownstone house. 'Wonder which apartment she has?' he thought, looking up at the face of the dwelling. . . . Walking on to his own place he marvelled at how that desolate sense of loneliness had fled from him. The idea of eating supper alone no longer seemed unpleasant. . . . A new person gave life such a wonderful zest!

Going up-stairs he became aware of the ringing of a telephone. It rang and rang. Dyckman thought how pathetically poignant it was, that unanswered ringing. It sounded a poetic sensitivity in him—the ringing—which the meeting of Gramercy Park enabled him to express. 'A soul crying out for a soul it can't reach,' he thought. As he mounted the stairs, reached his own floor, the ringing sounded louder. With surprise he realized it was his phone. Hurriedly he unlocked his door—and the ringing ceased. Yet he went to the apparatus and lifted the receiver.

"Number, please," he heard.

"My phone was ringing," he told the operator.

"I'm sorry, the party's gone now."

Dyckman hung up. 'I wonder,' he thought, 'if that could have been . . .?' He failed to add the name, even in thought.

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